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The Pritzker Book

Honoring the past
Bringing togetherness
to the present
Lighting a path
for the future.

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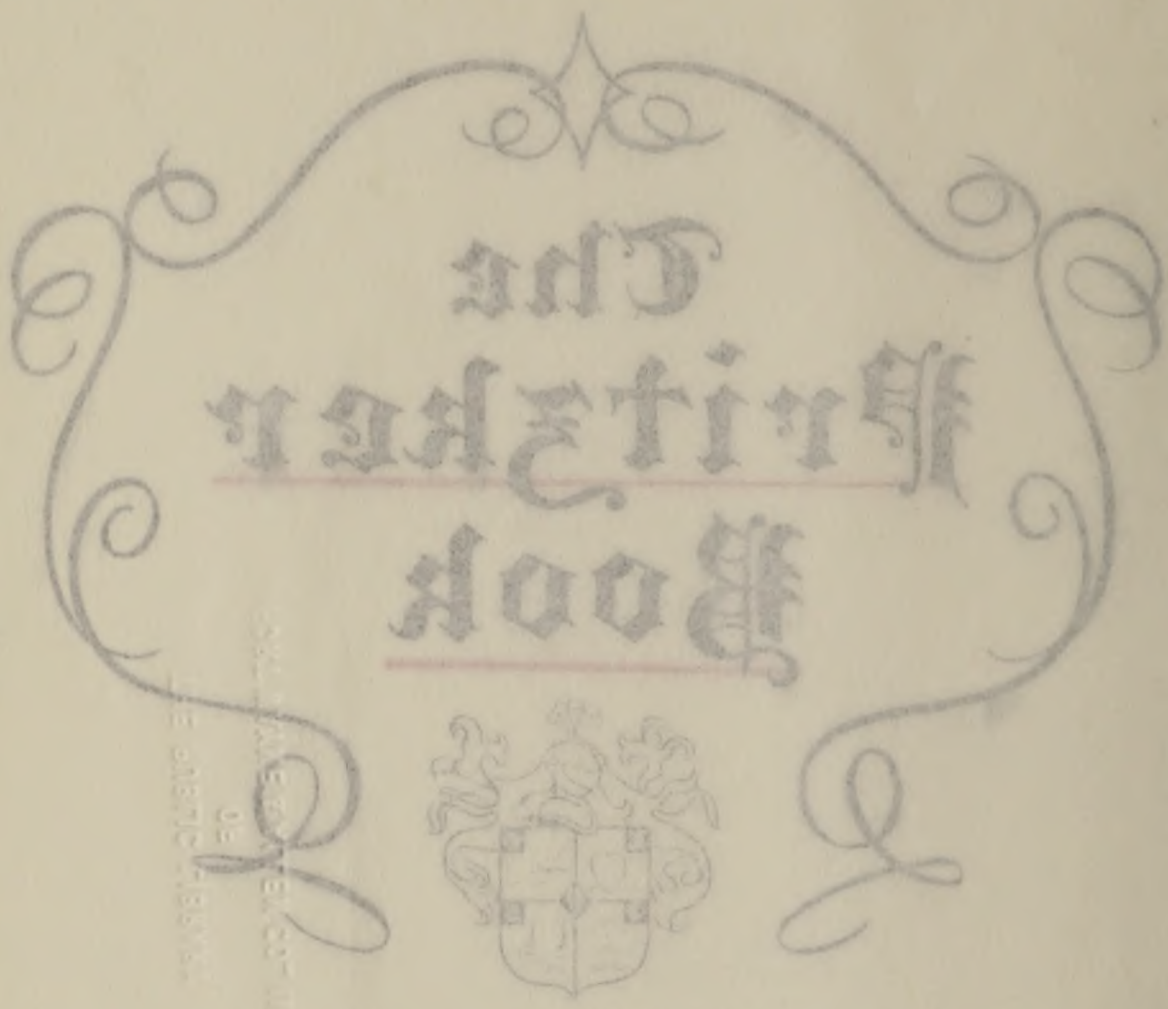

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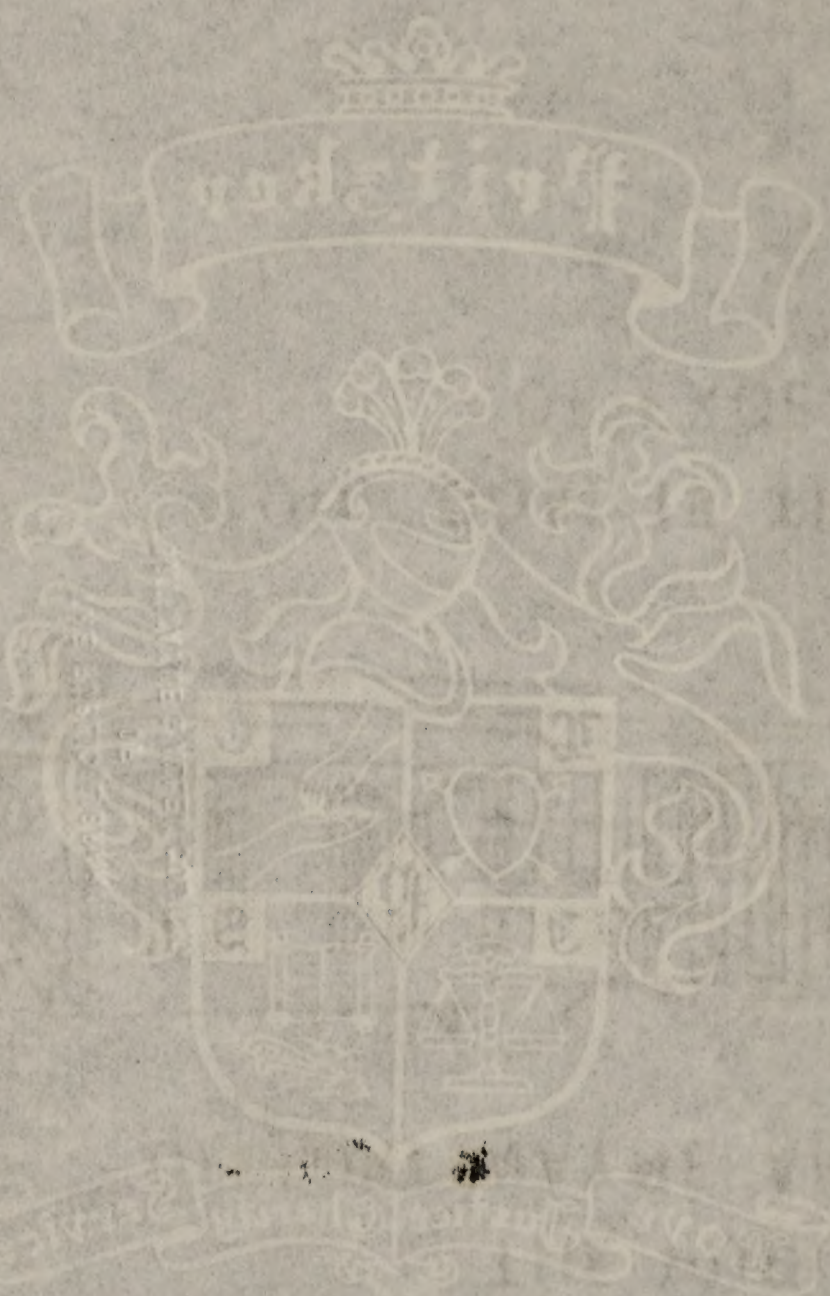


To the
New England Historical Genealogical Society
with my compliments
Lee Griffin
June 3, 1963

2047387

A GOOD NAME
IS BETTER THAN RICHES -
AND LOVING FAVOR
MORE VALUED THAN GOLD.

© 1962
BY LEE PRITZKER
BALTIMORE, MD. U.S.A.

DEDICATION

This book containing all present available information regarding "THE PRITZKERS" is dedicated to the memories of -

ROSE, ESTHER, and ANNA PRITZKER

It is offered as a living testimonial to perpetuate their names and to keep alive all the memories, deeds, and respect that they so nobly earned.

Since it is only through the living that we can keep alive the memories of the departed, we also offer this book as a living monument to perpetuate the names and memories of all of our departed loved ones--in order that future descendants will--know, love, honor and respect them--as much as we do.

It is also our hope and belief that This Book will be the means of drawing the family ties of the entire PRITZKER FAMILY more closely together resulting in a togetherness of kinship and friendship so essential for close family relationship.

INTRODUCTION

The material that follows did not come into being as a result of any deliberate effort to make a book; rather it is a product of a natural process that started about 12 years ago.

For it was in the early part of 1951 that our Baltimore Pritzkers Cousins Club was formed. Realizing the need of keeping our family together through a more intimate contact, rather then the now and then gatherings at Bar-Mitzvahs, weddings, etc., or in time of trouble, we banded together and pledged to meet at least once a month, and this pledge has not been broken for the past 12 years.

As the result of this Cousins Group, we Baltimore Pritzkers have become so much closer to each other; and we have been able to achieve a togetherness, such that did not exist before. A family unity and understanding now exists that gives strength and comfort to all of us.

We have put out this book in which we have described our family background and history which is enlightening and so very interesting. We have listed our family groups into units and have also included much data and information pertaining to our large family.

At first it was our scope to write only about the Baltimore Pritzkers, but as we delved into the family ancestral background, we were amazed to learn how closely interlocked all branches of the Pritzker family were:-- and therefore have included our Pritzker cousins not only in this country but also in Canada as well as abroad.

We have authenticated the original area from whence our family roots were first planted and also the origin of our Pritzker name. This is explained in more detail in the article marked "History".

Getting started on "Our Book" presented quite a challenge:--for a great deal of detailed research was necessary--many avenues and areas had to be explored--data and informative material carefully analyzed and logical deductive analysis be pursued, and most important all data to be authenticated. Little by little

data and information was secured and piece by piece added to our schematic diagrams and charts. Soon the entire project began to crystallize so that today we can really boast not only of authenticity in our research but have accumulated such a great deal of data about our large Pritzker group.

The genuine and heartwarming interest regarding the book project, not only is evident by the articles now in our book but my personal files are filled with so many wonderful letters. Letters so real, so warm and gracious from many of you cousins. Letters I value so greatly.

This volume is not intended to be a masterpiece of literary composition:--nor do I make any claims as to being an author. Rather I would like to feel that this work is similar to a "home movies":--a scene here--a scene there--all spliced together without any definite continuity, reflecting the past and the present of a wonderful family and leaving for future generations data and recordings that they all can be so rightfully proud of.

"Our Book" will never be finished. This is Volume I and still far from complete. But it is a beginning. It contains now over 350 pages of data, informative materials, letters, poems and so many other interesting features.

It is the combined efforts of many people. Each contribution a masterpiece to itself--each article reflecting the true feelings of the writers.

"Our Book" is something that solely belongs to we Pritzkers. For it is a book about the Pritzkers--written by the Pritzkers.

It tells about our origin, our ancestral forebears, about ourselves and it relates our past as well as our present. It extends words of wisdom to the future.

It weaves an invisible thread that binds us closer together, resulting in a family togetherness that all of us are so proud to acknowledge.

It is the continuity of the past by the present and

through our efforts the respect and devotion for our departed loved ones becomes now so apparent.

It is a legacy for future generations to profit from for it, teaches the value of our Pritzker philosophy as has been put into practive for so many generations. The philosophy of love, charity, justice and service toward all mankind.

Yes, a good deal of time and energy has gone into "Our Book", but without the splendid cooperation of so many of you cousins this volume could not have come about and for your valuable help and assistance I am most appreciative and thankful.

I am also most grateful to my dear and understanding wife, Shirley, for her most valuable assistance.

Lee Pritzker
1962

HISTORY

As far as we have been able to learn, our family history commences with the "CHAZERS", which was a Jewish community in the southeastern part of Russia, back in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

This section has been geographically located to be near the City of Kiev, in Russia, and known as Pritzke. Whether our ancestors were migrants from Jerusalem or were residents of Russia has not been verified.

The records that establish our common ancestor can be based on the historical knowledge of the mandatory decree of the Russian Czar some time back in the thirteenth century. It was his command that all residents must adopt a surname instead of the common use of first names only, that prevailed at that time.

Our ancestor, who was the leader of this community known as Pritzke, was called by the people, "Der Pritzke", a title of respect and dignity befitting his station. In order to comply with the Czar's decree, he reversed his title and was called Pritzke-Der. However, since this name only applied to him and his family, his relatives adopted as their surname the name of Pritzke and later Pritzker.

Many years later we have been able to trace one of his descendants by the name of Naphtali or Nicholi Pritzker living in the same community. He had four known sons - Jacob, Chaim, Leibel and Shmul. It is from these four sons that all Pritzkers today can trace their ancestry.

Since it has been the common custom to name our children after the departed in direct family ancestry, these names have been the means of identifying the particular branches of the family tree.

The Baltimore and Boston Pritzkers are descendants of Leibe. The Chicago Pritzkers are descendants of Jacob. The St. Paul and Minneapolis Pritzkers are descendants of Schmul or Samuel. The Canadian Pritzkers are descendants of Chaim or Charles. The New York Pritz's are descendants of Samuel.

The Baltimore Pritzkers begin their family tree from the marriage of Isaac and Zelda Pritzker some time about 1839-1840. They had two sons that we know about--Motell and David. Motell remained in Russia and little at present is known of his descendants. David, however, is the one that all Baltimore Pritzkers are direct descendants of.

David Pritzker was born in Russia in 1849 and married Rose or Resa in 1868. The result of this marriage was 5 children that we know about - Brina, Ezrael, Barney, Liebe and Motell. Motell passed away in his early youth. David passed away in 1886 at the early age of 36 and never knew his grandchildren. Brina married Sam Omansky in Russia in 1886. He came to America in 1887 and Brina and her son David joined him in 1891. Ezrael arrived in this country in 1887 and married Anna Franklin in 1895. Liebe married Esther Dorman in Russia in 1896, and came to this country in 1903. Rose Pritzker and her son Barney came over to join the family in 1906. Barney married Rose Poland in 1911. The Baltimore Pritzkers are a large group and are well known and respected in this area.

Isaac Pritzker had three brothers, Motell of whom we have little information - Boris, the direct ancestor of one branch of the Boston group - and Phillip, the direct ancestor of another Pritzker group in Boston.

Phillip, one of the brothers of Isaac, had several sons, but we know of only one - Yannah or John, who was born some time in 1840-42. Yannah had 6 sons: Lippe or Lipon born in 1860, Fred or Folick born 1864, Aaron born 1870 and Barnett, Motell and Joseph. We have no records at present of the latter three.

The other branch of our Boston cousins stems from Isaac's other brother, Boris. One of his sons, Lee or Elija had seven children:--Morris, Jacob, Meir, Peter, Gusta, Duna and Dina. The Pritzker name is well-known and respected in this area.

Our St. Paul-Minneapolis cousins are one generation away from the Baltimore and Boston group:--beginning their ancestry from Isaac's Uncle Samuel. He had two known sons - Herschel and Alter. Herschel had two sons - Barrell and Samuel. There is little known about Barrell,

Samuel had two sons:--Nathan and Samuel.

Samuel arrived in this country about 1904 and settled in Chicago. He had three children - Harry, Max and Rochelle.

Nathan remained in Russia and had two children - Leo and Rachel.

Leo arrived in this country about 1908 and later settled in the St. Paul-Minneapolis area. He has four children:--Edward, Alys, Jeanne and Maxine.

Rachel remained in Russia and had three children: --Joseph, Belle and Felicia. Felicia also lives in the St. Paul area. The Pritzker name in this section is both respected and honored.

Herschel's brother Alter also had several sons but our records only reveal one of them - Samuel - who is the direct ancestor of the Pritz branch of New York. Samuel had six children:--Koffa, Nestle, Rose, John, Bernard and Louis. Koffa and Nestle remained in Russia. Rose, John, Bernard and Louis arrived in this country about the turn of the century and settled in the New York area. The Pritz family is highly regarded and respected not only in this area but also in many sections of the country.

Our Canadian cousins stem from another one of Isaac's uncles - Chaim or Charles. One of his sons was named Phillip or Folick, born some time between 1815 and 1820. Phillip named one of his sons Chaim, who in turn named one of his sons Phillip. Our Canadian cousins begin their ancestry from the marriage of this Phillip Pritzker to Hannah Cohen. Their marriage resulted in 7 children, three sons and four daughters:--Asher, Rose, Charles, Sarah, Lee, Jennie and Sylvia. This branch is very well known and respected throughout various areas of Canada and also here in the United States.

Our Chicago Pritzkers stem from another uncle of Isaac's named Jacob. He had one son named Nicholi and he in turn named his only son Jacob. Jacob had three sons and three daughters and one of his sons was named Nicholi after his grandfather. Nicholi Pritzker was

born in Russia in 1871, and came to Chicago in 1881. He also had three sons:--Jack, Harry and Abram, and today the name of Pritzker is well known and respected throughout this area.

In the pages that follow detailed breakdowns of each branch are given and there is considerable data revealed in the many articles that our cousins have written.

To our best knowledge and belief we feel our records and findings to be accurate. However, discrepancies and omissions are entirely possible.

However, at least we do now have the basis for continued research and as new names are revealed they can be properly placed and added in their respective places.

We can well be proud of our family name and history; for generation after generation has continued to uphold and practice the philosophy and tenets we Pritzkers stand for: Love, Charity, Justice and Service. Each one in their own way doing what they can to make this a better world to live in.

MEMORIES

When we pass on, we hope to leave behind -
Not wordly things, for some unworthy hands,
But grateful memories, in the heart and mind,
Of fellow men, to whom we have been kind.

For life is given us, to mold a way
Of happiness for others, we have known -
Unselfishly and true, from day to day,
To help them bear their burdens as we may.

There is no death, for those of us who know,
That what we do in life, lives on and on;
We reap, the Good Book says, just as we sow;
Let's plant our seeds of love, before we go.

When we pass on, we want no grief, my dears
No sadness, in the hearts of those we've loved;
We would but feel, that in this world of tears,
We've helped, to dry a few, throughout the years.

THE PRITZKER'S CREED

The diagrams that follow are based on all available information we have accumulated to date, and to the best of our knowledge are authentic and accurate. There are still many more PRITZKERS yet unaccounted for, but we hope to keep adding to our records in the future.

Diagram A = shows the complete PRITZKER BREAKDOWN - indicating how all PRITZKERS are related. In this diagram we have listed only one member of each generation whose name is the key to his generation,-i.e. based on the custom of naming after the departed ancestor.

For example,-Charles Pritzker of our Canadian Cousins was named after his grandfather, who in turn was named after his grandfather. The same holds true for our Chicago Cousins. In the case of our St. Paul Cousins, we have shown Nathan as the son of Samuel, instead of listing Nathan's brother whose name was Samuel, in order to show the present generations we have heard from. The same was done with our Bostonian Cousins:-Aaron's brother, Phillip was named after his grandfather.

In the case of we Baltimore Pritzkers, we couldn't at first understand why there weren't any "Isaacs" found, but our research revealed that our ancestor "Isaac" lived to a very old age and passed away at the unbelievable age of 101.

Diagrams B-C-D-E-F-G and H, are detailed breakdowns of each branch and shows, space permitting, all descendants that we know about. I am sure as time goes on we will have to add more and more pages from the information that we will receive.

However, we now do have a fine and accurate accounting of our ancestral background which is authentic and is also interesting and informative.

While it is true that a considerable amount of research,time and energy has been put into assembling "Our Book", and obtaining the vast amount of information that we now have, somehow I feel adequately compensated by the warm and helpful cooperation from all of the PRITZKERS here in Baltimore as well as Boston, New York, Canada, St. Paul and Chicago. For without your help, this book and these records would not be possible.

It is so obvious and gratifying to learn that all PRITZKERS, both present and past, all possess those wonderful and fine qualities that continue to show up generation after generation.

Our Cousin Ed--of St. Paul, in a recent letter to us, expressed this thought so beautifully. He wrote--"To say a PRITZKER is PRITZKER", the world over could easily be a great understatement, because they have such typical feelings and attributes.--A great pride in their name--love of family and fellow man--a great sentimentality--and above all the willingness to help others much less fortunate than themselves.

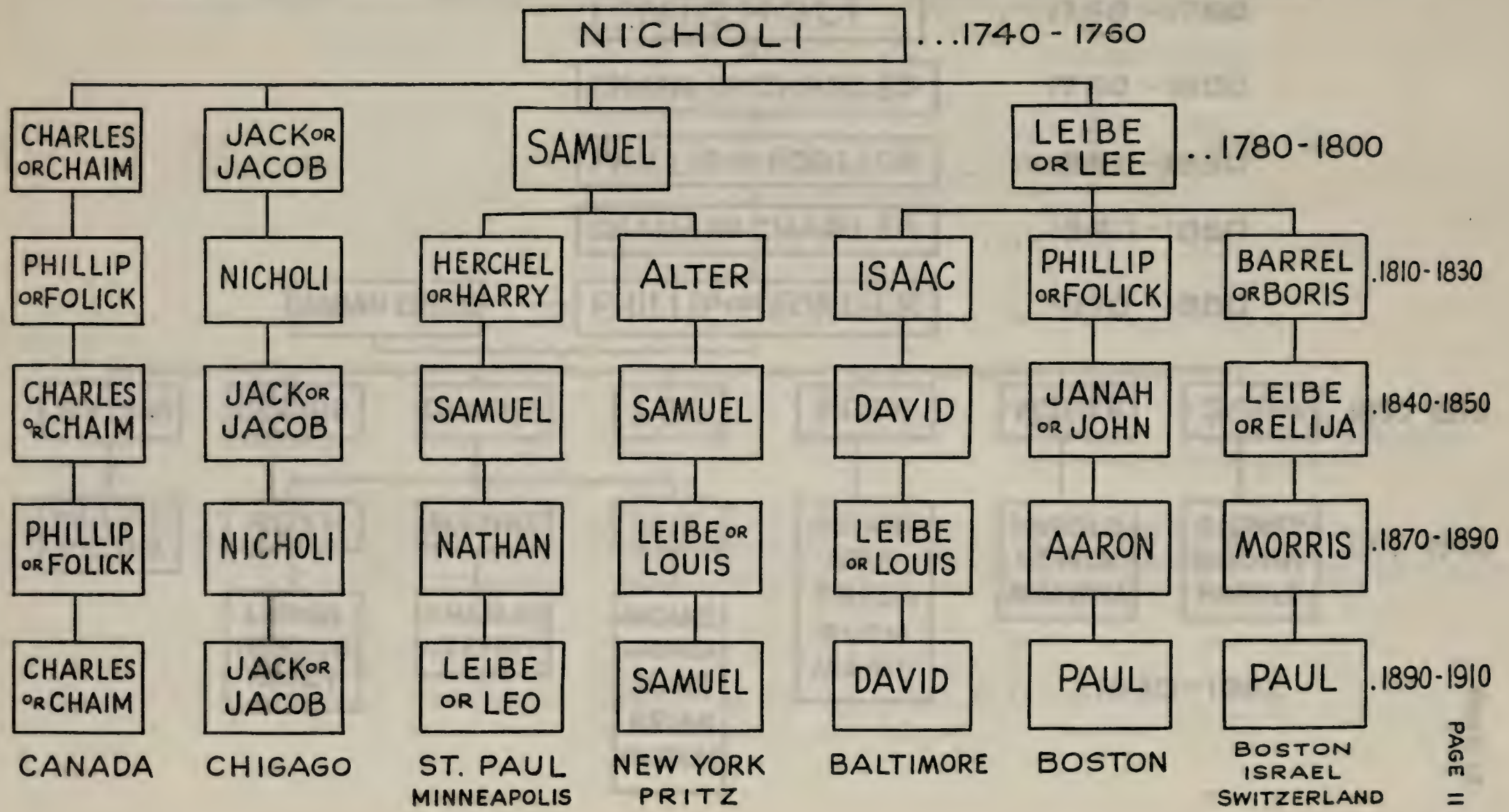
These ideals, I am sure, all of us recognize, understand and believe in, which is the reason that the name of "PRITZKER" is one that has been honored and respected for so many generations, in the past as well as the present;-and I am sure will also be, in the future.

August 1961.

THE PRITZKER FAMILY TREE

LISTING ONLY ONE MEMBER OF EACH BRANCH WHOSE NAME IS THE KEY TO EACH GENERATION

(A)



THE PRITCHETT FAMILY TREE

(Figure 2A) THE PRITCHETT FAMILY TREE

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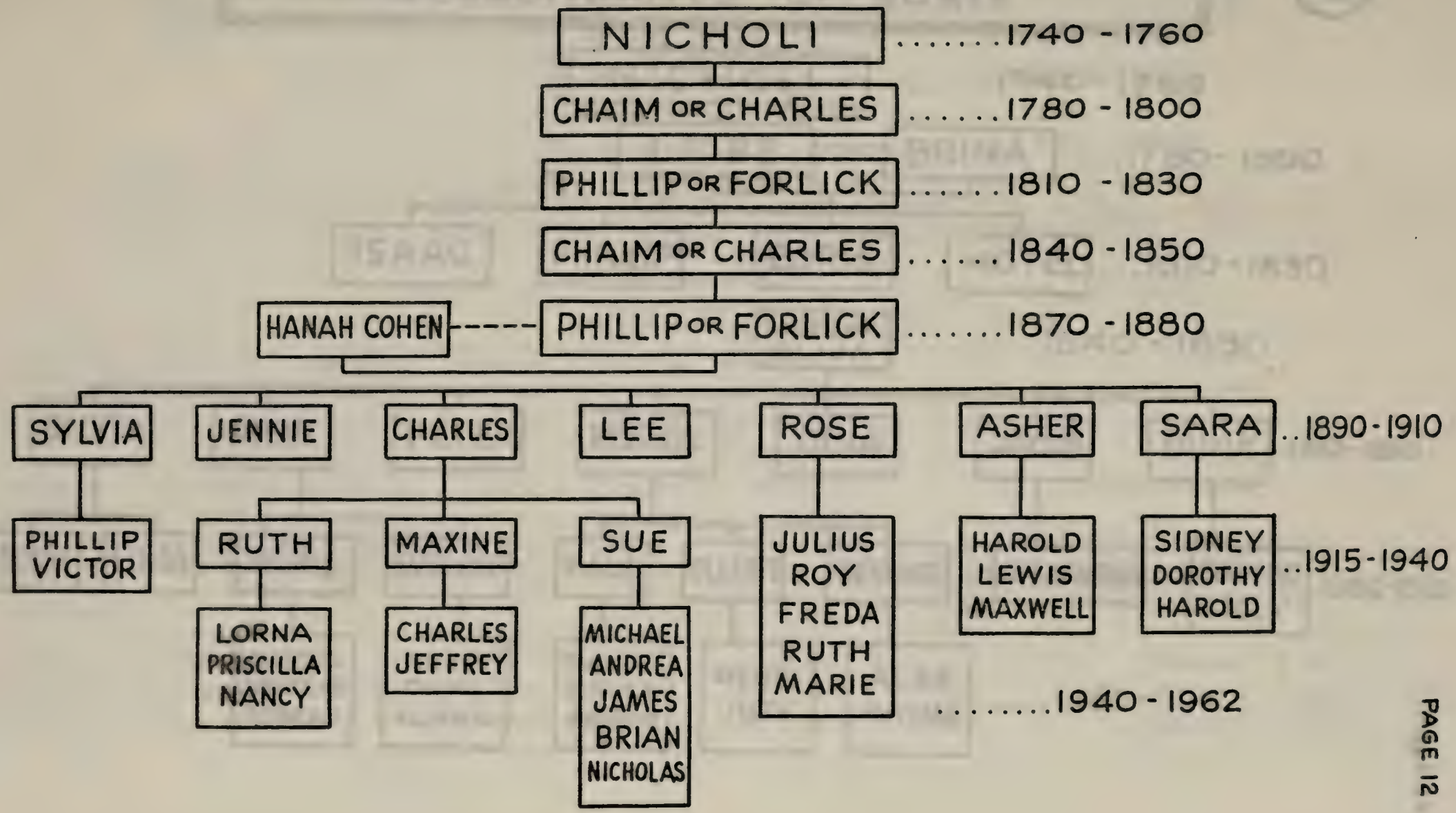
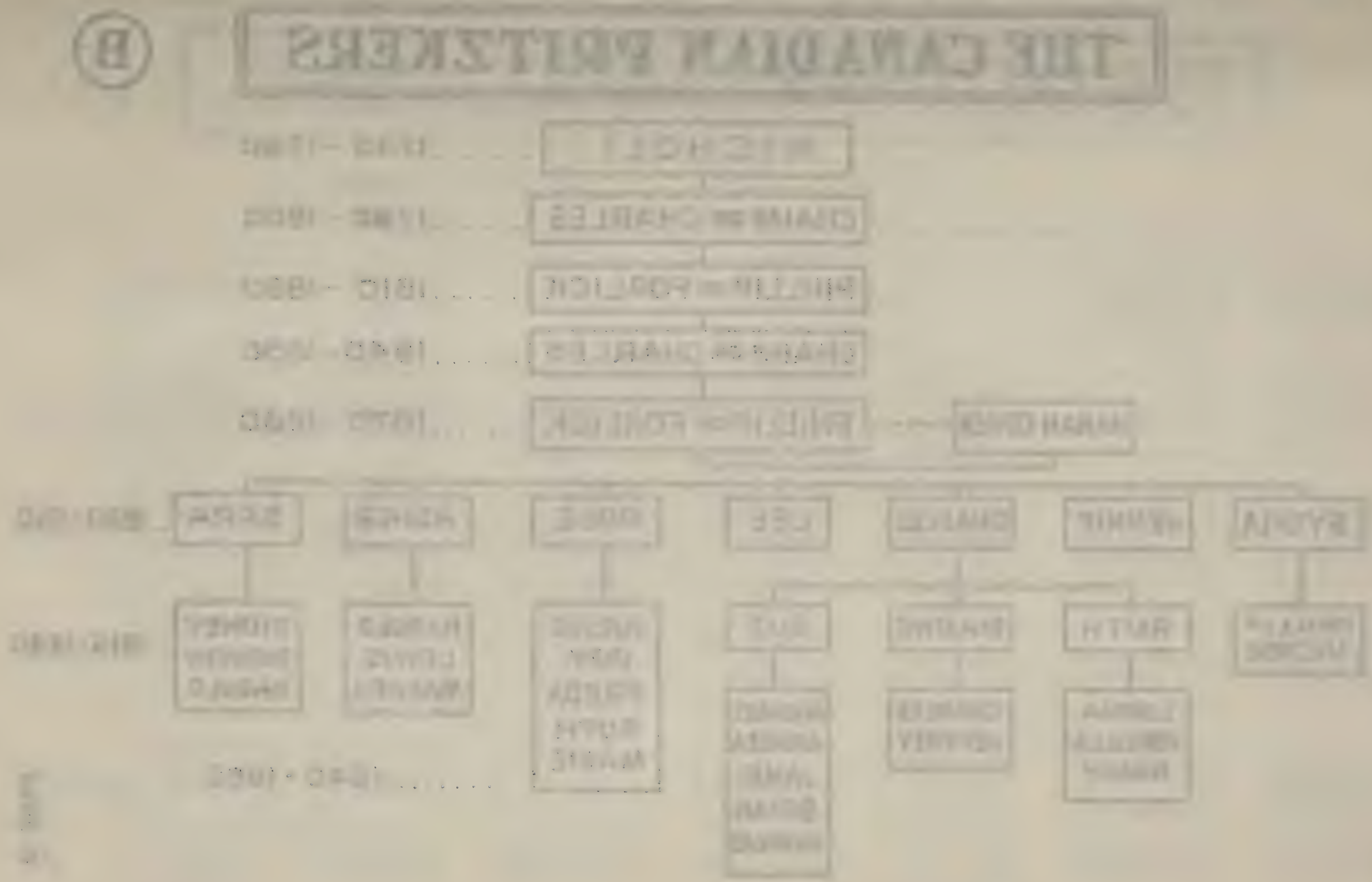
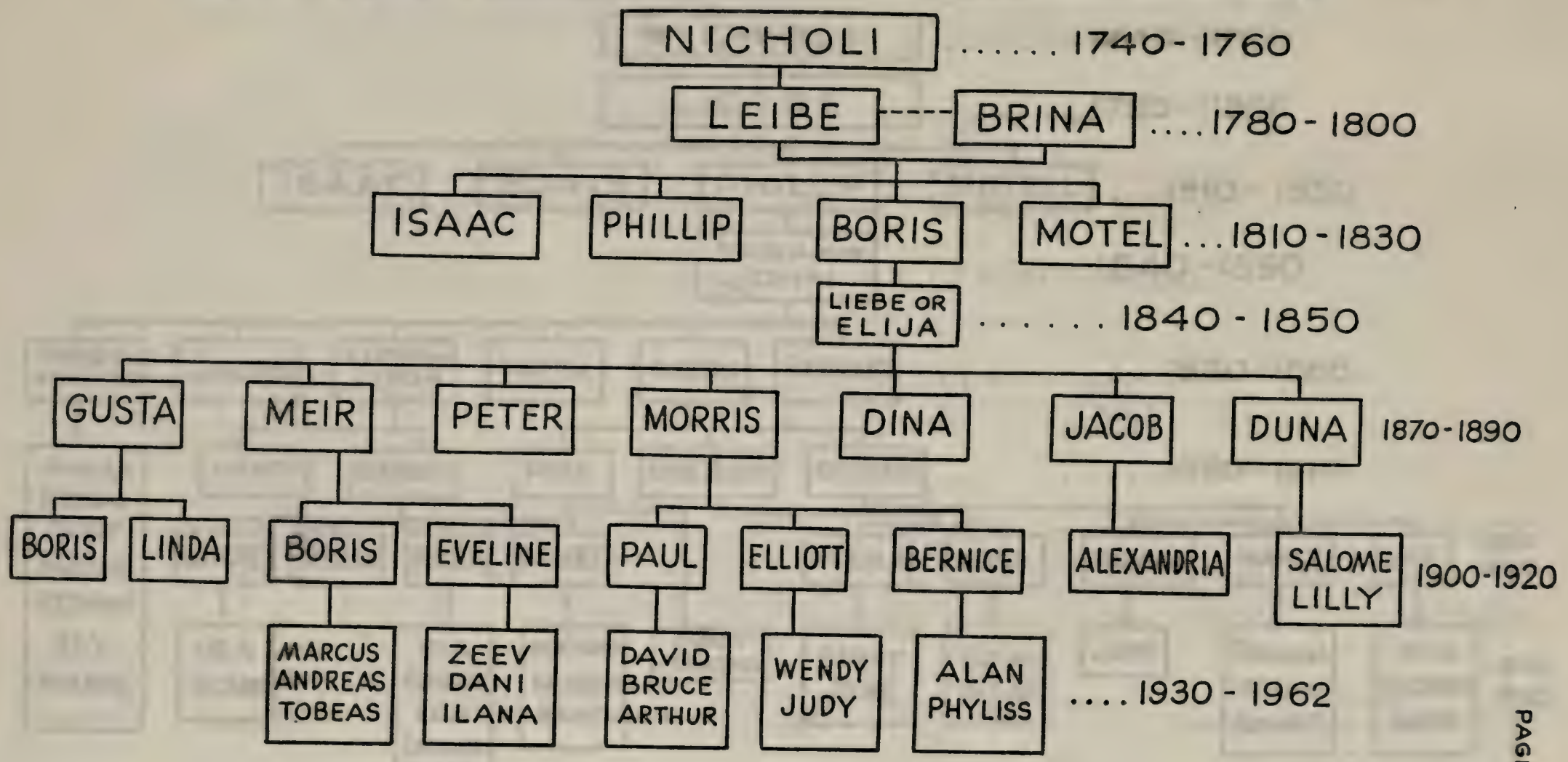
THE CANADIAN PRITZKERS

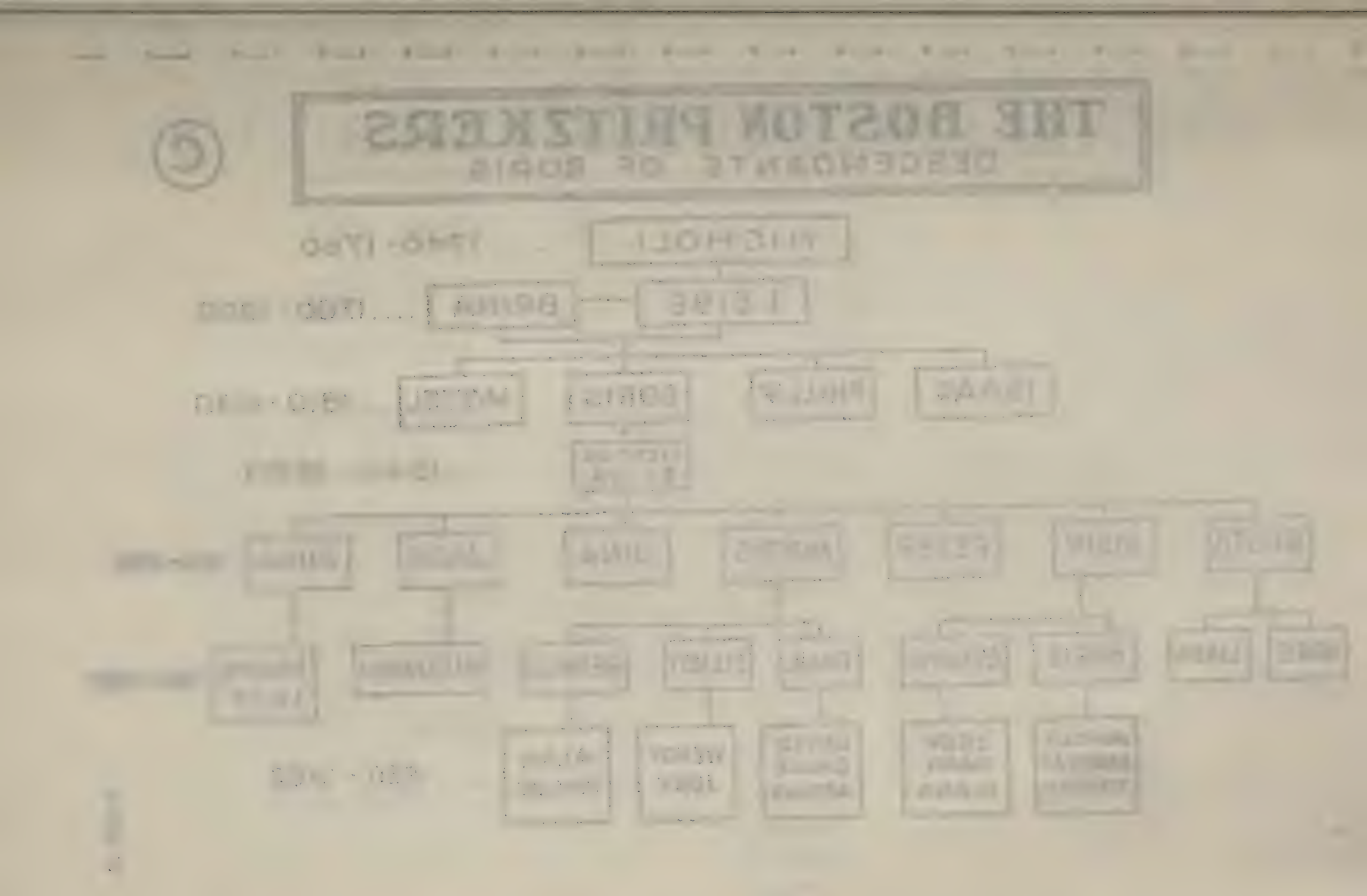
(B)



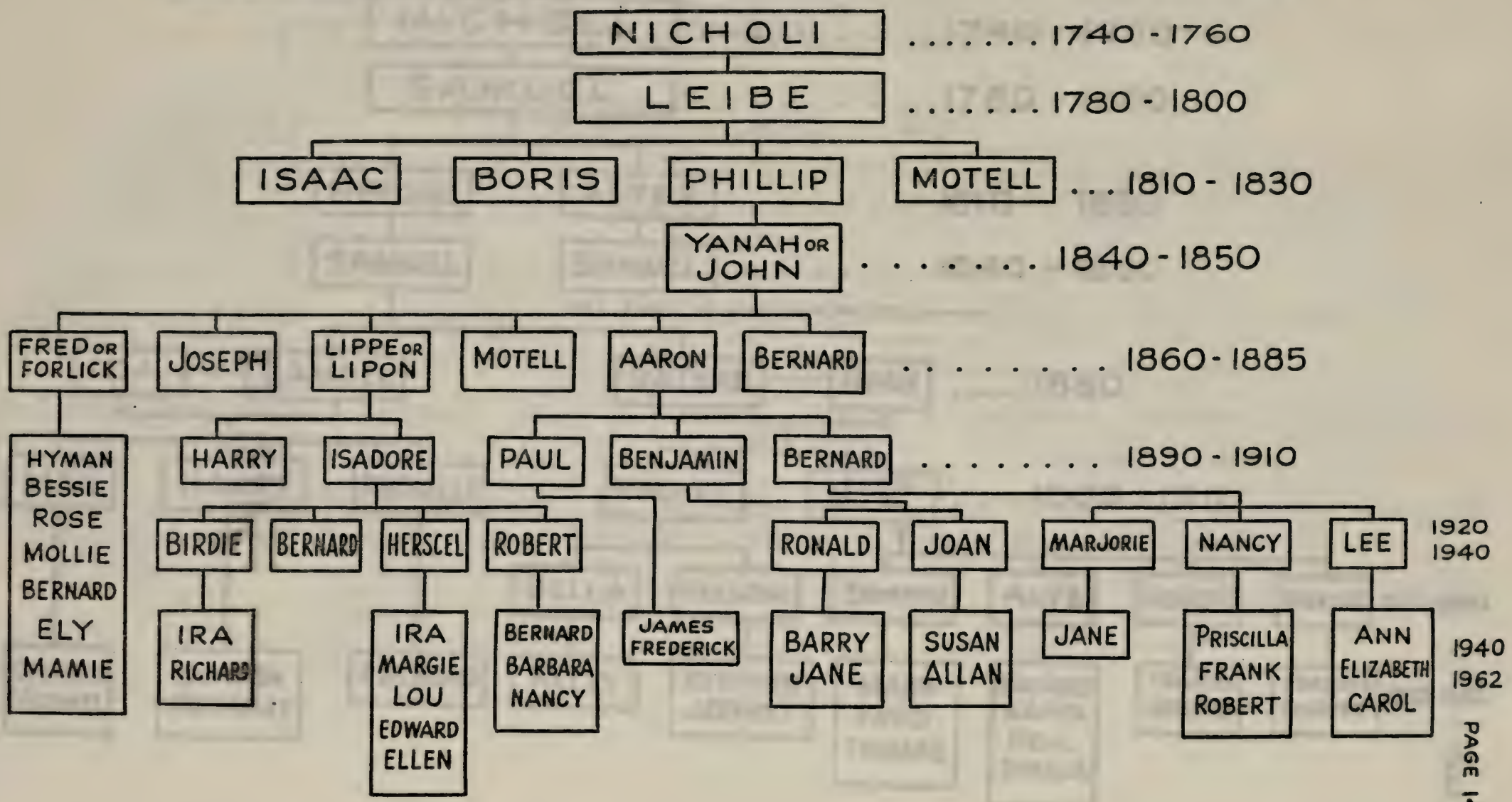


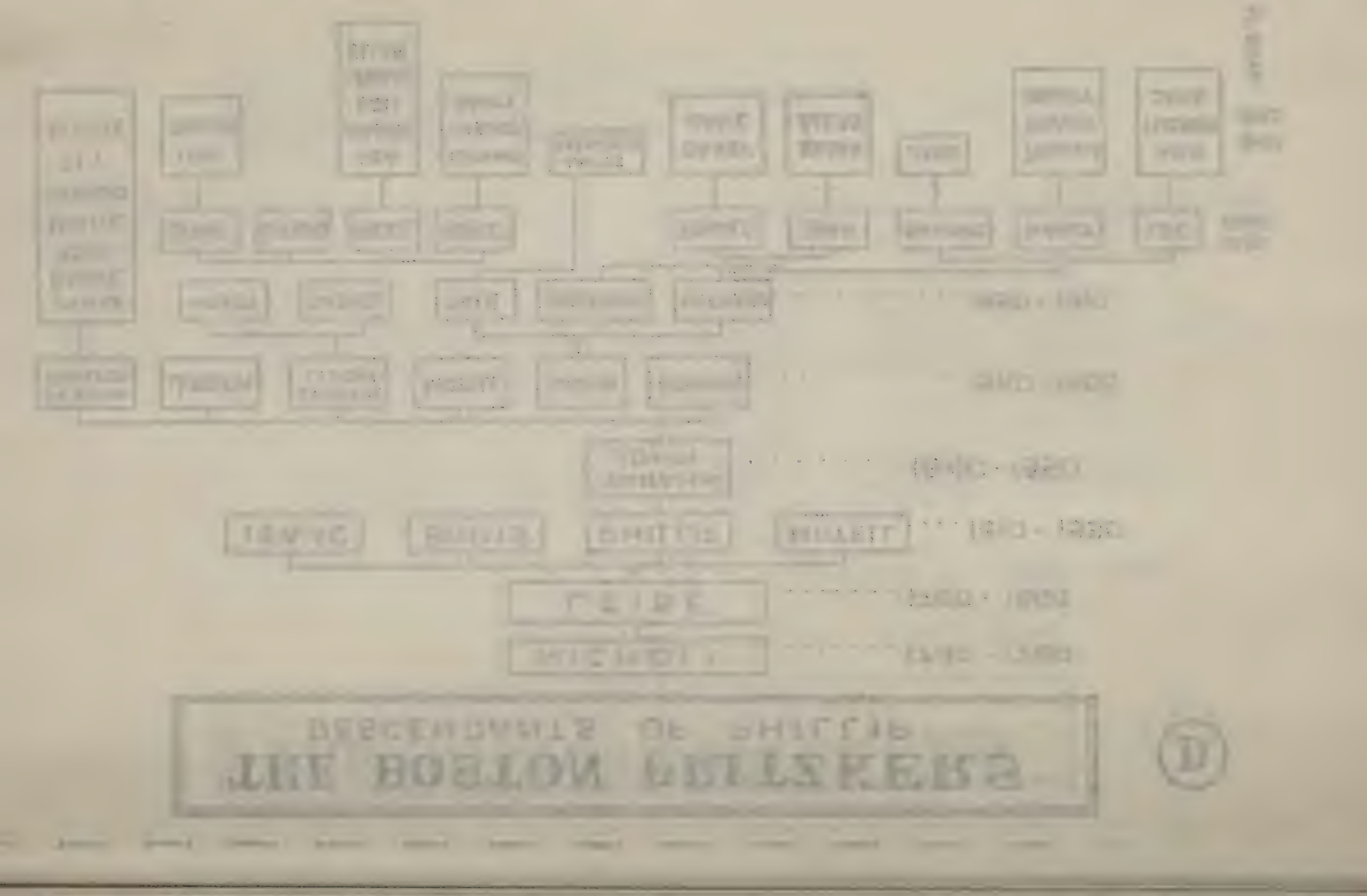
THE BOSTON PRITZKERS
DESCENDANTS OF BORIS





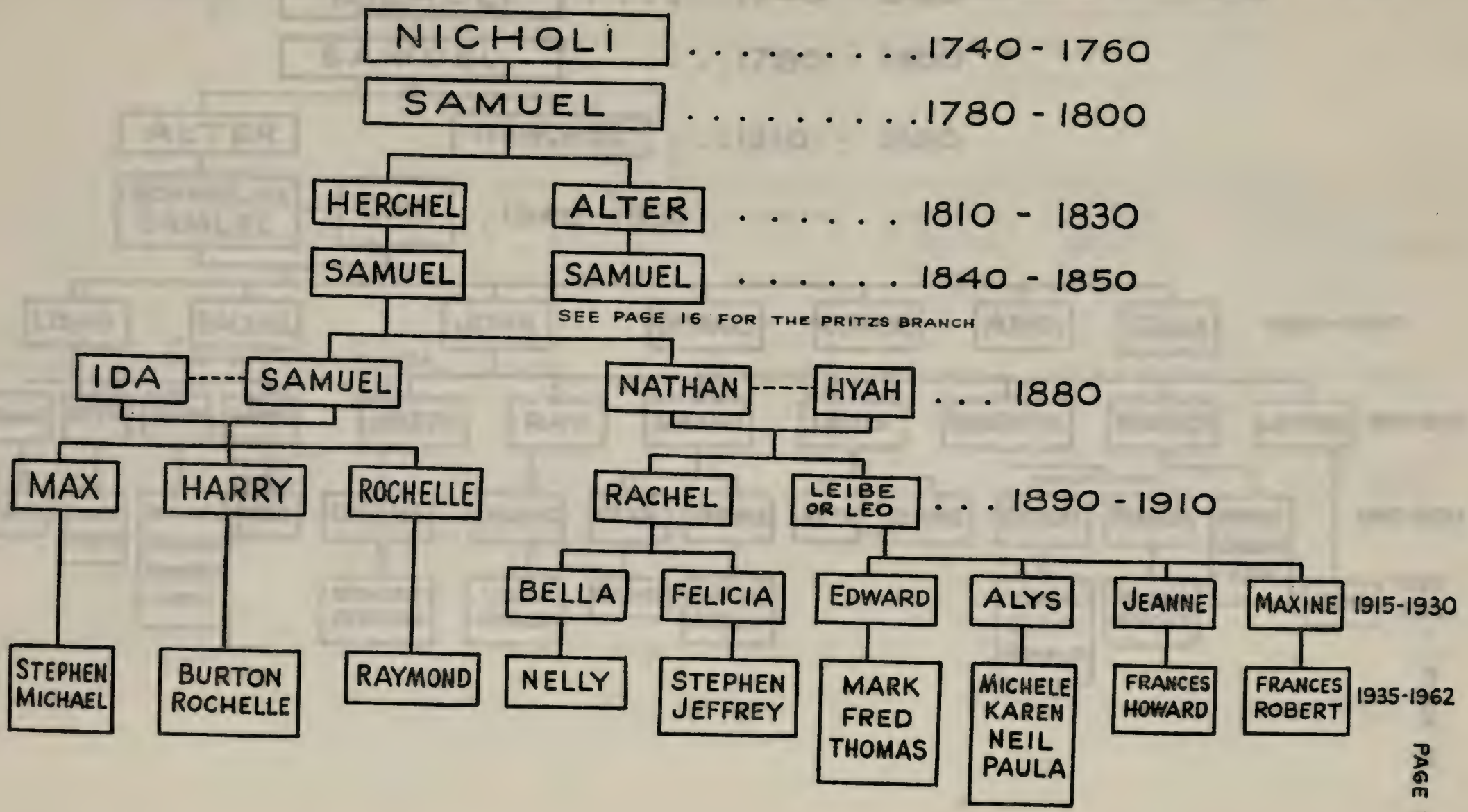
THE BOSTON PRITZKERS
DESCENDANTS OF PHILLIP





THE ST.PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS PRITZKERS

E



THE NEW YORK PRITZS

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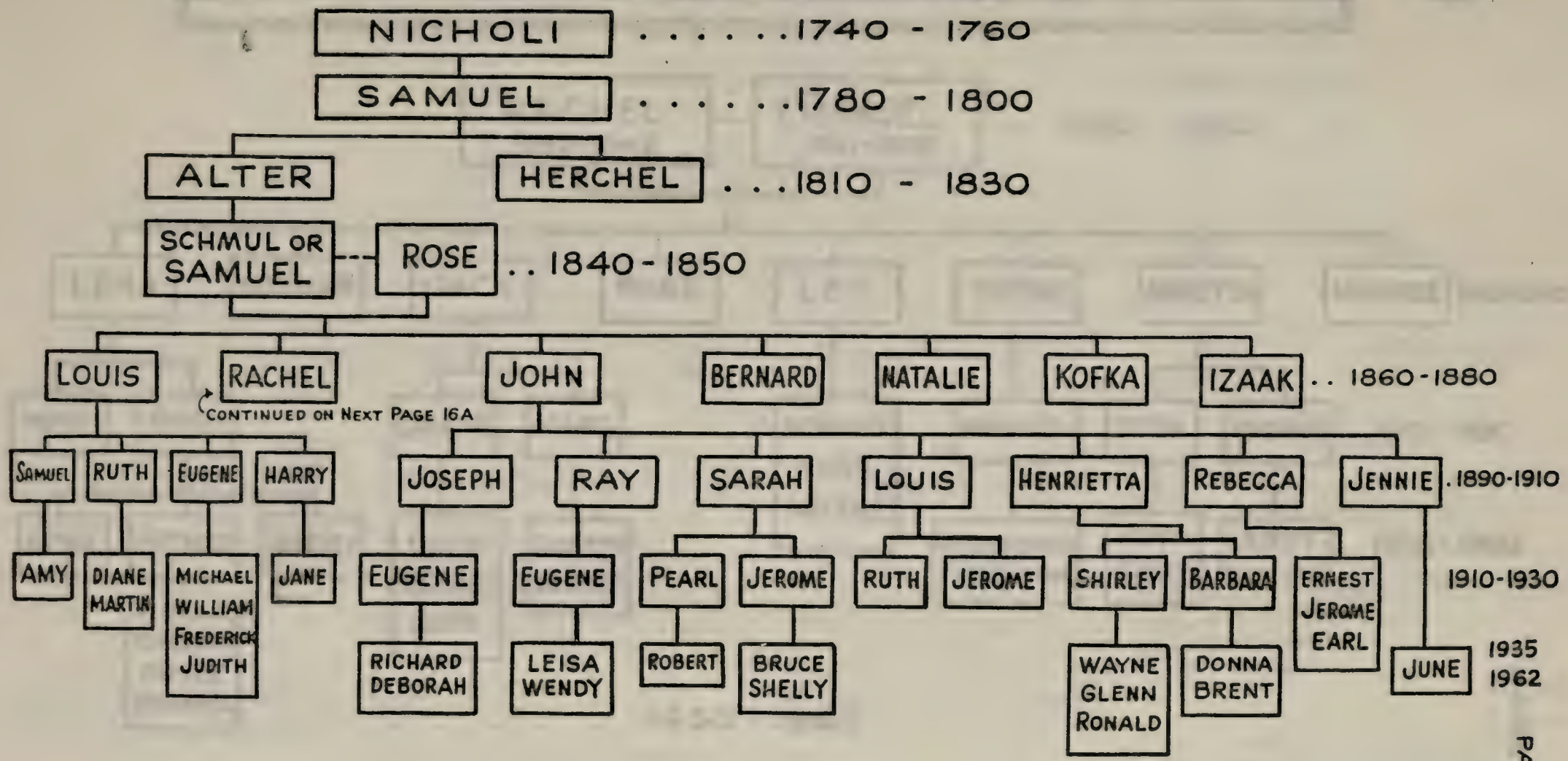
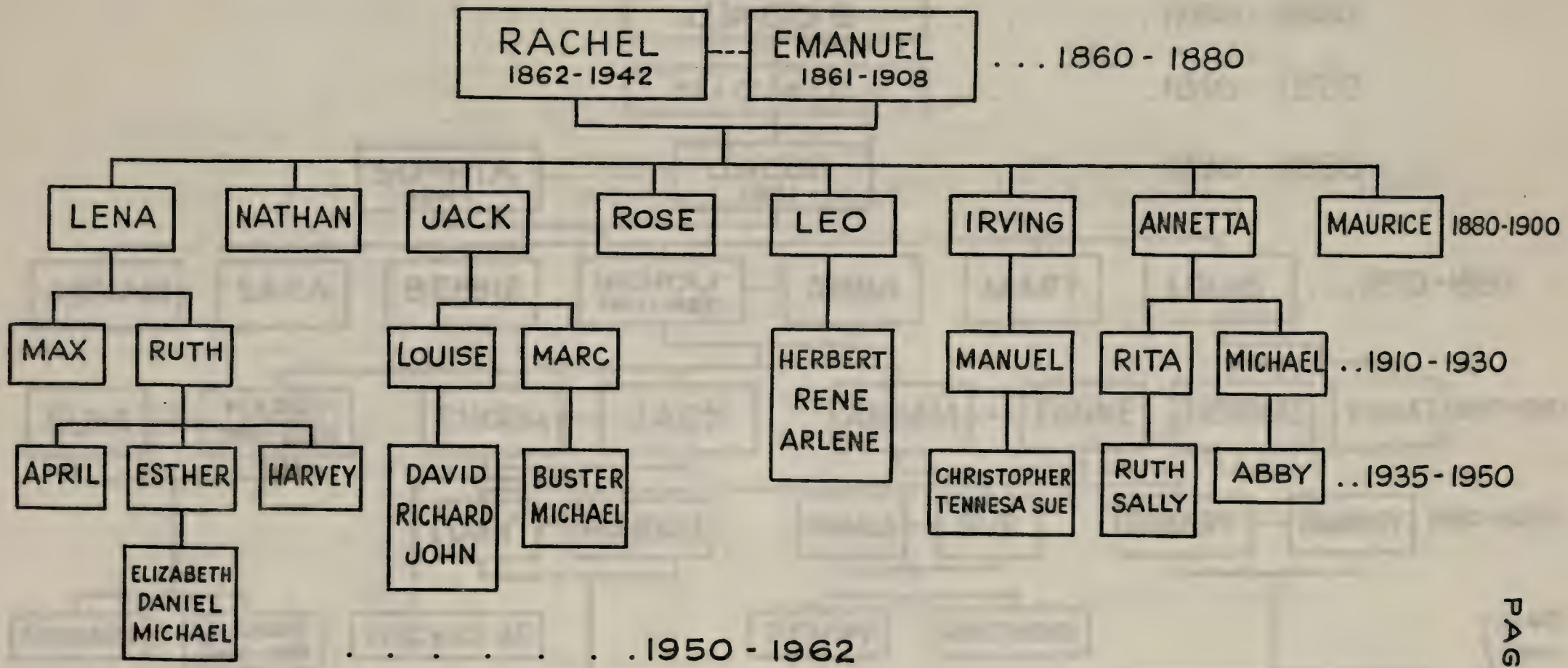


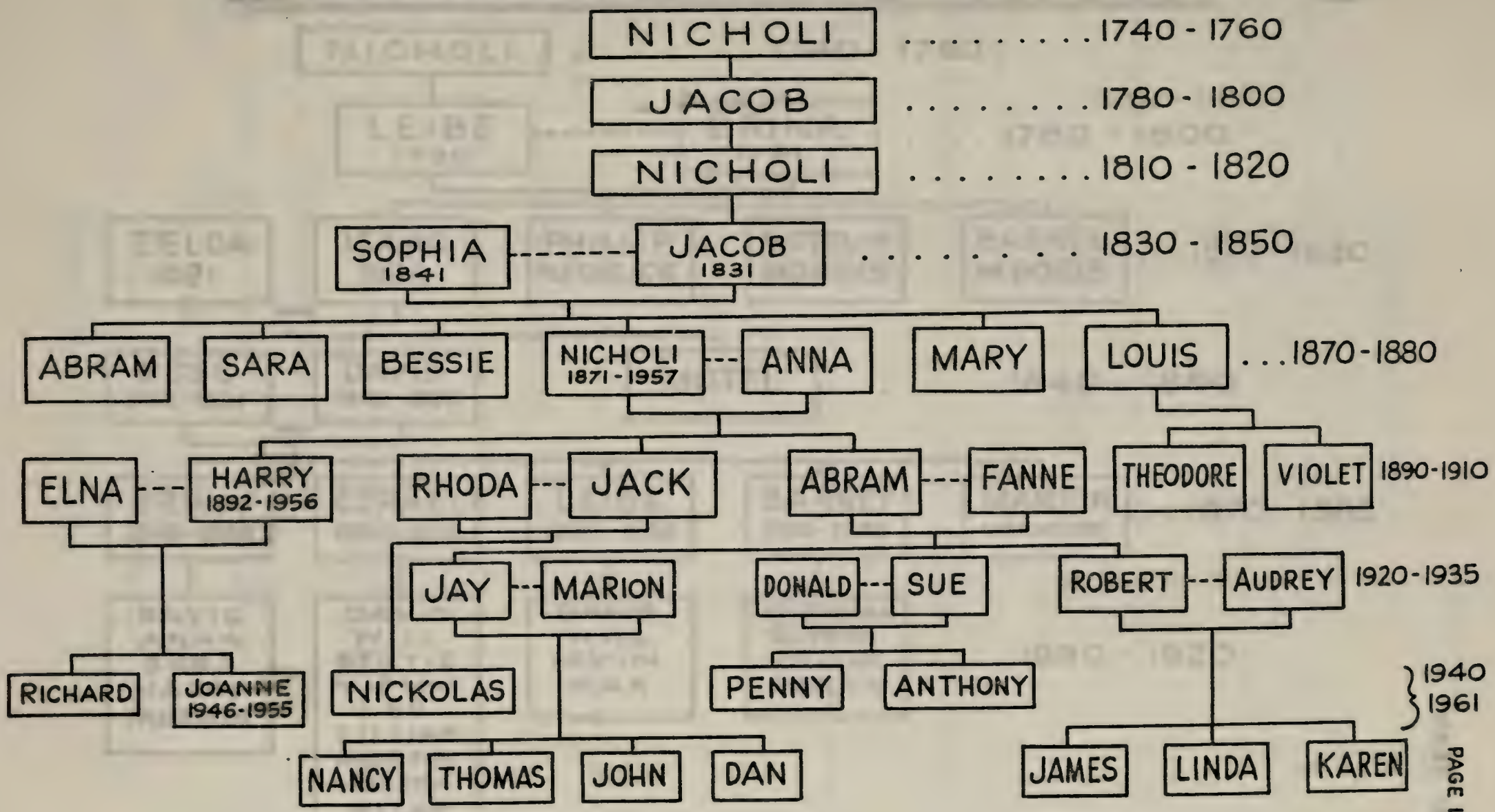
THE NEW YORK PRITZS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

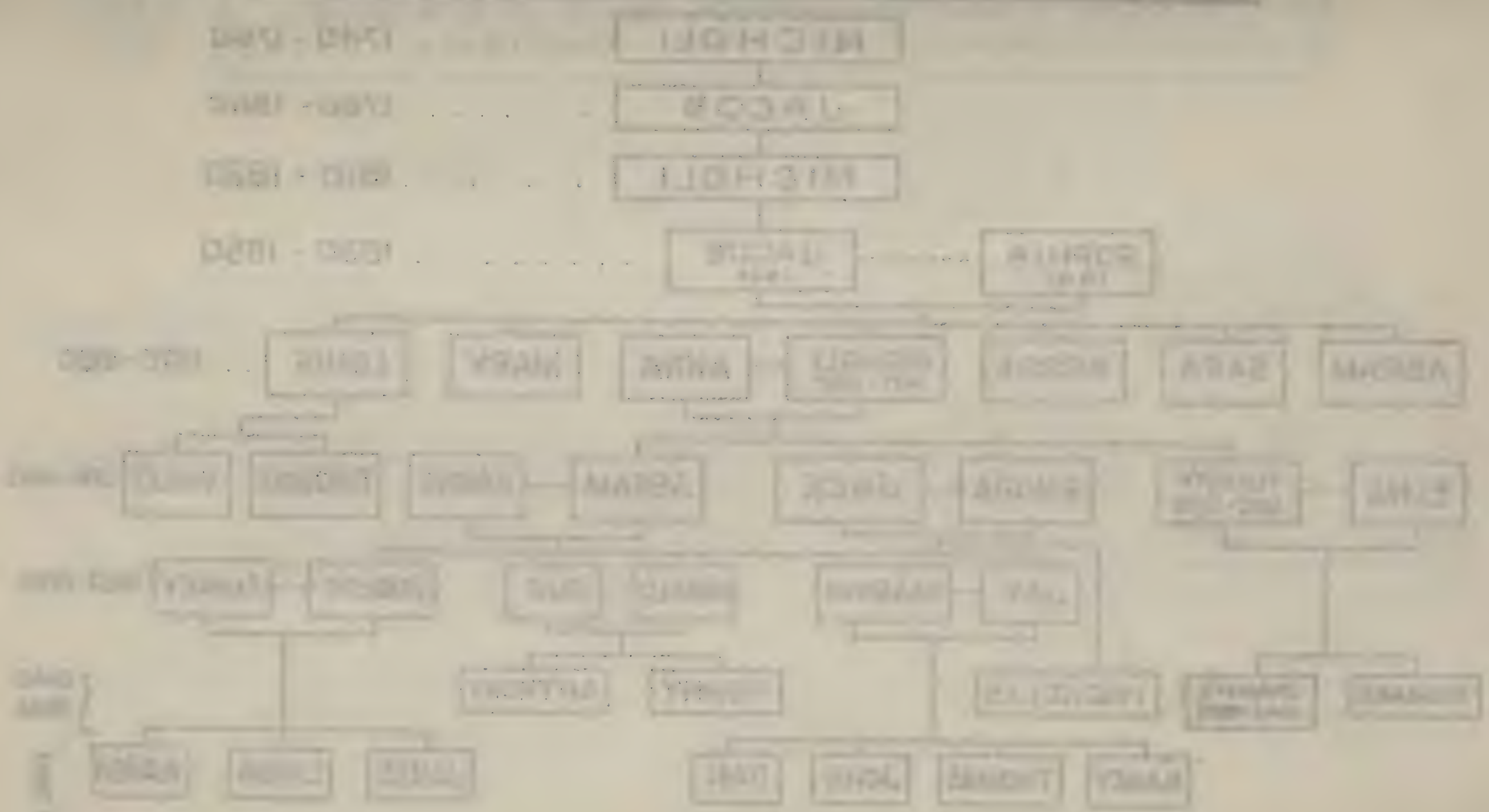
FA



THE CHICAGO PRITZKERS

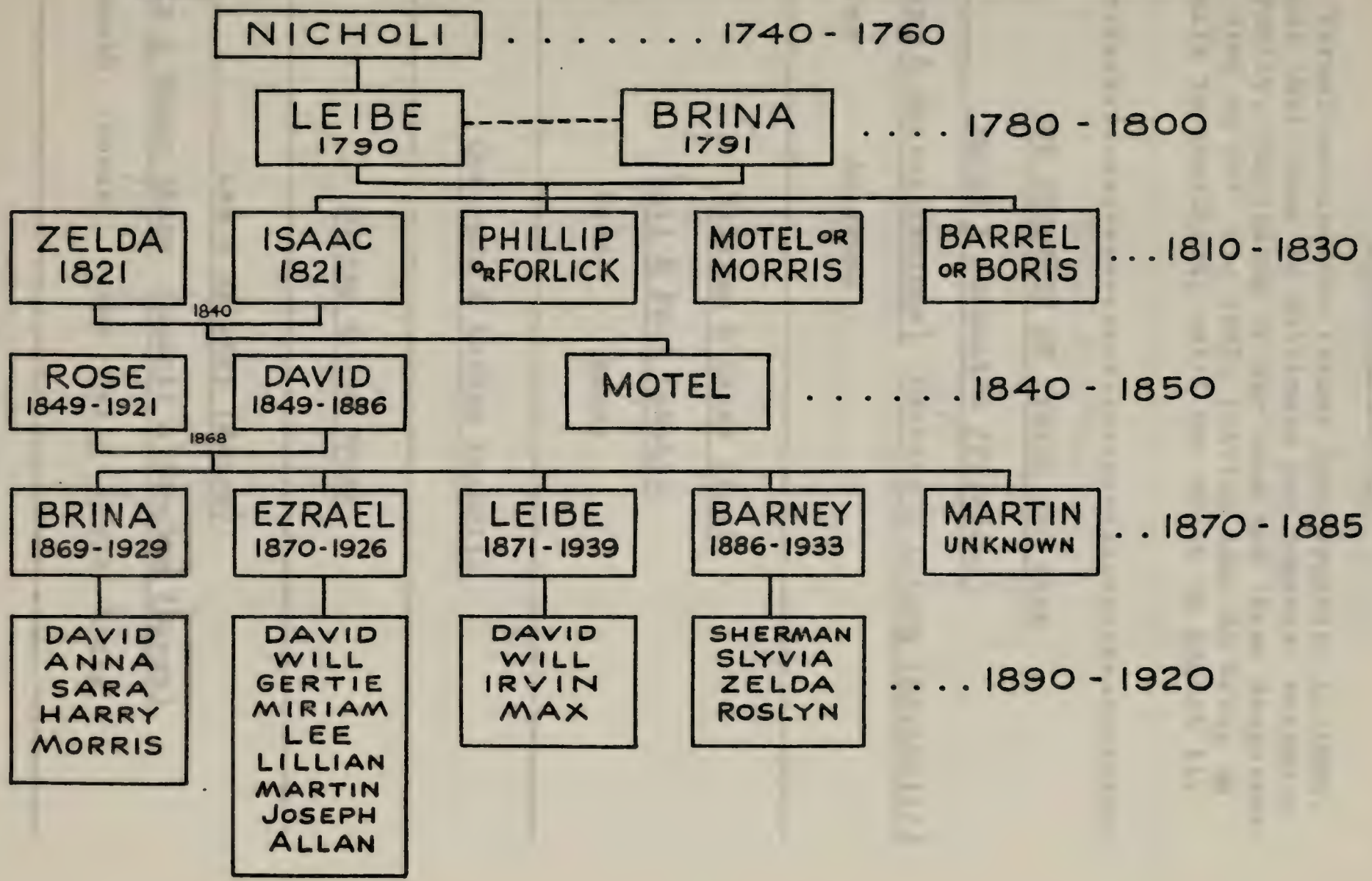


THE CHICAGO PRITZKERS



THE BALTIMORE PRITZKERS

(H)



THE BALTIMORE PRITZKERS

EZRAEL AND ANNA

Ezrael married the former Anna Franklin in 1895. They made their home in Baltimore and together raised a large family, consisting of six sons and three daughters. Ezrael died on Oct. 21, 1925, leaving Anna to bring up the family to adulthood, until her death on August 11, 1951.

****

THE CHILDREN OF EZRAEL AND ANNA

David & Jeannette (Friedman)

- Irving & Martha (Weiner)
  - Jeffrey
  - Adrienne
- Herbert & Eileen (Karabelle)

William & Betty (Peel)

- Gail & Paul LeNoble
  - Peter
  - Wendy

Gertrude & Nathan Franklin

Miriam & Abe Frank

Lee & Shirley (Bruce)

- Myra & Buzzy Shane
  - Kenneth
  - Robin
- Russell & Sevelyn (Baron)
  - Guy
  - Holly
  - Susie
  - Craig

Martin (Deceased 1927)

THE CHILDREN OF EZRAEL & ANNA
continued

Billie & Nils Krupp

Brian

Joseph & Zena (Singer)

Wendy Victor Carla

Allen & Lillian (Goodman)

Ronald Jacqueline Jody

LEIBE AND ESTHER

Leibe married the former Esther Dorman in 1896. They brought into the world four fine sons. Leibe passed away on July 21, 1939, and Esther was left to face life alone. She died on Nov. 18, 1955.

THE CHILDREN OF LEIBE AND ESTHER

David (Deceased, 1926) & Ruth (Poland)

- Norma & Melvin Carp
  - David
  - Resa
- Sherman & Jeannette (Malinow)
  - Carol
  - David

William & Minnie (Winik)

- Rita & Albert Brett
  - Robert
- Adele & Charles Scherr
  - Kathy
  - Richard
  - James
  - Thomas

Irvin & Rose (Topaz)

- Doris & Elmer Epstein
  - Lawrence
  - Bonnie
- Allan & Lenore (Stein
  - Howard
  - Sharon
  - Robert
  - Leslie

Max (Deceased, 1935) & Rose (Grabush)

- Dolores & Irvin Medin
  - Nancy
  - Marc

BARNEY AND ROSE

Barney and Rose (Poland) were married in 1911. Together in Baltimore they raised a wonderful family consisting of three daughters and one son. Barney passed on in 1933, and Rose passed on in February, 1955.

****

THE CHILDREN OF BARNEY AND ROSE

Sylvia & Arthur Naftolin

- Barbara & Edmond Galonoy
- Lloyd

Zelda & Lester Klein

- Barry & Ruth (Markman)
  - Stuart
- Lawrence
- Donald (Deceased 1946)

Sherman & Gertrude (Sofer)

- Michael
- Bonnie

Roslyn & Sanford Cohen

- Bonnie
- Marcy

BRINA AND SAM OMANSKY

Brina and Sam Omansky were married in the year 1886. They lived in Baltimore for eight years, then they moved to Emporia, Virginia, where they raised their fine family of three sons and two daughters. Sam passed away in 1925, and four years later, Brina.

****

THE CHILDREN OF BRINA AND SAM

David & Cecelia (Miller)

- Bernice & Meyer Green
- Shirley & Irwin Shulman

Anna & Louis Silver

- Zelda & Milton Gerber
  - Joseph
  - Edward
- Shirley & Jacob Selis
  - Vivian
  - James

Sarah Shapiro

- Irwin & Hilda (Gottlieb)
  - Ellen
  - Steven
  - Andrew
- Carl J. & Evelyn (Katz)
  - Kathy
  - Jacob
  - Lisa
- Marjorie & Kenneth Zieler
  - Ellen
  - Linda
  - Sally
  - Amy

Harry & June (Miller)

Morris & Grace (Seidel)

- Samuel & Elaine ( )
- Boris & Marlyn (Suslow)

PRITZKER COUSINS

(Continued)

Abe & Gertie (Tanen) Bass

Max & Ruth (Poland) Gurevitz

Israel (Deceased 1958) & Gussie (Horwitz) Siegel

Lillian & Harry Shapiro — Albert (Deceased 1943)

Karen-Celia — Cindy Sue — Albert

Ellen Ann — Ira Melvin

Melvin (Deceased 1942)

PAST PRESIDENTS

1951 - Lee Pritzker

1952 - Lee Pritzker

1953 - Sherman (Shikey) Pritzker

1954 - Lester Klein

1955 - Dave Pritzker

1956 - Sherman (Buddy) Pritzker

1957 - Irving Pritzker

1958 - Zelda Klein

1959 - Abe Frank

1960 - Abraham Pritzker Bass

1961 - Irvin Pritzker

1962 - Max Gurevitz

1963

1964

1965

1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

1971

FREEDOM

Since throughout "Our Book" we will learn how our ancestors came to this wonderful country of ours, seeking a new life - seeking a freedom and release from oppression and tyranny, I believe it is most appropriate to include the beautiful sonnet by Emma Lazarus, which is inscribed upon the Statue of Liberty.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name -
Mother of Exiles; from her beacon - hand
Glows world wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air - bridged harbour that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp"-she cries
With silent lips "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest - tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Looking back through the years I can so vividly remember our Grandmother Rose, and one thing that I will never forget was what we children called her. She was known to us as our "Penny Grandmother" and our Grandmother Franklin, on our mother's side, we called our "Nickel Grandmother," and the explanation for these two categories was very simple. Whenever we visited Grandmother Rose or she visited our home, we were rewarded with a penny, but our Grandmother Franklin was good for a nickel. But since we saw more of our Grandmother Rose, looking back I guess we fared out just as well financially.

Somehow we, as children, sensed a very close feeling toward our Grandmother Rose, for it seemed she was always visiting us, helping our parents in so many ways, and even today my taste for something she always made has never left me. I refer to a salted dry bean that was her specialty, that I think was called "Bub", and I know you older cousins remember this. I also know that a good many of my cousins remember her and will fill many, many pages of our booklet with memories and incidents so very pleasant to all of us.

And still looking back through the years of my childhood, I remember Uncle Barney and Aunt Rose. Uncle Barney was the coordinator and advisor of the Pritzker family. Any decision, any problems or advice - Uncle Barney was our sage and confidant. No one made a move unless Uncle Barney was consulted. His butcher shop, naturally, was the center of the woman population, and he knew everyone and was respected and looked up to for his honesty and wisdom. Aunt Rose's house was one of the gathering places of the Pritzkers, as well as so many other relatives and friends. Here, her large kitchen filled with the sweet lingering aroma of her homemade bread, was a haven of refuge and contentment for so many people. Here open house was the order of the day, and here all the gossip and affairs of the world were discussed.

Memories, yes cousins, memories that can never be erased.

LOOKING BACKWARD - continued

And Aunt Esther and Uncle Lebie - how proud we were of these wonderful people. They were the joiners and leaders in activities of the synagogue, lodges and civic groups. Many memories of them are so clear and exciting to my mind. How proud we all were when we heard how they were honored for outstanding work they had done. A visit to Aunt Esther's house was something we looked forward to. The never empty tea samovar, those delicious little cakes and all that real warm welcome stills brings a feeling of joy and warmth to my heart.

But I believe, the most outstanding memory of our Aunt Esther is the gavel that she presented to our club to be used by each president, and the pride she felt that she was leaving us with something that would be cherished in the many years ahead.

And my father and mother, "Aunt Annie and Uncle Ezrael". It seemed to me, as a boy, there was a never ending arrival of strangers from the old country that my father was responsible for bringing into this country. And I can still hear my mother saying to my father, "Ezrael, another batch of foreigners coming?" Many times we children shared our bedrooms with them, and I can still see their faces, faces of people coming from a land of persecution and violence to this wonderful land of freedom and liberty. I can still hear their many thanks to my parents for giving them a temporary home, and hear them struggling to learn the English language.

But of all the people who used our home as temporary quarters, and then departed to take up their new lives, there were two who endeared themselves to all of us Pritzkers - Abraham Bass, the present President of our Group, and Israel Siegel (of Blessed Memory) whose death so recently was such a blow to us. These two, somehow, didn't leave our fold like the others, but remained and became a part of our Pritzker family.

I can remember so clearly the many wonderful nights they spent at our home, the English lessons we gave them, and the many many stories we heard about the old country. I can also remember a funny Russian game of cards they played, which was called " A W K Y",

LOOKING BACKWARD - continued

in which the Jack of Hearts and Queen of Spades were jokers.

In looking back through the years of these memories, I am so thankful that my childhood memories contain so many rich thoughts of parents, uncles and aunts, and as we grow older we can attribute so much to the love and understanding our parents gave us as their legacies.

And so our Pritzker clan is more than just an occasional get-to-gether, it is a closely knit family group, sealed together with rich and happy memories. It is a group of fine, wonderful people sparked with a heritage of honest, decency and uprighteousness. It is also a dedicated group, dedicated to the memories of our mothers and our aunts, three noble women who gave so much to their children, and so much to their friends and even to strangers. Three women who knew pain, sorrow and trouble, but who were able to rise above all reverses and still carry on. It is gratifying to remember that during the last few years of their lives they were so happy that we had formed this Cousins' Club, and so happy to be a part of our meetings. My mother (Aunt Annie) due to her illness never was privileged to attend our meetings, but it was my job every month after the meeting to visit her and go into details and explain everything that happened at this meeting. And I can almost see and hear Aunt Esther and Aunt Rose sitting so straight and proud in their respective chairs and each one raising her hand and saying, "Cousin, Mr. President, I would like to make a motion."

I know what our Club meant to them, and we cousins know what these women meant to us. So our Club must go on, and our club will go on - for these memories we have will never die as long as we Pritzkers remain together.

Lee Pritzker
1961

I MARRIED A PRITZKER

In spite of my many, many years of happy married life, I still have one real and justifiable complaint - That is getting someone to understand my name over the phone. Day after day, it's always the same....
"Hello, this is Mrs. Pritzker calling"
- is the way you begin - then always the same response - "Who"
So you start the old routine.....

P - as in Peter
R - as in Rabbit
IT - as in Thomas
Z - as in Zero
K - as in Kitten
ER - PRITZKER

If you are lucky after repeating twice you get a response, but on the average it usually takes three spellings. And when you get through the second routine begins -

"Oh, Pritzker" - Any relative to Willie Pritzker the plumber? When you say yes, you get a five minute earful on what a swell guy he is. By this time your dinner is burnt, or you have forgotten what you were calling about. Of the thousand and one guys in this world, I have to fall in love with one whose name is:

P- as in Peter
R- as in Rabbit
IT Z- as in Zebra
KE R- PRITZKER - who has a cousin Willie that the whole world knows.

And I know that when the time comes, and before the Pearly Gates I stand, I am going to have to again say:

P - as in Peter, etc. etc.....

and I will bet my bottom dollar that the guy that opens the gates will surely know cousin Willie.

-Signed,
Shirley P as in Peter,
R as in Rabbit . . etc.

PRITZKER'S - WHO-WHO OF THE MONTH

WILL AND MINNIE PRITZKER

Will is the son of the late Esther and Louis Pritzker. He wooed and wed Minnie Winik 37½ years ago. Out of this happy union came two fine daughters, Rita, who served honorably during World War II in the Women's Marine Corps, and Adele. Rita is now married to Dr. Albert Brett, a very successful dentist practicing in Merrick, L. I., New York. Al and Rita have one son, Robert, age 9. Adele is the wife of Charles (Getzy) Scherr, now a partner in the plumbing concern of Pritzker and Scherr. Adele and Getzy have, as their claim to fame, four lovely children, Kathy 6½, Ricky 5, Jimmy 2½ and Tommy 10 mos.

Will, always an outstanding member of his family and community, had the distinction of being named "Our Pritzke",(or the head of the Pritzker family of today) by his cousins in Baltimore. This was a great honor and one well deserved by him.

Will, always very active in Veterans affairs, now holds the office of Department Commander of the Jewish War Veterans of the United States. He is also a member of the Liberty Jewish Center Synagogue.

Minnie, his lovely wife, reflecting in her husband's light, has also been a member of the Jewish War Veterans and in her own quiet way has been active in several organizations. At present she is very active in the exclusive "Grandmother's Union," of which there are only five members at present. (Robert, Kathy, Ricky, Jimmy and Tommy). Who knows what the future will bring?

Our hats are off to "Our Pritzke", his charming wife and family. It is a privilege to have such fine people in the family.

PRITZKER'S - WHO-WHO

MIRIAM FRANK

Miriam is a woman who devotes much of her time to helping others. She has been a volunteer worker at Sinai Hospital for twelve years....a long, long time for any project. She loves her work, which is with the children in the Pediatrics Dept., and Abe tells me he'd have to pay her to make her stay home. Miriam has taken courses and now holds the title of Nurses Aide. She has had severals honors bestowed upon her for her wonderful work, and now has three stripes and one bar, which means she has given over 4000 hours of her time in the service of young humanity.

Miriam started out working one day a week and has increased her time to two days a week. But now with the hospital moving to new and fabulous quarters in the Jewish Medical Center, there has been no limit to the number of days she has been working.

She has been on duty ever since the hospital started taking groups to tour the new buildings. In addition, she has been dividing her time between helping at the old hospital and making things ready at the new hospital. December 13th is the big moving day for Sinai Hospital and moving along with the children of the Pediatrics Dept. at 7:00 A.M. and working like a Trojan will be our cousin, Miriam, working for as long as she is needed.

Hats off to Cousin Miriam for the wonderful work she is doing. I am sure it is gratifying to her to know she has played an important part in this wonderful project, and has brought so much happiness to the youngsters who have been confined to the hospital.

LEE AND SHIRLEY PRITZKER

The Pritzker's Chit Chat takes great pleasure in honoring two of our most outstanding cousins, Lee and Shirley Pritzker. Lee, the son of the late Anna and Ezrael Pritzker, and Shirley were married almost 35 years ago. They have two fine children, Myra and Russell and six lovely grandchildren. Lee is a sparkling example of the self-made man, having attended Johns Hopkins University night school three nights a week for fourteen long years. These were years of hardship and struggle for both Lee and Shirley, but with the perserverance and determination of both of them, Lee was graduated with the Degree of Chemistry, specializing in the chemistry of paint.

As for Lee's spot in the Cousins Club limelight, he has been one of the main arteries in the Cousins Club lifeline since its beginning. He was our first president and it was largely due to his efforts that we struggled through our shaky infancy to the solid foundation, which our club now has. He has constantly presented us with new ideas, which have kept the cousins interested and eager to attend meetings. He has also availed us of his advice and guidance when they were needed. Lee and Shirley have generously offered their home on numerous occasions when it was necessary. And who can forget the wonderful "Fish" feasts? At our last meeting, which was appropriately held on Lee's brithday at daughter, Myra's house, Lee was presented with a surprise birthday cake baked by Buddy's Jeanette Pritzker (and decorated with Lasting Paint) in honor of his "39th" birthday. As a token of the high esteem in which he is held, the Cousins Club presented him with a plaque on which was inscribed the following:

> "To Lee Pritzker for his outstanding devotion and loyal service to the Pritzker's Cousins Club with the wish that he enjoy it for many years to come."

In this one brief sentence is summed up the high regard in which Lee and Shirley are held by the family.

GERTIE BASS - GIRL OF THE YEAR

My earliest recollection of Gertie Bass is that of a very nice young lady visiting a wounded soldier at Walter Reed Hospital. The soldier was Abe, who was wounded in World War I, and the nice girl was Gertie Tanen, who always came with packages for him. We, as kids, were very fond of this soldier, and any girlfriend of his was a frined of ours. I can also recall Sylvia and I holding open French doors to let Abe, on crutches, go through. However I can't recall whether he was wearing the crutches from the wounds he received in the war, or whether it was due to a fall off our steps on Ann St. that caused some broken ribs before the wedding. Who else but Gertie would marry a guy with broken ribs and a hole in the foot? (maybe one in the head, too). And I often wonder what, if anything, happened on their wedding night.

It seems as if Gertie was always a member of our family. In the days of the Benjamin & Goldie Dorman Lodge, Gertie was always an active member. I believe she was treasurer of the lodge and she's still darn good at the job. Well, she's had lots of practice. She's been handling Abe's money for the last thirty-four years. Her business ability is not to be sneezed at, either. And we all know what an important part she has played in making a success of their businesses. It wasn't easy, either. There was the store on Lancing St., one in Glen Burnie, a business venture with Boris Bass in New York and lastly, the store on Fulton Avenue, from which they have recently retired.

Aside from a very bad broken ankle, a few boils, a couple of sore ears and a little diabetes, the kid looks pretty good. This gal has been handling the finances of the Pritzkers' Cousins Club for NINE years, and the way she handles it, you'd think it was her own. Believe me, she isn't that tight with her own money. She really goes after the dues and gets it, too.

GERTIE BASS - GIRL OF THE HOUR
CONTINUED

Hats off to Cousin Gertie, our treasurer, who we are honoring for her devoted service to the club. The following poem composed by Cousin Lee expresses what she means to we Pritzkers.

Who is the gal our books do keep,
But to spend a dime - is ready to weep.
Who is the gal with a hand so tight
That grabs our dues with such delight.
Who? Gertie Pritzker Bass.

When a motion is made - a party to throw,
And a report from her, we like to know,
Who bristles right up, and will always say.
Just can't afford it - we've bills to pay.
Who? Gertie Pritzker Bass.

Now Gertie, of course, this is all in fun
To-nite we are honoring you for a job well done.
The job of TREASURER you've filled real well.
And all of your cousins, just think you're swell.

You've served us faithfully for many a year
As part of our family we all hold you dear.
And now, we all rise, and from our hearts do say.
For Gertie Pritzker Bass - A - Hip - Hip-
Hooray.

2047387

Zelda Klein

HOW I BECAME A PRITZKER

How does one begin to put into writing memories, thoughts and happenings of almost a lifetime, particularly when you are directing your thoughts to people you love and respect so much. So this will be my attempt to contribute to "Our Book".

I first saw the light of day 65 years ago in a small town called Ozeerena, not too far from the large city of Kiev in Russia. My parents were people of moderate means and they derived their income from a small grocery store. As a boy I remember working in this store from time to time. Since our income was rather limited, as soon as I was able to work, I went into Kiev and secured employment in jobs of various occupations.

Conditions throughout Russia, as well as the other countries, were very bad for most of the Jewish population, since they were oppressed and knew the meaning of poverty, tragedy and constant fear of progroms. In everyone's mind and heart was the hope that somehow, some day, they could leave and immigrate to a country known as America, which reports indicated was a land of opportunity and freedom. I had had this desire since I was 16 years of age.

With my 18th birthday soon coming up, and realizing I would soon be called into the Russian Army, my desire to leave became a must. Through the grapevine my parents learned that in the City Baltimore, Maryland in America, there were a group of people that they somehow knew by the name of Pritzker, who were sponsoring and vouching for quite a few of the people in our town and neighboring villages. They had arranged for them to sponsor me. So with what little money they could scrape up, to America I came. Believe me, my luxury liner was far from the Queen Mary, but even a cattle boat was a magic carpet taking me to a land of liberty, to a land of opportunity, a land we always dreamed about.

After a rough voyage, our boat docked at the point of entry, which was somewhere in Curtis Bay, and I lined up with my fellow travellers with our identification tags pinned to our coats, waiting amidst the babble of an unknown language, waiting to be identified and met.

So there I stood, a boy of 18 scared to death, but filled with the thrills and ambitions of youth. I remember two men approaching me, who identified themselves as Uncle Barney and Uncle Leibe, and in a few minutes I no longer felt alone, for at once I sensed a kinship I knew would never leave me. They took me to Uncle Leibe's house where I met more of the family and again that closeness of the Pritzkers was so apparent. In looking back, it was so obvious that in spite of what little they had, they shared it with me so generously.

In less than a few weeks, a job was found for me at a tin can factory where I was put on a machine making tin cans. I remember the first day, pulling a switch that I wasn't supposed to pull and almost causing a machine breakdown, but somehow I wasn't fired and they kept me on.

Then my first pay day, what a thrill that was, 5 big one dollar bills in the envelope. I gave Aunt Esther $3 for board, $1 was put aside for carefare and $1 was for lunches and incidentals. To this day I never knew how I managed to have a few pennies left over. I always did suspicion that the money I gave Aunt Esther was put back in my pocket somehow.

After about three months had passed, Uncle Ezrael and Aunt Annie invited me to their home. Here again the same warm reception was so apparent. I slept in a room on the third floor, steam heat was unheard of and the winters were really cold. But it was home.

By now I was really becoming a native. I could say a dozen or more sentences in English and with the help of the children I began reading their school books and it became easier to grasp the language.

"Our Book" could be filled with thousands of pages of memories of things I could write, articles about the long evenings the family and I spent talking about the old country, listening to Uncle Ezrael advise us on the opportunities here in America, the constant coming and going of people, most of them perfect strangers, who were being helped in so many, many ways in spite of the little that these Pritzkers had for themselves. But the most outstanding thing I always did remember,

that for me I wasn't considered a stranger any more.

Again about three more months passed by, and with another "batch of foreigners," coming, as Aunt Annie was known to say, I was invited to Uncle Barney's and Aunt Rose's house. Again the Pritzker welcome mat was out for me, and here I made my home for almost 10 years off and on.

Not only did I now become a member of the family, but I was like a big brother to the children. Sylvia was a mere infant when I arrived, and I was there when Zelda, Shikey and Roslyn were born. To help raise these fine children, to be a part of their lives and many times to be their confidant and advisor was a privilege, that was real happiness to me. I even remember Shikey one day saying to a boy he was afraid of, "If you don't leave me alone, I'll call my big brother and he will take care of you." I remember Zelda and Sylvia as teenagers coming to me with their many little problems that were so important to them. Yes, I was their big brother, and I was delighted and thankful that I was so accepted by them.

And so, I too, grew up knowing the love and guidance of the Pritzker family and having the advantages of the guidance and wisdom of men like Uncles Ezrael, Barney and Liebe, and having the love and devotion of women like Aunts Esther, Annie and Rose, and also being surrounded with the Pritzker children and family. These memories to me are my legacy.

And so 1917 came around. The President of this wonderful country decided that one Abraham Bass was needed to help win the war, and a nice personalized invitation was sent to me. So to the wars I went.

The marching, drilling and early rising was not for me, so I decided to quit the Army. I arranged for the enemy to put a hunk of shrapnel in my hip, and to make it look real good a nice big bullet in my leg. So I was given permission to leave. After 11 major operations and 7 years in and out of the hospital, I was patched up to resemble something normal.

I still made Uncle Barney's and Aunt Rose's house my home, and actually I always considered it to be my

home. All during my convalescent period I can so clearly remember the care and devotion the Pritzkers gave me, and the way they cheered me up when I was depressed and despondent. The loving care they extended to me was the real medicine that helped me recover.

As a reward for my services, which actually was my Army back pay, I received together with my medals a check for $1500 and this was the beginning of my business career. Israel Siegel and I began a partnership in a small confectionery store located at Exeter and Fayette Sts., with him doing most of the work. This business from a monetary point of view was fairly successful, but more successful for me, for here is where I met my dear wife and our romance began to flourish which resulted in our marriage - a marriage that for the past 25 years has been so wonderful.

Why Gertie married me - a man in my condition - I will never figure out, and if you ask her, I even doubt if she could give you the answer. All I know is that all of the Pritzkers were at the wedding, and there wasn't any doubt in either of our minds that we were really a part of the Pritzker family.

So the years passed on and on, some filled with times of sorrow, troubles and dark days and months, but always the knowledge that we had a family that we could come to for help or advice.

But there were so many more years of happiness and wonderful occasions - brisses, bar mitzvahs, weddings and all the happy wonderful events that a large happy family has, and again always we were there, a part of these occasions and festivals, always invited to participate and enjoy them.

Then came 1951 - this was a red letter year for me, for it was the beginning of our Pritzker Cousins. Perhaps my memories of the past years are not too clear, but from 1951 on, believe me, I can tell you almost everything, word for word, of what our cousins have done in the past 9 years.

The idea for starting the Pritzker Cousins was conceived at my home by Gertie. She suggested one night that it would be wonderful if we could start a family

circle, and we discussed this for a long time. The idea grew rapidly and it wasn't long after that, that we met at Cousins Lee and Shirley's home on Garrison Blvd. and the idea was put into action.

All of us know the work and effort that Cousins Lee and Shirley put in to get the club started, and it was their leadership and driving force during our infancy that set the ground work for the strong growth we know today. I really believe that none of us expected our group to last as long as it has, but the knowledge that at least for the time being we were meeting once a month was sufficient to all of us.

I don't think it is necessary to write about the wonderful meetings, get-togethers and banquets we cousins have known and enjoyed for the past 9 years. Get-togethers so wonderful, so happy and so festive, the warm glow of the family togetherness, is something only a great writer or poet could put into writing, but we all, deep down in our hearts knew and felt this, for family ties never weaken but grow stronger and stronger as time passes on.

Then came a night of nights, a night I will never forget It was March of 1958. We were celebrating our annual installation of officers at Cousin Will's house, and I was really anticipating a wonderful evening. All of the cousins were present and after the nice speeches and comments about the outgoing officers and the installation of the new ones, I was hit by a piece of shrapnel, that this time really floored me, and for a few minutes I was really stunned.

What happened - it was this way - Cousin Lee took the floor and with a face as straight as a poker player's made this announcement, and I remember it word for word. He said - Cousins my research shows that one of our members is not qualified to be a member, he doesn't meet the requirements of the bylaws, he is not a Pritzker, and I now make a motion that he be kicked out of our Pritzker's Club, and this man's name is Abraham Bass. The motion was seconded, a vote taken and it was unanimously carried.

And there I stood, no longer a Pritzker. I looked around the room and instead of warm smiling faces of the

Pritzkers I had known, there wasn't a smiling face anywhere. Of course, I should have known this was probably prearranged, but believe me I stood there stunned, realizing how empty my life could have been without these Pritzkers.

Suddenly I heard Cousin Lee again address the group saying something like this. About how the Pritzkers loved and respected one Abraham Bass and made a motion that Abraham Bass be adopted by the Pritzkers, and that his name be changed to Abraham Pritzker Bass. The motion was seconded and passed unanimously, and again I was back in the Pritzkers Club. Everyone then smiled, applauded and I was presented with a beautiful miniature scroll with my adoption decree in it, and signed by all the cousins. How can I write or put into words how I felt after that. My Pritzker Adoption Scroll is a piece of wealth to Gertie and me that a king's ransom couldn't buy, and it occupies a place of prominence in my home for everyone to see and read. To me it represents the combined efforts of how you Pritzkers feel toward Gertie and me.

And then to really fill my cup to overflowing, the last honor you bestowed on me, the Presidency of our group for 1960. This I regard as a climax of your expression. I know "Our Book" will contain many more pages of writings, writings far more exciting and interesting than mine, but if I have only succeeded in trying to express to a wonderful group of people, who took me, a total stranger, into their homes and into their hearts, the deep rooted gratefulness, and love and respect that I hold for you all, then in my humble way I feel I have succeeded. For to have known the Pritzkers is a privilege and to be a part of the Pritzker family is an honor that exceeds any words I could ever put on paper.

Abraham Pritzker Bass -
1961

I MARRIED A PRITZKER

Thirty-six years ago, I said "I DO" and had the legal right to sign my name "Shirley Pritzker".

Of course, my first thoughts of meeting my husband's family were filled with misgivings, and I was concerned as to how I would be accepted. However, it was only a short time after that, that I realized what kind of people the Pritzkers were. To say I was received with open arms is putting it mildly. The Pritzkers did everything possible to make me feel at home with them and I sensed the warmth of their togetherness and close family ties.

I so clearly remember Father Pritzker coming to visit me at my apartment. He was such a kind and gentle person and in a few minutes he made me feel that I had known him for years. We spoke together for a long time and when he left I knew that I had listened to someone, who not only had a strength of character, but also had the wisdom and tenderness that I could depend on. Many times I remember his advice to both Lee and myself which was helpful in so many ways.

One memory still stands out in my mind so clearly and again it was Father Pritzker who came to my help.

It was about two months before my daughter Myra was born. Now, whether or not this was a series of dreams or visions, I still am not sure, but one thing I am sure, it happened! I awoke from a deep sleep and there standing over my bed was a tall stately woman wearing a wig or "Shaetel," and she was holding another one in her hand, and had a black knitted shawl around her shoulders. She was smiling at me and seemed to be trying to say something. This lasted for a minute or so and she vanished. I woke Lee up and he told me to go back to bed as he was sure I was dreaming. The next night the same thing happened and again I woke Lee, and again she disappeared. I was becoming really alarmed since this vision was so real and clear to me, that I somehow felt it had some definite significance. About a week later, I fell asleep rather early, and I suddenly sensed I was awake, and again so clearly this woman was standing near my bed. This time she was again smiling and it seemed to me she was saying, "Do not be alarmed and that

all will be well with you." I felt no alarm or fear and fell back into a deep sleep.

The next day I told Father Pritzker about these appearances, and described this woman to him. He was deeply concerned about this and he told me he was going to the synagogue, and consult with the Rabbi. He returned later and told me that I had had a wonderful experience. The woman I had described to him filled the description of Mother Pritzker's mother, Grandmother Franklin, who had recently passed away and according to the Rabbi, if my expected baby would be a girl I should name her after her. Yes, the baby was a girl and we named her Myra or "Molka" as Grandmother Franklin's name was. Father Pritzker seemed to enjoy visiting us and I remember him holding Myra with such love and tenderness and enjoying himself in a sort of fine and relaxful way, always offering us words of wisdom, words of advice.

Unfortunately, it wasn't long after this that illness struck him down and I remember him filled with pain, misery, and suffering, but always somehow showing a strength and courage that one could sense and feel. But time continues on and on, but the memories of those we admire, respect and love are never erased from our minds.

I remember Morty, Lee's brother. He too was a constant visitor at my home and he too somehow felt so at ease at our house. His sudden death was a real shock to all of us and I felt that I had lost a brother when he passed away.

There are so many many memories of Mother Pritzker, and Lee's sisters and brothers that I could write about, and I do intend to write about in articles which will appear later on in our book. However, I remember the last days of Mother Pritzker. The long lingering illness that she had, and I am happy in the memory of knowing that I was able to do as much as possible to make her few last years on earth as comfortable and pleasant as possible and even as she drew her last breath, I somehow knew she sensed that I was their with her.

By now I was deeply ingrained into the Pritzker clan, knowing their sorrows and happiness, sharing their

burdens and troubles. But there were many years of gaiety, laughter, and happiness with the Pritzkers. There were the family get-togethers and all the happy and joyous occasions. The visits to the aunts, the visits to the uncles, the visits to the cousins and enjoying the good cooking.

Even today if you want to make me happy, just invite me to a "K" dinner. What do I mean by a "K" dinner? - Well anything that starts with a K - KOOGLE, KNISHES, KREPLECH, KASSA, KNADELS, KISCHE, that's for me, and the Pritzkers all know this and when I visit them, the "K" are really put on the table for me.

I really couldn't complete this article without mentioning my memories of aunt Esther's mother, Mrs. Dorman. She was such a wonderful person and from the first time Aunt Esther took me to Mrs. Dorman's home, she opened her heart to me and my mouth still waters at the memories of her wonderful cooking and the great delight she took in setting her table for me with the food I enjoyed so much. She was such a wonderful hostess, such a warm and glowing personality that to know her was to love her.

Aunt Esther, she too took me to her heart. So many many memories of her I still retain but one again stands out. One day I was buying meat in a butcher store on Moreland Ave. and the butcher had weighed out my meat purchase and had wrapped it up when in walked Aunt Esther. She opened up my package and most indignantly she said to the butcher, "Don't you ever sell my niece such trash. When she comes in here you better see to it that she gets the choicest meat that you have and not this kind of junk."

How can one write or put into words one's feelings toward such people. The feelings for Aunt Rosie, Uncle Barney, Uncel Leibe, and the cousins, and all the family of Pritzkers, along with their wonderful family traits, traits of togetherness, always the warm honesty and the genuine feeling of kinship.

I for one realize probably more than any, of the importance of family ties. Losing my father when I was but a little girl, and seeing my family one by one pass away, that today outside of but a handful of relatives,

the Pritzkers represent all the kinship and family I have, and it is so gratifying and wonderful to know the strength of family ties and also know that you are a part of this fine group. When our cousins club was started, I was really happy about it and still am, and with every effort Lee and I have put into it, it has been offered from our hearts for it is real. It is something we need something that will continue on.

Getting "Our Book" started has been Lee's dream for some time. It is a wonderful idea and there is so much that we can put into it. Our family is large, and we have so much to draw from. Let's really make it a real work of art. Let's leave a legacy in the form of our writing for our children, our grandchildren, and even our great-grandchildren, knowing that in these pages they too can sense the feeling of kinship, the knowledge that their ancestors not only were fine, honest and upright people, but that they have tried to keep the family ties bound tighter and tighter with each generation, and also to record some of the memories of the Pritzkers they knew and loved.

Yes, thirty-six years ago I married a Pritzker and if I had it to do all over again, I would say "I Do", for

I am proud to say, I am

Shirley Pritzker.

"I REMEMBER"

I remember our house on Exeter Street, and as I write, there are many fond memories vivid in my mind.

I remember the large living room, and the telephone which never stopped ringing for in those days, a telephone was a luxury and ours was the only phone in the neighborhood, and people were coming and going, for our door was always open.

I remember the kitchen. We were always gathered there, especially in the winter. The stove, with the big pots, and our mother busy baking and cooking. I loved the kitchen with the wonderful aroma, permeating over the house from the fresh baked bread, doughnuts and buns.

I remember the chair which was reserved for "Masche" Dorman close to the stove, and every night he would be sitting there. I loved the nights, when we were all sitting around the stove and our father would put the herrings on the hot coals and we could hardly wait to eat it with pumpernickel.

I remember mother doing so many things for people, nursing the sick, and never turning away anyone that was hungry. We would never know who would be eating at our table.

I remember the man that had breakfast at our house for years. He never talked to any of us, only mother. We would weave stories about him and were sure that one day he would leave our mother lots of money. It never happened, and one day he didn't come and we never knew what happened to him.

I remember the nights when Abe came to court me. We would sit in the living room, which was like Grand Central Station. Privacy was out of the question, for we were surrounded either by the Pritzkers which were many, or the neighbors walking in. We would have to go to the movies or the Druid Hill Park, where we had our own private bench.

I remember Grandmother Pritzker, and Aunt Esther and Uncle Leibe, Aunt Rosie and Uncle Barney, and Aunt

Brina. We loved them very much. We had togetherness in those days, and we shared our joys and our sorrows. All these dear people that I've talked about are of Blessed Memory, and it's with deep compassion, dear cousins, that I can say we have a wonderful heritage, and I'm very grateful to say "Yes, I remember."

"Our Book" is such a wonderful idea. For we now will have the opportunity to exchange these valuable memories and I for one intend contributing many more pages in detail of interesting and exciting events and past happenings that all of us will remember, all enjoy, and I know I in turn will enjoy the writings of all of my cousins. Sharing their memories and past events and even learning more of happenings I never knew before. For ours is such a rich background, filled with memories that we Pritzkers have for a legacy.

Signed

Miriam (Pritzker) Frank

PRITZKER POEMS

THE PRITZKERS

The Pritzker's now live far and wide,
O'er the land and near the tide.
And through the years, it came to be
They have, a nice family tree.

Past hardships and happiness,
Through life and through death
We'll still forge ahead and keep up our best.

Through days and through weeks, through months
and through years
We've gained plenty knowledge and lost all
our fears.

I'll live as a Pritzker, I'll die as the same.
As a Pritzker I'll go, 'cause as a Pritzker
I came.

Jeffrey Pritzker
Age - almost 12
January, 1961

MEDITATIONS

I must be fit for a child to play with,
Fit for a youngster to walk away with,
Fit for a trust and fit to be
Ready to take him upon my knee;
Whether I win or lose my fight,
I must be fit for my boy at night.

I must be fit for a child to come to,
Speech there is that I must be dumb to.
I must be fit for his eyes to see,
He must find nothing of shame in me.
Whatever I make of myself, I must
Square to my boy's unfaltering trust.

I must be fit for a child's glad greeting,
His are eyes that there is no cheating
He must behold me in every test,
Not at my worst, but my very best;
He must be proud when my life is done
To have men know that he is my son.

MEDITATIONS

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done -
And counting find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard -
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went
Then you may count the day well spent.

But if, thru all the lifelong day
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay -
If, thru it all
You're nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face -
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost -
Then count that day as worse than lost.

SUCCESS

Success is speaking words of praise
In cheering other people's ways,
In doing just the best you can
With every task and every plan.
It's silence when your speech would hurt
Politeness when your neighbor's curt.
It's deafness when the scandal flows,
And sympathy with others woes.
It's loyalty when duty calls
It's courage when disaster falls,
It's patience when the hours are long;
It's found in laughter and in song;
It's in the silent time of prayer
In happiness and in despair
In all of life and nothing less
We find the thing - we call success.

RETIRING PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Tonight marks the end of my term as the President of our "Pritzker Cousins," a position that has meant so much to me in more ways than one. It represents something that has been my desire for a long time, something I have looked forward to, something I hoped would be the greatest award you could confer on me.

March of 1960 was a real evening for me. For it was at this meeting I was honored with the office of the President. I cannot find the words to express the feeling of pride, the feeling of warmth, the feeling that finally I had realized the privilege of guiding the affairs of this Cousins' Club, a club that means so much to me.

For to me our Cousins Club holds such great joys and comforts, and I so look forward to our monthly meetings. For to me you cousins are more than just cousins - - - you are like brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and even the third generation seem like my own grandchildren.

The love, respect and devotion that all have given me throughout the years is a part of my life that fills my heart with a warm glow that written words could never do justice to, and all I can say to each and everyone is one simple statement - I am thankful and grateful to be a Pritzker Cousin and to have your respect and devotion.

I have in my very humble way tried my best to be a good President during my term of office, and I hope I have succeeded. I certainly have enjoyed the position and I know my successor Cousin Irving will not only make a very fine President but will probably do a far better job, than what I have done.

May we continue on and on and be blessed with peace, health, and happiness in the years ahead.

ABRAHAM PRITZKER BASS
March 1961

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING

A red letter day for the Pritzkers, was March 12, 1961. For it marked the 10th anniversary of the Pritzker's Club, ten wonderful years of the Pritzkers group, meeting and enjoying a togetherness and unity that has grown to be a family habit.

Our meeting place was the home of Cousins Adele and Goetzy, and we salute both of them for providing the wonderful setting of their home, for this affair. Not only are they a wonderful host and hostess, but they did such a splendid job in taking care of all the details that makes for a pleasant evening.

All of the cousins turned out and after a real fine dinner, that praise must be given to our Social Committee for their arrangements, President Abe Bass called the meeting to order. He announced that we would dispense with our regular meeting and after a few fine opening remarks, he turned the meeting over to yours truly, as Master of Ceremonies, a job I had to twist his arm to get. And it so happened, just by coincidence I had about 14 pages of notes.

Our first point of action was to welcome into the group a new cousin, Sevellyn - who is also my new daughter-in-law. Sevellyn and Russ were married February 22nd and according to our by-laws, she now fully meets the requirements of Section 14A, Par. 6, Line 4. She was unanimously voted in as a Grade A, Class A Pritzker Cousin. All the Pritzkers joined in wishing both Sevellyn and Russ all the happiness and "mazell" for the many many years ahead.

A hearty Pritzker welcome was also extended to Herby's fiancee, Eileen, who will change her name to Pritzker on August 13th of this year.

Cousin Jean, who has been living like a queen for the past months, taking life easy, was again present, and she received a grand welcome from all the cousins.

Also Cousin Artie, looking more like his old self, again was back on hand to share in the festivities, and he too was welcomed back with open arms.

Due to circumstances beyond their control, our visitors were unable to be present, but Cousin Zena of California wrote us a wonderful letter explaining their feelings toward us, and a rising vote of gratitude was given to her for her letter and for the wonderful things she wrote. A copy of this will follow this article.

As is customary, the outgoing officers are praised for their work and efforts during their terms in office, and this year was no exception. However, as pointed out to the group, how can you speak to an officer who is outgoing one term and incoming the next term. I am referring to Gertie and Martha, who are continually drafted, year after year as Treasurer and Secretary. These two cousins need no praise from us. Their loyalty, willingness and devotion to our group is so well-known and so outstanding, and we know we can always depend on them, and probably we do take undue advantage of their services. So to Gertie and Martha we Pritzkers say thanks for a job well done.

Since Cousin Jean was our duly elected Secretary for the 1960-61 term, but was forced by illness to give it up, we still felt she had done a splendid job, and to show our appreciation, we presented her with a small token of our esteem. Cousin Martha was also given an award for pinch-hitting for her mother-in-law, and also for the many other contributions she has made to our group.

The next thing in order was to address and praise our departing President, Abraham Pritzker Bass. I had prepared a fine speech but somehow I felt it was too formal, especially when Cousin Abe asked me before the meeting - "Cousin Lee what kind of a President did I make?" For the sake of the out-of-town cousins who do not know Abe Bass, let me try and describe him. If I would be asked to draw a picture by the media of words as to what the ideal Pritzker is - a picture of love, devotion and togetherness - of a man who represents all the virtues of what the Pritzkers stand for - that man would be Abraham Pritzker Bass. What kind of a President did he make last year. I can only say that if love, loyalty, willingness and appreciation are any criteria of choice, then Cousin Abe leads the list of all past presidents.

At one of our Committee Meetings the subject of Presents came up and both Gertie and Abe informed me that they

did not want the group to give them anything this year, since they had been honored enough in the past, but unbeknown to them, we cousins felt that they should get something so they were awarded with a lovely gift, that both could use. Cousin Abe delivered his parting address, a copy of which is in our book now, and he won the respect of all the cousins.

With the outgoing officers out of the way, the business of installing the new officers was next on the agenda. Here Cousin Will was put to work. I might add at this time, our Cousin Willie is a real conniver. He gets himself appointed as Chairman of the Board, and actually all through the years delegates authority without doing much himself. So tonight we put him to work to address the group, and install the new officers. Cousin Will made a very fine address regarding our Group, our members and the 10th anniversary. He is quite a speaker and can really be dignified when he wants too. The slate of officers that he presented were as follows:

President - - - - - - - - - - - - -Irvin Pritzker

Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - -Max Gurevitz

Secretary- - - - - - - - - - - - Martha Pritzker

Treasurer- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Gertie Bass

This slate was unanimously approved and these officers were installed for the 1961-62 term.

The meeting was then turned over to our new President, Cousin Irvin, and his first act was to announce the Special Award ceremony. An award that is given to one outstanding cousin that we feel has done so much for our group throughout the years. To make this award Cousin Zelda was called upon, and a more surprised cousin you never saw when she announced that Cousin Ruth was the recipient of this annual award. Ruth was called to the rostrum and Cousin Zelda, in a most beautiful style gave the award address, a copy of which will follow this article. Ruth's two children, Buddy and Norma, her son-in-law Melvin, her daughter-in-law Jeannette, and her husband, Max participated in the ceremony. They presented her with a beautiful orchid and Norma read the inscription on the plaque that we cousins awarded to

her. It was a beautiful ceremony, and as she stood there surrounded with her immediate family, honored, respected and loved, I know that all of the Pritzkers sensed the warm glow of appreciation, that Ruth felt toward us for the honor that we had bestowed on her.

A Special Award gift was also presented to Cousin Gussie for her very fine and devoted work on the Hospitaler Committee, a job she has done so well, and we hope that her duties next year will be considerable less since it is our hope and prayer that we will know less illness in the future.

Of course, the impression you probably have by this time, is that our program proceeded along on a quiet and dignified basis with all the cousins cooperative, dignified and quiet, but please do not get this impression. Every now and then one or more of our cousins had to get into the act with a wisecrack, and sometimes these wisecracks were real humdingers. I think our Special Award Committee should give the prize for the worst offender to Cousin Minnie, of all people. She really stopped the meeting several times with her wisecracks. The one cousin that surprised me was Cousin Irvin Medin. He, of all people, was a perfect gentleman and never opened his mouth. "Thanks Irv." If any one of you think that keeping the Pritzkers quiet is an easy job, believe me, you certainly are mistaken. But, all in all, they weren't too bad.

The next part of our program was "Our Book". Here I don't think it is necessary to comment too much on it. I know all of you are sold on the idea, and all of you by now have read the contents, and probably this time have filled many pages with articles that will be put into it. But I would like to mention that we solemnly dedicated "Our Book" and all of the cousins joined with me in reading the dedication. This was one part of our meeting that was really dignified and the respect was so apparent.

This concluded our meeting, and after taking a group picture, we started our entertainment, which consisted of a tape recording that Cousin Joe of Los Angeles had sent us as a substitute for his personal appearance. We had expected something in the line of entertainment, but nothing as wonderful and elaborate as what we heard. I

don't believe we could have gotten similar talent any where as good as that we heard on the tape. The heart-warming address of Joe, the warmth of the people on the record, total strangers, who in a few minutes became real close to us. The wonderful continuity of conversation, the marvelous and appropriate music of both Stella Cotler and Felix De Coale the professional entertainers who worked with Joe to make the tape recording made for a wonderful 30 minutes of entertainment beyond description. To you Joe and Zena, all of us cousins offer you a real vote of thanks and praise for a job done well and beautifully. "Thank you so very much."

And so our meeting was over, our 10th anniversary had been celebrated, our 10th anniversary was memory, but what a memory. As I write this article, this resume of the meeting, I cannot but feel that I have not done justice to the spirit and feeling that prevailed. It was a different sort of get-together, it was festive, gay and happy, and yet there was a feeling of dignity, a feeling of graciousness, a feeling of awareness of the beauty and togetherness, that each one of us, in some way or another has been responsible for building. It was a feeling of satisfaction, a knowledge that here, after 10 years, our club was growing stronger and stronger, and even our distant cousins were also becoming aware of the wonderful thing that we had created. And so as each one of us returned to our homes, I am sure in our hearts we all felt the warm glow of satisfaction, that results from the joys of an evening well spent, and I know we will retain the memory of this night for a long, long time.

Cousin Lee

March 1961

RUTH GUREVITZ

Among the famous Who's Who of the PRITZKER COUSINS stands our own beloved Cousin Ruth.

To say that she is loved and respected by all of the cousins is putting it midly. For our "USHU" has throughout the years endeared herself to all of us. Her nickname "USHU" was given to her by Sylvia, who as a child couldn't pronounce "Ruth," and this nickname has hung on for all these Years, and I am teaching my grandson to call her "USHU", also.

As far back as we can remember, she has always been an inspiration to us, and even today her presence amongst us is always a delight.

Her relationship with her children is certainly a most admirable one. Norma and Buddy and their spouses have a wonderful girl-friend and boy-friend relationship with their mother, and the warmth of her love and understanding toward them, as well as her grandchildren is so wonderful to behold.

"Our Ush" is not a big talker, but she is a big doer. When things got a bit rough, you could and still can always depend on Ruth to come around and lend a helping hand and I mean a helping hand. Whenever you needed her, "Old Faithful" was always there But we never refer to "USHU" as "Old Faithful", but rather let us call her "Young Faithful", for she will always be eternally young to us.

"USHU" is the only one I know who still clings to the old phrases such as "ZELDALLY" - "BARRICHKY" - "MOMMALLY" "TATE SHANAH" - Coming from her it's a natural thing and it sounds good. If I wouldn't hear "ZELDALLY" I think I would really miss it.

Ruth never misses or forgets a birthday from the little ones up to the "Bubbies". One cousin once said - "I remembered it was my birthday when I received a card from Ruth "

That she is a woman of valor and courage, we know, by the way she has conducted herself during the many

struggles and hardships in her lifetime, and all of us know she faced her problems so bravely and unafraid, and showed a strength of character that has earned for herself - the love and respect of everyone who knows her.

When she chose Max as her mate, she made a wise choice, and we Pritzkers are proud and honored to count, "Uncle Max," as one of our Pritzker Cousins, for he too has endeared himself to all of us.

And so tonight, we proudly and happily honor "Our USHU" or Cousin Ruth. We honor her tonight for the many wonderful things she has done for our Cousins' Group throughout the years we have been together. We honor her for her quiet, strong strength and lovable character. We honor her for her willingness to lend a helping hand, her constant awareness of keeping the family ties together and most of all - We honor her, because "Our USHU" represents the one thing our Cousins' Group admires and respects Love - Understanding - and Family Togetherness. And so tonight we Pritzkers have inscribed on a plaque the following words:

Presented to
Ruth Gurevitz

Our Beloved Cousin and Aunt
of whom we hold in high esteem
For Her Devoted Service to OUR PRITZKER'S COUSINS CLUB
March 12, 1961

In presenting this plaque to you Cousin Ruth, we want you to know it is with the greatest of feelings and the highest of esteem that we Pritzkers hold for you and we all join in this wish.

May you and Max enjoy many, many happy and healthy years together and may these years be filled with only the choicest of blessings.

Zelda Klein

March 12, 1961

March 8th, 1961

Dear Brother, Sisters and Cousins,

The unforeseen circumstances which arose to keep us from joining you at your banquet this year made us very much aware of how much we really and truly wanted to be with you.

Although we have not seen most of you for almost 20 years and even if 3000 miles separate us from you, there exists the proverbial "tie that binds".

In the past we have always looked forward to receiving that delightful paper, the Pritzker Chit-Chat, however we did not realize then, that every word we read was just whetting our appetites. It made us thirsty and hungry for the warmth of our "family". And what a family!

There are so many of you that we do know personally but there are also so many by now whom we have never met, but we do know about you all, and knowing, has given us a feeling of belonging. This feeling we are trying to pass on to our three wonderful children and someday we hope, to their children.

As our tribe multiplies so do our ties grow stronger and we are proud as well as grateful to be part of this family.

Twenty years has brought many changes to our lives, both yours and ours. So many of us have found it expedient to move far away from the ones we hold near and dear, but distance does not, and never will, undo the knots that bind and hold us together affectionately.

We, of course, are further away in distance than anyone else in our family, excepting Myra and her darling family whom we adore having so close, but the fact that there is the Cousins Club gives us a sense of emotional security which we are sure must be shared by all of you as well.

Although the interests of many of us lie in varied directions, being part and parcel of a group

such as ours enriches all of us. That is to say - - that you who are so fortunate as to be able to meet together regularly, to exchange ideas, to discuss your progress and sometimes regress, to share your joys and sorrows, combines to make a closeness, a kinship, that only such a family club as ours can have.

We have been told, on good authority, that in the past, many have been remiss in reporting on the little and big happenings in our immediate families. We are all very much aware that being close to any given situation does not give us much perspective with which to judge the interest that these details can hold for those of us who cannot share them with you personally, when they are occuring. We cannot be very objective about a situation which is taking place in our backyards. Beleive us, dear cousins, we are as guilty as the rest of you, but we are trying to remedy the situation and shall make a concerted effort from now on to let you know what we really are doing most of the time and you may sift through the information and decide for yourselves what you would like to remember. In return we are expecting to hear that the rest of you are doing the same and letting us in on your doings and comings and goings.

From time immemorial the family circle has been the foundation of society. Those who have family roots, and even though the winds of circumstance blow some of us, as pollens are blown, to the four corners of the earth, we take root again and establish ourselves in our new surroundings. Even if the elements which make for growth are dissimilar to our original outcropping, we overcome them in most cases, and flourish. This only stems from a firm and well nourished mother plants.

We hope we have given you some insight into our warm and heartfelt feelings for you all.

Though we cannot, this year, come to you, may we sincerely say that belonging to the Pritzker Cousins Club entitles you and yours to an open-armed welcome at our home if ever any and all of you may come out our way.

May the tides of time bring you nothing but "mazel" "simchas" and "g'dilla".

Your ever loving western cousins,
Joe and Zena Pritzker

A COUSIN WRITES

Tuesday
March 14, 1961
Merrick
Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Cousins:

I was just delighted to receive "Our Pritzkers Book". Both Al and myself thought it was wonderful and we realize the research and effort that went into compiling such a treasure.

Distance does not break family ties and I wanted you to know the wonderful warm feeling I got as I leafed through "Our Book". It was really enlightening to read our family history. As I traced each family tree with my finger, so many of the names brought back fond memories to me. Each poem and story were a delight.

It is understandable how much this would mean to me and even to Al, who feels such a close bond to the family but I'm especially happy to share this book with Bobby, who can take pride and warmth in his heritage.

We hope you keep gathering more and more material through the year. We want you to know this booklet has had a place of honor in our living room and though it is all about "Pritzkers", many of our friends have gotten as much of a thrill out of reading it as we have.

Good luck.

Fondly yours,

Cousin Rita

THINGS OF THE PAST I REMEMBER

I remember my Mother - Aunt Brina - so clearly. She was a beautiful woman, delicate of features and so very gentle and kind. As far back as I can remember she was loved and respected by everyone who knew her. Her father (Grandfather David) was an overseer or manager of a sugar beet plantation that was owned by a Polish Count. This plantation was near the City of Kiev and I think it was called "Keveska Geberna".

As a child, Mother was a companion to the Count and Countess's little daughter, Alexandria, who was about her age, and mother was a constant visitor at their mansion house. She was taught to embroider, sew and all the things that children of nobility in Russia were expected to learn. She was also tutored in Polish and French. The Count's family would spend their winter vacations in Paris and Mother, however, did not accompany them there. Mother said she was always so glad when summer returned since she and Alexandria had so much in common.

They were taken every day for long drives throughout the countryside in the Count's carriage or "Deroshsky", which was manned with both footman and governess. The Count and Countess thought a good deal of Mother, and when they returned from their Parisian vacations, always brought her beautiful clothes from the finest shops in Paris.

The Count had a very large greenhouse where he raised all kinds of fruits, flowers and vegetables. Some of the vegetables that he raised weren't even known to the natives, especially tomatoes. One day Mother brought some of these tomatoes home to her Mother (Grandmother Rose) and she threw them out since she was sure they were poisonous. Mother was really embarrassed because she knew the people at the masion house ate them, but Grandmother wouldn't budge on this issue.

Since she wasn't allowed to eat anything but kosher food, Mother did not eat at the Count's home, but candies and cookies that came from Paris were delicacies that they indulged in during their carriage rides. The beautiful friendship between Mother and Alexandria continued on

even as both of them grew up, and there were so many beautiful stories that she told me of events and happenings of their girlhood.

Grandfather David passed away at the early age of 36 and Mother's Brother (Uncle Ezrael) took over his position at the estate. He was a very brilliant young man and amazed everyone with his knowledge of mathematics and his ability to manage all the affairs of the complicated operation. He kept this position until the age of eighteen and left for America in the year of 1888.

To add to her income the Count helped Grandmother Rose start a little store on his place, catering to the field hands and factory help that were engaged in the processing of sugar beets, which were the main crop of the plantation.

Grandfather O'Mansky used to haul supplies for her, and he always would remark that he would like to have Mother as a daughter-in-law. He told Grandmother Rose about his oldest son, Samuel, who was at school in Vasilcove, in Poland. It wasn't long after this that mother and father met, and this romance resulted in their marriage. Mother was 17 and Father was 19. They were married in Keveska Geberna Staponika in 1886 and enjoyed 39 beautiful years together before father passed away in 1925.

To avoid the Russian Army, one year after their marriage, my father and his sister "Gitel" or Gertie left Russia and came to America. They knew about the Franklin family (Mollie and Joseph), who had been in America for some time, and as a blacksmith, Joseph Franklin had done very well for his family in Baltimore and had agreed to sponsor them. His daughter Betty, who later became Betty Samler, was working in a cigar factory and she helped father get his first job in this factory. He earned $3.00 per week and worked long, hard hours for this amount. Father's sister Gertie, who came over with him, later on married Betty's Uncle, Morris Franklin.

Four years later Mother and the Omansky family came over to reunite the family. Father had saved whatever he could and somehow together they had enough money to open a small store. Some time later an opportunity presented itself to buy a store in Emporia, Virginia. So Father went there and with a partner bought the business.

However, his partner didn't relish the small town of only 1500 population and he left. But we remained and were there for many years.

Grandmother Rose and her son Barney, came to America in 1906 and Mother went to Baltimore and met them and brought them to our home in Emporia. I was just 14 at that time and had quite a reputation as a housekeeper and cook. For the new arrivals I had really gone all out baking all kinds of goodies and things. I remember, how proudly father showed Grandmother Rose my cooking and baking, and she so graciously praised me for being such a fine (bala-busta). She had never seen such food, as it was all new to her - Chocolate cake, lemon - coconut pie, cornbread, grits, black-eyed peas, and all the Southern style cooking, but it wasn't long after that she and Uncle Barney were enjoying this food with a real gusto.

Grandmother was somewhat surprised that we children didn't speak Yiddish - although we understood it. So I made up my mind to learn it and before long I could converse with her rather fluently which pleased her to no end. Until this day I somehow feel I was her favorite granddaughter.

There wasn't much for Uncle Barney to do in Emporia, and he felt he could do much better in Baltimore. So he and Grandmother left Emporia and he became an apprentice to a butcher, who was a distant relative, to learn the butcher trade. After he had served his apprenticeship and had learned his trade he went into business on his own.

About this time our family moved back to Baltimore, and again Grandmother and Uncle Barney came to live with us. Our next door neighbors were the Steins and living with them was their niece named Rosie Poland. She was a very lovely and beautiful girl and I still remember her sweet soprano voice and the beautiful way she sang. Uncle Barney set his cap for her and it wasn't long after that their courtship resulted in their marriage. Rosie and I had a lot of good times together, and it was through her that I met my husband "Sil". One night she took me to a Russian Intelligenca party. There were all young Russian immigrants there, who were working all day and going to school at night. Every

one of these boys and girls were fine and wonderful people and of course, Lou Silver, was one of them. Here our romance began and resulted in our marriage in 1912.

When Grandmother came to live at our home she did most of the cooking, and she really enjoyed doing this. She was very fussy about the quality of the food and would always try so hard to make the nicest things. She really could turn out real good meals and could bake so beautifully.

I remember so clearly Grandmother's daily routine. Every day after lunch she would take her nap. When she did awake she would dress up. She wore a shattel, and her favorite dress was a black satin one with a white lace collar. She always made such a neat and prim appearance. Then she would sit in her favorite chair and read her Yiddish newspaper. She always wanted to know if the English papers gave the same news, so it was my job to compare notes.

I remember also that about once a week I had to take her to a movie and why we were never ordered out I will never know. These were the silent movie days and with the captions and titles in English, I would translate them into Yiddish for her, I really had quite a loud voice in those days, which I know was annoying to the people all around us. But Grandmother enjoyed going to the movies so very much.

After my marriage we moved across the street from Mother's house and when our first child was born, we named her Zelda after Grandmother's Mother. Grandmother became my #1 babysitter, and she really took wonderful care of her. She certainly was one big help to me and Zelda just adored her. Grandmother's death was quite a blow to all of us and we missed her for a very long time.

I have only scratched the surface of the wonderful person she was was and how we all loved her so very much. I have so much more to write about past memories, but will continue on in a later article. I fully agree that "Our Book" is such a splendid idea and project and I certainly intend to do my share in contributing as much interesting material as possible.

I would at this time, like to join with Sil in extending

to the Pritzkers our warmest congratulations and regards on their 10th anniversary and may "you all" continue on with the unity and strength that has grown with the years.

Cousin Anna - 1961

(Anna Omansky Silver)

IF WE KNEW EACH OTHER BETTER

If we knew each other better,
We would praise where now we blame,
We would know each bears his burden
Wears some hidden cross of shame.

*

We would feel the heartaches bitter
They so long alone have borne,
If we knew each other better,
We would praise instead of scorn

*

If we knew each other better,
You and I and all the rest
Seeing down beneath the surface
To the sorrows all unguessed,
We would quit our cold complaining
And a hand of trust extend;
If we knew each other better
We would count each one a friend

*

We can know each other better
If we take the time to try,
Little deeds of loving kindness
Make a better by and by;

*

Just a look of understanding
Brings a touch with all mankind
We can know each other better - -
Yes - - seeking, we shall find.

Dear Cousins,

The enclosed material to be added to "Our Book" will not only be interesting to you, but I know each one of you will really enjoy every line of its contents.

Cousin Dave's, Will's and Ruth's article are so very interesting and will really give us a better insight into the lives of these wonderful cousins.

The letter from Charles Pritzker of New York will be of great interest also, and I might add that he has been very cooperative in giving me information regarding the Canadian Pritzkers.

The letter from Edward Pritzker of St. Paul, Minn. is also very interesting and informative and gives us a complete background of our Midwestern cousins ancestry.

Cousin Roz's heartwarming letter speaks for itself. She has promised to write more in the near future.

We also have a gem of a word masterpiece written by Cousins Joe and Zena's daughter, Carla, of Los Angeles. Carla, who is only 12 years old, had through the media of words really painted a beautiful picture of her Dad, that she should be complimented.

But cousins, we still have much more material to add to "Our Book". Let's not rest on our laurels. Many of you still haven't contributed and probably are putting it off for reasons of your own. This is a joint project and everyone's material is needed. So let's really decide today to start writing. I know I can count on you, so please don't let me down.

If I can be of any help or assistance with your material, please feel free to call upon me.

COUSIN LEE

June 1961

THE OLDEST SON WRITES

Raising a family of 9 children, of which I was the oldest, certainly wasn't an easy job. But my parents--Anna and Ezrael Pritzker - not only were wonderful parents, but also somehow found the time to lend a helping hand to so many people - many of them total strangers.

Our home was always "Open House", and as children we grew accustomed to the constant coming and going of people, many of them immigrants from the "Old Country".

As a boy I remember our big kitchen, with that big pot on the stove that somehow was never empty, though many a time its contents seemed thinner than ever. But mother's never-ending supply of her homemade bread was a good thickening agent to take care of that. I remember how pleased and happy she would become when someone remarked what a fine cook she was, and especially commented on her homebaked bread.

However, we children also did our share, and as soon as we were able to, we found means to contribute to the family income by working at various jobs, and we felt so proud in the knowledge that we were a part of the family plan.

Father was a quiet man with a great desire to help his fellowmen. He enjoyed so very much talking with his many friends, listening to their stories about the "old country", and constantly telling the newly arrived immigrants the wonders and opportunities of this country. There are many families here in Baltimore, who I am sure remember getting started through his efforts.

Father, as I have said before, was a quiet man, but he had the dignity and strength of character that was respected by everyone. His advice was constantly being sought. He was very active in lodge and civic affairs and was responsible for revising the constitution of the Brith Sholom Lodge. He devoted a good deal of time in helping to create this wonderful organization, that was but a small group at that time, and I know he was honored many times for his outstanding work and guidance.

As a boy I remember quite a few places we lived, but 913 E. Madison St. and 149 N. Exeter St. really

stand out in my memory. I was about 10 years of age when we moved to 913 E. Madison St., which was near Harford Ave. There was a church across the street from our home. I think it was called "Reed Memorial Guild House". They had a very large hall on the second floor of the church that was set up as an indoor playground and meeting hall. Here the scout troops met, various boys' and girls' clubs held their meetings and also teenage social events were held. All of us children enjoyed the privileges of this hall, and in the summer time they held a summer craft school. The girls were taught to sew and embroider as well as to cook and bake. The boys were taught to weave reed baskets, make hammocks and also work in woodcraft. It was a splendid idea, as it really kept the children busy during the summer vacation. Religious differences, somehow, didn't seem to be of any importance and I never remember it ever coming up.

Our home on Madison St. was a large three-story affair with a stairway running almost straight up from the bottom floor. The railing or bannister of this stairway made a wonderful sliding board, and of course, no youngster could resist this wonderful chance to slide down three floors. Many a game we created around this, but playing cowboys and Indians always was the one stand-out, for we could use our bannister rail as a horse with the "good guys" sliding down and the "bad guys" trying to throw them off. It made for a really exciting game. Oh, yes, we too, played cowboys and Indians in those days. Our guns and pistols were certainly not as elaborate as today's, but we had our holsters, cowboy hats and Indian headdresses. Of course, everybody wanted to be the cowboys or "good guys", and no one the Indians or "bad guys", so always it was the younger kids who wound up as the "bad guys".

One day, that I can still recall, Aunt Esther visited us and brought her four sons with her. It wasn't long before about a dozen boys were transformed into a mob of cowboys and Indians, and the old bannister was really jumping with the enthusiastic energy that is so apparent in young growing boys. So up and down the stairs this howling mob went, and all of a sudden someone bumped into the "pride and joy" of my parents, an Old Grandfather Clock that was in the corner of the second floor landing. The outer case of this clock was

made from small pieces of parquet wood, and was considered quite a piece of art. And there the clock lay on its side a thousand and one little wooden pieces all around it. Somehow these wild and wooly cowboys and Indians became a bunch of scared little boys. However, with the aid of a flour and water paste (I never knew just where it came from), we all proceeded to put the pieces back - a job I know took several hours. We never did tell anyone who threw the clock over, but if you promise not to tell anyone, it was our Cousin Willie, the dignified patriarch of our Cousins' clan. My parents never did know why all of a sudden the old clock never kept good time after that day, and somehow after that the old bannister never had the same charm.

From there we moved to 149 N. Exeter St. which was the center of the Jewish population, and practically all the present adult Jewish people in Baltimore today remember this section or can trace their youth from there. The JEA or Jewish Educational Alliance on Baltimore St. near Central Ave. was the meeting place for social and athletic functions, and many a happy hour we all spent there. Jewish holidays meant the closing of schools, and the synagogues were always filled to over-flowing. This section, now is surely a far cry from the wonderful neighborhood it was in those days.

Saturday was one big day for us. For Saturday afternoon was "M O O M - P I T C H E R" day. As the oldest, it was my job to take my brothers and sisters to the movies and to make sure they were all returned okay. I don't really believe any experienced Western cowboy had a tougher job in keeping his herd together, than I had. The long walk from Exeter and Lexington Sts. to Baltimore and Holliday Sts. was always a nightmare for me, because one or the other of my brothers or sisters, somehow managed to get lost and had to be rounded up. Of course, the big trick was to get all seven of us in for 25¢, and since small children got in for free, it was amazing how small we could make ourselves.

Father, who was a clothing cutter by trade, decided to learn clothes designing, and he had the partitions removed from the two front rooms of our house to make room for the large cutting tables he needed. However, his plans did not quite work out, and as a result, we

had a large front room about 14 ft. x 26 ft. that made for a wonderful playroom or den, and with all the children in our naighborhood handicapped by the lack of large rooms to play in, it is understandable how 149 N. Exeter St. became "Times Square".

Of course, three sisters of different ages meant different age groups all clamoring for the privilege of using this room, and many a time it took the "Wisdom of Solomon" on mother's part to allocate the time for the room's use. But one thing for sure, our Pritzker's home was very well-known.

Time has a habit of passing on all too quickly, and after the death of father in 1926 our family started breaking apart. My sisters Lillian and Miriam and brothers Joe, Allen and Will moved to New York, so mother decided that she, too, would move to New York to keep the family more or less together. After my sisters and brothers married and moved into their own apartments, mother moved into a small apartment and there lived alone, because that was what she wanted and insisted on doing.

In 1946 when Miriam and Abe returned to Baltimore, Mother also returned and still continued to live alone. At the present time Will and Allen and their families are still in New York. Gertie and Nathan reside in Washington. Lillian and her family in Coral Gables, Fla. and Joe and his family are in Los Angeles, Calif.

In spite of the very bad condition of mother's legs, she managed to somehow get around and with her wonderful personality, she never was at a loss for friends or company, and I mean she really had company. Her last few years, however, were filled with pain and suffering, and it is so gratifying to remember that we did everything possible to make her life easier and happy. I know Jean and myself, as well as Abe and Miriam, Lee and, especially, Shirley, did everything humanly possible to make her happy and comfortable, and this I know she understood and appreciated so very much.

In 1922 I met my lovely wife Jean Friedman, and after a brief courtship, we were married in 1923, a marriage that has been filled with so many wonderful and happy memories.

I have been blessed with two fine sons, Irving and Herbert. Irving is married to Martha Weiner, who is a wonderful girl and through their efforts, we have been privileged to become members of the Grandparents' Club, with two fine grandchildren, Jeffrey, age 12 and Adrian age 8. Herbert, my youngest son, will complete college this year, and some time in August will change Eileen Karabell's name to Eileen Pritzker. She is a very lovely girl and we are really happy for both of them.

Like my father, I, too, have always been interested in Civic and Lodge affairs, and I am really a "joiner". As a member of the Masonic order, I have the honor of the Thirty-Second Degree, an honor I am really proud of. I am a member of the Shriners, Yetz Grotto and Tall Cedars. Also, I belong to the Order of the Moose, Golden Eagles and American Turners, as well as the Ajax Club and the Kings and Queens Club. I am a member of the Aguda Achim Synagogue, and Civil Defense coordinator for my section. Jean also shares my enthusiasm in the work and has been active in the Womens' Divisions of some of the above mentioned organizations.

All of my family, are active in "Our Pritzkers Club", I was president in 1955, and son Irving being President in 1957. Jean and Martha have been secretaries many times, and have always been active on various committees. We all look forward to our monthly meetings since our Cousins Group means so much to us, and this year particularly during Jean's illness. Your kindness, well wishes, and your visitations both to the hospital as well as our home, did so much to hasten Jean's convalescence and recovery. It is something we can never forget, something mere words alone would be insufficient to say "thanks" to a group of wonderful people.

In closing this article, I would like to point out what a wonderful thing "Our Book" project is and can be. For we can now put into writing not only historical records and histories, but also leave for those Pritzkers in the future, an insight as to the kind of people their ancestors were and also some of the events that took place in the past. Records that they can point to with pride in the knowledge that their ancestors were people of dignity and character. People that so greatly appreciated the value of family unity and togetherness. People that believed in the philosophy of helping their

fellow man and trying in their humble way to make our world a better place to live in.

DAVE PRITZKER
May 1961

MY DAD

Hit it! Hit it! What's happening? Is it a fight or a riot? No, it's just a friendly handball game at the beach. These games take place every Sunday, rain or shine my dad goes to the beach to play handball with the "boys". They take these games extremely seriously, and play for high stakes, a beer or sometimes even two.

Dad is a sports car-nic. Picture it, he's in a huge fur collar coat, checkered sports car cap, continental slacks and extra narrow tie and lapels driving a fire engine red Jaguar.

Ha ha ha! Ho! Ho! He he he! Where are we? At a zoo standing in front of a hyena's cage, or in the living room of Joe Pritzker in the middle of a joke? Dad is the family story teller. Often he performs for small groups, telling stories on Jewish Humor. He does this to help raise money for the Foundation for the Junior Blind.

As it may seem in the previous paragraphs you may think my dad does not work. But he's up and off for work every morning Monday through Saturday.

Sportsman, sports car-nic, humorist, and supporter, all these plus being the greatest father a girl could have are the reasons I love my dad.

Carla Pritzker-Age 12
Los Angeles, California
May 1961

A LETTER FROM ROZ COHEN

37-02 Hillside Terrace
Fairlawn, New Jersey
April 15, 1961

Dear Lee,

Words cannot express my appreciation and gratitude for this wonderful Pritzkers' Book, which you have sent us. I know I don't stand alone in thanking you for all of the time and effort and work that has gone into this great book.

I must tell you how I felt when I received the Pritzker's Book. It was noon time and the kids were coming home for lunch, but I knew I had something from my cousins club and everything else just had to wait.

Well, when I opened the envelope and saw the tree with "The Pritzkers" on it, I couldn't believe my eyes. I sat down immediately and started devouring every page of the book. As my sisters and brothers probably know, I bawled as I read the whole thing. My emotions were a combination of appreciation for your writing this book, and also for the wonderful things that I remembered about my Mom and Dad, my sisters and brothers, and all of my Aunts and Uncles and cousins.

In the meantime the kids came home for lunch, and I just refused to put down the book to make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. So they just had to make their own lunch that Thursday afternoon. It was also my Bowling day, and needless to say, I was late for bowling. When I got down to the Bowling Alley finally, instead of settling down and helping my team win a game or two, I was running around showing everybody my family tree.

I don't remember your Father at all Lee, but oh how well I remember Aunt Annie. Even Sandy remarked how she was always laughing and how she loved to tell and hear funny stories. And how well I remember her "Johnny", which was what she called her cane. I used to love to visit Tante Esther and Uncle Leibe. I remember how happy they would be whenever I would come to see them, but I always had to eat something or Tante

A Letter from Old Grover

U-66 Alliance Enterprs
Tarlaiche, Lux Galing
April 18, 1972

Dear Ian,

Hello again, mostly of apprehension and gratitude for this morning's frightened book, which you kept from me. I know I don't always alone in believing you are all of the finest and affect and such that has just been this great book.

I must tell you how I this year I received the Fantasies & Dreams. It was very late and the city was coming home for lunch, but I took it and commiting from so absolute size [illegible] to read.

Well, when I opened the [illegible] and my [illegible] with the "Fantasies" on it, I couldn't believe my eyes. I was there immediately and absolutely [illegible] [illegible] of the text. As my ability with [illegible] [illegible] I haven'm the [illegible] [illegible]. My [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] book, and also for the wonderful [illegible] [illegible] about my [illegible] and [illegible], my [illegible] and [illegible], and all of me [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].

In the evening the kids came home [illegible] book, and I just [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Esther would get mad. My last visit with Tante Esther was when she was in the home on Park Heights Ave. I had brought my daughter, Bonnie, along to see her. I remember so clearly how she couldn't get over the fact that I would name a girl Bonnie. She always called my dad "Baney", and she thought I had named my daughter Barney.

As I sit here thinking about what I remember most about my Dad, and since Passover has just passed, I remember our wonderful big Seders that we used to have on Anne Street. Lord knows how many of you were there, all I remember is mobs of people and Dad sitting on a big white pillow. I also see him very clearly walking up the hill on Anne St. with his head up, and that little cheroot cigar hanging from his lower lip. He sure was a wonderful "DAD".

It's not hard for me to remember things about my Mom; everything is very vivid in my mind about her. She worked pretty hard to raise the four of us, and in my estimation, did a pretty good job all by herself. I think that Mom's greatest love was cooking and baking. Whenever she came out to New Jersey, I would have to give up my whole kitchen to her. Marcy doesn't really remember Mom, but Bonnie still asks, "when are you going to make "Tugaleach" like Mammy used to make?"

It seems as if whenever I come to Baltimore, Cousins Club Meeting has just passed or is going to be next week. Perhaps I will be able to catch one soon. Even though we are so close, I somehow manage only to get to Baltimore for a day or two. However, I know that many of you visit New York often, and we are just 35 minutes from Times Square. So won't you please let us hear from you next time you come out this way. I'm a very good cook, and we have plenty of extra beds in this yar house. By the way, my correct address is Hillside Terrace, not Hillsdale. So far, I've received all of your mail Lee, but I wouldn't want any of this precious material to go astray.

Once again may I say Thank you Lee, and all of the rest of my Cousins who contributed information to this great book, "THE PRITZKERS". I am proud to be one of you.

Best wishes from Sandy, Bonnie and Marcy.

Love and kisses.

ROZ
Roz (Pritzker) Sanford

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

If wish pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing
And you like him, or you love him, say it now!
Don't withhold your approbation
'Til the Rabbi makes oration
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it
He won't really care about it.
He won't know how many tear drops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him
Now's the time to hand it to him
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

*

More than fame and more than money
Is the comment, kind and sunny
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
Oh! it gives to life a savor
And strengthens those who waver
And gives one heart and courage to the end.
If one earns your praise - bestow it!
If you like him - let him know it!
Let the words of true encouragement be said!
Let's not wait till life is over,
And he lies beneath the clover
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

CHARLES PRITZKER WRITES

Dear Lee,

On my return to New York, I found your data and book awaiting my arrival, and my reading of the book was most interesting, indeed.

In reading the book, I was impressed with the amount of research you put into such a project, and I wish to compliment you on a job well done.

The first chance I get I will send you additional data regarding our family for we were the pioneers of the Canadian Pritzkers.

My father's name was Philip and my mother Hannah (Cohen). Grandfather's name was Chaim, which is my Jewish name. I cannot go beyond that.

My father Philip had three sons and four daughters. The sons were Charles, Lee and Asher. The daughters were Sylvia, Jennie and Sarah and Rose (of Blessed Memory) Asher died two years ago. He had three sons Harold, Louis and Maxwell, all engineers. Harold also studied medicine and is today's leading pathologist and head of the Ontario Medical Society. He has two sons, Kenneth and Robert.

Harold worked with Dr. Banting in the discovery of insulin and Kenneth is going in for medicine and is attached to Dr. Banting's Research Laboratory. Harold married a nurse, whose name is Oda (King). You can see they are all dedicated to medicine.

My brother Lee is in the rare book business and considered Canada's leading authority in this field. He never married, so cannot boast of family.

I, as you may know, have been in the advertising business for years and then joined the Autostrop Safety Razor Company and then went with Gillette, when the latter took over the Autostrop Company. Now I am co-inventor of a new type of razor, which is going to be the new product of a world famous company. Too early

to talk about it at present.

Understand there is quite a Pritzker group in West Point, New York. They arrived in West Point over 100 years ago, and all members of this family are well known engineers. This seems to be similar experience of most male members of our family.

I have three daughters, Ruth, who is married to a well-known writer, Stanley B. Frank, Maxine, married to Leonard L. Lickson, an insurance agent, and Sue, who married Dr. Malcolm Boshnack, who has a successfull practice in Stamford. His specialty is eye, nose, ear and throat. Sue and Mal have 5 wonderful children, four sons and one daughter.

So now you have the picture of my immediate family, and I will write you later on in more detail concerning them.

With my best personal wishes to you and yours and all the Pritzker cousins in Baltimore, I remain

Most sincerely,
"Charles"
Charles Pritzker
April 17, 1961

"DER PRITZKE" WRITES

My mother's (Esther Dorman) marriage to my father, Leibe Pritzker, resulted in four sons, of which I am the second child. David, who passed away in 1926, was the oldest, Irving was the third and Max, who passed on in 1935 was the youngest. We lived in a small town called Staponica Keveska Geberna with my Grandmother Rose, father's mother and her son, Uncle Barney.

Grandmother Rose's home in Staponica was on the land owned by a Polish count, who had a large sugar beet plantation and also a beet processing factory. Father worked there as an overseer or production manager. My Grandfather David died at an early age, and through the help of this Polish count, Grandmother Rose opened up a small store in which she sold groceries, sweets and also had a sort of tavern.

Her house was a large two room affair made of wood with a thatched straw roof. The store was an addition that joined on to the kitchen. As a little boy I was always fascinated with the many, many things in it, especially the candy and cookies which we very seldom got.

Of course, the kitchen was the family center, and the fireplace was the life blood of the family. A Russian fireplace in no way resembles the fireplaces we see in present day homes. They were large, brick structures running across the entire width of one wall, with brick ledges over it. The big black pots hanging from large iron hooks in the fireplace seemed always filled with steaming stews and soups, giving off aromas that words could never describe. With the bitter cold of Russian winters, these top ledges over the fireplace were certainly a wonderful place to sleep, and actually this is where our beds were.

Mother's parents the "DORMANS" were cabinet makers and were considered fine craftsmen in this field. They lived in the city of Kiev where they had a small furniture factory and were known for their skills in the carving of wood and the wonderful cabinet work they produced.

They lived in a large fine house in a sort of a circular court and I still remember the actual section of the city.

Mother would take us children to visit our Grandparents, aunts and uncles from time to time, and while I still remember how much we enjoyed these trips I also will never forget some of the hardships these visits sometimes involved. The Jews were restricted to certain sections and were not permitted to live in the cities unless they had some sort of business or had special privileges. To visit the city of Kiev, meant getting a special pass, which was usually good for a maximum of forty-eight hours. But even then it wasn't a guarantee that in the middle of the night the special Police wouldn't enter ones' home and search the house and pass or no pass, off to jail they would take everyone they found.

So a knock on the door meant hiding in a special place under the floor where we would huddle until the all clear signal was given. But persecuted people, somehow take things as part of their lives, so somehow we made the best of these conditions. I often wonder today if most of us really appreciate and are grateful for the so many wonderful freedoms our country offers each of us.

In 1903 my uncle Ezrael and Aunt Brina and her family had been living in America for several years, and father decided he, too, would move his family there. So he and his brother-in-law, Morris, left for America in order to get started and arrange to send for us as soon as possible. I was about 4½ years old at the time.

The task of looking after us, as well as Grandmother, was Uncle Barney's responsibility, and to me he was my "knight in shining armor", a feeling that somehow has never left me. I remember so many things about him. How, in spite of the fact that he was but a very young man, he was able to handle himself when trouble came up. And many times the tavern could have been wrecked, if it hadn't been for Uncle Barney's ability to actually throw out undesirable customers by force, and to give a good account of himself by physical means. Whenever he returned from the city, where he bought supplies for the store, somehow there were always broken packages that

spilled out in the wagon, and these of course, we children could help ourselves to. I remember how we used to wait for him for hours to return from a buying trip, and how he would always greet us by saying, "Sorry, I don't think we have any broken bags today." And four little dejected boys would stand there waiting for the bags and boxes to be unloaded. But finally Uncle Barney would shout, "Well, what do you know, a bag of cakes and a bag of candy are broken." We would then jump into the wagon and really have a wonderful time. He was a man we will never forget.

I also remember Friday nights when Uncle Barney would visit his grandfather and grandmother, Isaac and Zelda Pritzker. They lived with their son, Motell, or Martin, who was Uncle Barney's uncle. Their home was about 6 or 7 miles away and he would take my brother Dave and myself with him. Since we were not allowed to ride on the Sabbath, it meant a long walk, but to us, this walk along the dirt roads with our Uncle was a wonderful treat for not only would we look up to him but he always told us many wonderful stories and would point out interesting things as we went along. Many times large vicious dogs would chase us, but somehow Uncle Barney never seemed to be afraid, and the heavy stick he carried was a convincing argument to protect us from any dangers.

In 1905 word finally came that we were leaving for America and mother began preparations for our trip. Since we were never coming back, and the amount of baggage we could take was limited, I remember my mother's reluctance of leaving behind the many many things she loved and treasured, but she was practical, so clothing and food got first priority.

I remember one particular kind of food we took with us, and even today as I write this article, I still long for it. It was a sort of fried, cake dough affair with poppy or moonseeds on top. It was hard as a bagel and had to be dunked in tea or soup before you could chew it. Somehow, it could be kept for a long time before it spoiled, and each one of us, including mother had a bag of these dough cakes to carry on our trip, which was our main food for several weeks.

I remember so clearly the day of our departure waving goodbye to aunts, uncles and grandparents, and

somehow feeling the excitement of a new venture, Uncle Barney made us all promise to be good children, and somehow saying goodbye to him wasn't so easy for me, but he did promise that he would join us real soon.

We left Russia and arrived in Liverpool, England, and from there we embarked on an American ship, the SS Maine for point of entry in Baltimore. Our steerage section didn't boast of deluxe cabins, and there, hundreds of us spread blankets on the bare floor of the bottom of the boat, and somehow managed to be comfortable. Finally our boat docked at Locust Point. We were all put ashore into a wire enclosure to be claimed by those sponsoring us, and also to receive our medical examinations. I remember we four boys standing around mother, holding on to her skirts, hearing all the strange sounds of a large city, listening to an unfamiliar language and seeing so many people coming and going. But our mother stood so straight and proud, with a strength that assured us that all would be well and that we would soon see our father. After a while my father and my Uncle Ezrael, who I had never seen before, came over to us, and after the necessary clearance papers were signed, we were on our way.

Our first stop was to Aunt Annie's home on Greene St. where my father had been living, and I still remember the wonderful way Aunt Annie greeted us, and her warmth of love and affection was so outstanding, a memory I will never forget.

Father had rented a small apartment on Hill St. in South Baltimore and here we made our home for several years. It wasn't long after our arrival that my brother Dave and I were enrolled in public school, and before long we were grasping the English language, and were being accepted by the boys and girls in our classes.

Father was working as a clothing presser, and with the thrifty training Mother had received, we weren't doing too badly financially, so in 1907 we moved to a large house on Jefferson St. since Aunt Annie and Uncle Ezrael were now living on E. Madison St. near Harford Ave. I remember how much I would enjoy visiting their home and especially I remember how Aunt Annie always knew what I liked. Whenever we came over she would take me aside and stuff my pockets with good things to eat.

I remember her large three story house with that bannister running down the three floors, and many a good time we boys had, playing with my cousins. At this point I definitely remember the clock incident that Cousin Dave wrote about in his article, and I absolutely deny that it was I that broke it, although I have for many years been accused of doing so.

I, too, used to enjoy the privileges of the Reed Memorial Church across the street from Aunt Annie's house and I remember our Boy Scout Troop that met there, our uniforms and ropes and those large wooden sticks or staffs, we had as a part of our scout equipment. Believe me, those were happy days, days of real enjoyment that healthy and happy boys are privileged to participate in, days that no longer were filled with fear or terror, that people in Russia were constantly exposed to. Sure, we knew the meaning of hardship and poverty and trouble, but freedom to live, and believe as you wish, are something we Americans should never forget, that has been a privilege and blessing this country has always offered to its people.

Shortly after my Bar Mitzvah or 13th birthday the Labor Movement started, and of course, strikes were the only weapon the newly created Unions had, so father, who at that time was a presser in the Schloss Clothing Co. was out on strike, and this strike lasted for many months. With no money coming in our little fund was soon depleted and with four growing boys to feed, things became rather desperate. So one day our parlor or front room was cleared out and mother became a business woman selling milk, butter and dairy products. Dave and I became salesmen and from house to house we would go getting orders for milk, butter and cheese. At first the business showed progress, but since many of our customers also were out on strike, before long mother became a real business woman with accounts payable and accounts receivable. The receivables really started to add up, because how could mother deny her customers milk for their children, in view of the fact that they had no money. So on the books the charges accumulated and as a result her payables also added up, so it wasn't long after the Pritzker Dairy closed up. However, the union won out and the strike was over, and somehow things got back to normal.

When I was about 14½ years old, I got a job at Sparrows Point as a pipefitter's helper. Since work started at 7 A. M. I used to leave our house at 5 in the morning, for in those days it took almost two hours by streetcar. It was real hard work and many a night I crawled into bed really dog-tired, but the knowledge that I was helping out my family, sort of gave me the strength to carry on, and before long I became stronger and used to this kind of work.

My brother Dave also was working and each pay day, we stood up so proudly and gave Mother our pay envelopes. Mother didn't say much, but the proud look on her face and the way she smiled at us was all we needed to realize her feelings for our efforts.

There are mamy things I could write about my brothers, especailly about my brother Dave, about his desire to become an architect, and the hard way he worked to accomplish his dream, working all day, going to school at night and then studying his lessons until the early hours of the morning. I remember the many many nights he would be sitting there pouring over his books with the light coming from candles, since so many times our gas was turned off because we couldn't pay the gas bill. However, I have been informed that articles about him are to be written, so I will only mention that his death and the death of my brother Max later on somehow left a scar in our hearts, that time has never healed.

When I was 16 years old I left the job at Sparrows Point and obtained employment with a contractor who was building the Gas and Electric Company building at Lexington and Liberty Sts. I was a pipefitter's helper and was now considered quite good at this trade. One day about 6 months after I started this job, as I was working on the structure of the 5th floor, a large truck gayly decorated with flags and buntings, and carrying a band of musicians, who were playing marching music, drove past and on the sides of the truck were huge signs asking for volunteers to join the Army and serve in the Mexican Campaign against "Pancho Villa". Before I knew it, I was sliding down the steel pole and I climbed on to the truck and away we went to the Recruiting Office, where I signed up for the Armed Services.

When I returned home and told my parents what I had done, Mother was really furious and threatened to tell the authorities what my real age actually was. Somehow I convinced her that I had sworn to a lie and if she reported me I would be in real trouble and might even go to jail. So she relented somehow and gave me permission, so off to the Mexican War I went.

After a few months of Basic Training at Camp Meade, my outfit was sent to an army camp at Eagle Pass, Texas, and later on we moved to the camp at Laredo, Texas. We remained on the Mexican border until May of 1917 and then we returned to Camp Upton in Long Island, New York for dismissal from the Army. However, about this time World War I had broken out and we were not permitted to leave. After a few months at Camp Upton, I was transferred to Camp McClellan in Alabama and became part of the 104th Field Signal Battalion.

During field maneuvers at this camp, I suffered a severe eye injury, and was hospitalized for about 11 months. As a result I was unable to accompany my division when they left for overseas duty. In 1919 I received my honorable discharge from the Army, and since I was eligible for vocational training, I enrolled in Vocational School at Fort McHenry, where I learned the heating and plumbing trade. In 1922 I received my Journeyman's Plumber License, and I worked at this trade until 1926, when I received my Master Plumber's License.

About this time I had decided to go into business for myself, so Ruby Braudes, who had been working in the same firm with me, and I formed a partnership, and we went into the General Plumbing and Heating business under the name of Pritzker and Braudes:—a partnership that lasted for 32 years. Braudes retired from business in 1958 and in 1959 my son-in-law Getzy Scherr joined me in our present company, whose sign now reads Pritzker & Scherr. Getzy is doing a very fine job and not only is he a wonderful boy, but also a fine husband and father. My daughter Adele made a fine choice when she married him.

On October 30 of 1921 Minnie (Winik) and I were married:--the result of a romance that dates back to our early school days, for it was in 1913 while attending Public School #40 that I first met her, and somehow

I knew that she was the only girl for me, and after 40 years of life together I still feel the same way. We have been blessed with two fine daughters, Rita and Adele. Rita is married to Dr. Albert Brett, a prominent dentist, and they live with their son in Long Island, New York. Adele is married to Getzy Scherr, who I have mentioned before is my partner in our plumbing and heating business.

We are blessed with five grandchildren, four boys and one girl, and if you drop over to our home I am sure Minnie would find the time to show you their pictures and give you full details as to their accomplishments, and if you really want to know something, I don't think you would have to coax her very hard.

It seems like we Pritzkers are never satisfied unless we are active in civic or lodge affairs, and I for one am no exception. When I was discharged from the Army in 1919 I became active in the Disabled American Veterans and have continued to be active until the present day. I am also a member of the American Legion, 29th Division Association, Forty and Eight Order, National Order of Trench Rats,and the Jewish War Veterans. I am also a member of the Ohel Jacob Congregation at Aisquith and Gay Streets, and also the Liberty Jewish Center. I have had the honor to have been Past Post Commander, State Dept., Commander twice National Executive Committee Man of the Disabled American Veterans. Also, I have been honored in the Jewish War Veterans with the offices of Past Post Commander and State Dept. Commander and National Executive Committee Man. While this work takes a good deal of my time, somehow I feel that the end results of my efforts has been worthwhile, and the real desire of being of help to my fellowmen is something that gives me the strength and fortitude to carry on the work I somehow have dedicated myself to do.

Fortunately for me, Minnie feels the same as I do, and she, too, is active in most of the Ladies Groups of these organizations, and between my meetings and her meetings, we really are always on the go. But it is work that we enjoy so very much and somehow we feel that it is something we must do.

In closing my article I somehow find it difficult to find the proper words to really summarize the feelings I have toward the wonderful people I have been writing about. How can I express feelings toward my Aunt Annie, who took me into her arms the first day of my arrival in this country - a little boy not quite 6 years of age, tired, weary and afraid. The way she hugged me, the warmth of her love and affection for that brief moment is a memory I have never forgotten, and even as I grew into adulthood, to her I was always her "Willie".

How can I describe the strength of character of my Mother, never complaining when the going was rough, yet always ready to lend a helping hand to those who were in want. A woman who all through her life was always seeking out the needy and rendering help and aid far beyond her call of duty.

How can I describe my Father and Uncle Ezrael, men of modest means, yet doing so much to help others. Men with a born desire to make the burdens of life a bit easier for others.

How does one write about the wonderful woman Aunt Rosie was, the wonderful things she did for our family, the warm and glowing person she was.

And of course the love and respect I have and always will have for Uncle Barney, is a part of me that no words could ever do justice to.

For these people have left for us a legacy in the form of our memories, memories so rich, so wonderful, memories that present and future Pritzkers will realize are part of our heritage, and they will give all of us, the strength and courage to continue on in our life to keep our Pritzker name one of dignity and respect.

Throughout the years I have been honored many times by various groups that I have been associated with, and I have also received many citations and awards for some of the services I have rendered. However, there is one award that somehow stands out in my life as being the greatest one of all, and that is the award the Pritzker Cousins bestowed on me in July 1959, for it was then that you conferred on me the title of "Der Pritzke" or head of the Baltimore Pritzker Clan.

This really was a great honor for me, an honor that expresses in essence your feelings for me, and it was an award that I cherish very much. I have always felt so very close to all of you, and in my own humble way I have always tried to make the name of Pritzker, a name that will be respected and honored.

Cousin Lee in the introduction of "Our Book" has written that as time goes on, "Our Book" will become a priceless legacy. Not only do I agree with this statement, but I would also like to add that "Our Book" will be our family's greatest accounting, in the form of records and events that will keep the memories of the Pritzker's alive for many many years in the future. Memories that Pritzkers yet unborn can point to with pride that their ancestors, were people that really knew the meaning of the brotherhood of man, and the importance of family togetherness.

Cousin Will
(Der Pritzke)
June - 1961

The following poem is not only one of my favorites, but its rich beauty I somehow feel belongs in "Our Book".

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem - may his tribe increase -
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low
But cheerfully still; and said "I pray thee then
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

COUSIN RUTH WRITES

"It was a Red Letter Day for the PRITZKERS," is the way the minutes on page 44 of "Our Book" begins, and believe me, dear cousins, March 12, 1961 was a Red Letter Day in my life that I will remember as long as I live. Just to have been present and to enjoy the Anniversary Celebration would have been sufficient for me, but to become the recipient of the Annual Pritzker Award, and to have been called up to the rostrum and be the center of the wonderful and heartwarming ceremony you planned, was a pleasure and honor, far beyond anything I have ever known. Yes, it was a beautiful ceremony, and as I stood there surrounded by my immediate family, and seeing all of you Pritzkers that I have loved and been devoted to for almost all my life, I somehow felt a glow of satisfaction, a warmth of feeling that I just can't describe, and as I stood there trying somehow to find words to say to all of you, it seemed that time somehow stood still, and suddenly a curtain seemed to open, and my entire life stood out so crystal clear in my mind.

And there I was back in 1905, little Ruthie Poland, daughter of Sherman (Shia) and Resa Anna (Hannah Resa) Poland, living in a small village called Mona Stareech, about 70 miles from the City of Kiev in Russia. My parents had 7 children, 5 sons and 2 daughters. I was their 6th child. Father was a glazier by trade and we lived in a one room apartment in the poor part of the village. How nine people shared such crowded quarters I really do not know, but throughout all of Russia poverty and depression was the lot of the majority of the Jewish population, and we were no exception.

In 1905 when I was just a little past 7 years of age, my father died and with no means of support we children all went to work in various ways to earn whatever money we could to keep food on the table. Mother secured employment as a bathhouse attendant, my sister Rose and my older brother Irvin went to Kiev and stayed with one of our aunts, and found employment there. I also went to work. Yes, I was but 7 years of age and I worked for a dressmaker, sewing and basting seams on coats and dresses. I remember so clearly where this place was. From my house it was a long walk and you had to pass a huge cemetery, which was dark and dismal. I still remember how I used to actually run most of the

way to get past the cemetery. Mother, however, didn't like the idea of my walking past the cemetery, so I secured employment closer to my home, working for a tailor, who made custom coats and suits for the richer people in the town. I used to sew the front parts of the coats and would also deliver the finished garments to customers. Going to school and working long hours after school certainly didn't give me very much time for girlhood activities, but most of the children at that time were forced to work, and somehow accepted it as part of our daily lives.

It is remarkable how one's thoughts can go back into the past. How many things you can recall so vividly and clearly. For instance, one day as I was delivering a beautiful coat to a customer, and as I was walking down the road to her home several children jumped out from no where, and tried to take the coat away from me. I realized what would happen if something happened to this garment - I would really be in trouble. Somehow, I found the strength to really put up a battle, and drove the children away. But the coat was soiled in several places and I was kind of dirty and bedraggled myself from the fight. When I reached the home of the lady whose coat I was delivering, I was really a scared little girl, and when she opened the door I was expecting the worst. Guess I did look pathetic to her - a little girl, undernourished, wearing a cheap dress, face dirty and with tears in her eyes. Somehow this woman must have felt sorry for me, and I remember her telling me not to worry about the spots on the coat, and that she wouldn't tell my boss about it, and as a matter of fact she even gave me a few pennies for a tip.

There are many more events that I remember about my childhood in Russia - some tragic and yet some festive. I recall the wedding of my aunt, mother's sister, who lived in the Village of Chanega, about 25 miles from our town. I was 11½ years old at this time. This was to be a really big occasion, and for months I skimped and saved to get a new dress, and the excitement of going to this wedding was my main thought. I still remember this affair, how all of us were really dressed for the occasion, the abundance of good food on the long tables, and believe me, I really stuffed myself that day. I was quite a dancer and that day I somehow felt like the "belle of the ball," for I had no end of

dancing partners. What a wonderful day that was for me, and for a girl who knew only hard work and poverty, it was like being transformed into a different person. But next morning bright and early I was back in the factory sewing away as usual.

My sister Rose and brother Irvin had been in America for several years, so in 1912 they arranged for my Uncle Mandrus, who was still living in Philadelphia, to sponsor my brother Nathan and me in America. So with what little money we had, and some few extra clothes, we boarded the train for Bremen, Germany, where we had to take a boat for England. When we reached the German border, the inspector wouldn't let us through, and he insisted my papers were not in order, and he felt I had lied about my age. I guess I really couldn't blame him, for I was undernourished and small for my age. We were detained at the German border and remained there for 6 weeks before verification of my birth records were secured. However, the border police were rather nice to us, and it wasn't too much of a hardship. When we were finally cleared, we left the port of Bremen, Germany for Liverpool, England, and then via American ship to Philadelphia. The voyage I remember was very rough and I was a real sick little girl for the first part of the trip. Finally, my brother and I arrived in Philadelphia, and my Uncle Mandrus met us, and we went to his house, where we were to live. Somehow, I didn't quite feel at home there and arrangements were made for me to live in Baltimore with my sister Rose, who was married to Barney Pritzker. My brother Nathan, however, remained in Philadelphia.

Uncle Barney and sister Rose met me at the station in Baltimore, and we went to their home on Orleans St. and Central Ave. where they lived, and Uncle Barney had his butcher shop. In but a short time I looked up to Uncle Barney not as a brother-in-law but as a father, for he was such a wonderful and understanding person, and I had never really known the love and closeness such as the Pritzker family offered, and as the years passed, my feelings toward Uncle Barney were always the same, for it was his wisdom, strength and guidance that guided and helped me throughout the years.

A few weeks after my arrival in Baltimore I secured employment at the Sonnenborn Clothing Co. on Paca St.

and I remember walking to work each day, a distance of about 4½ miles from our house. I was quite experienced now in the garment field, so I was put on a machine sewing vests and coats and before long I became a really fast and efficient sewing machine operator. Most of the money I earned, sister Rose set aside for me to accumulate a fund to bring Mother over to this country, but war broke out and we somehow lost track of her and my remaining brothers and sisters.

However, we finally heard from Mother 8 years later and we arranged for her entry into this country in 1921. When she arrived she lived with Uncle Barney and my sister Rose. While living at Uncle Barney's house, I, of course, met most of the Pritzkers and after a while it seemed that I always had been a part of their family. Our house was somehow the center or gathering place of the Pritzker clan, and there were so many of them always visiting with us. Sister Rose was such a wonderful cook and expert at baking, I can't ever remember sitting down to a real meal that we didn't have guests present joining with us.

My sister had four children, three girls and a boy and what children. Children I held in my arms as infants, children that I watched grow up into adult womanhood and manhood, children that even today seem more like my brothers and sisters instead of nephews and nieces. Yes, although my childhood wasn't a real happy one, my girlhood was filled with such wonderful memories, memories of living with and being part of a family, a family that really knew what togetherness meant. Sylviale, Zelldale, Skikale, and even Rozale, all knew how to get around me, especially Shikey, who really would butter me up to get some extra favor. And even after they married and had their own families, their children also knew their Aunt Ruth was such an easy mark and a hug and kiss meant they could do no wrong.

Aunt Esther, Uncle Liebe and their four sons were frequent visitors, and their oldest son, David, and I, from the first time we met, seemed attracted to each other. From the first time I knew him, he always had a desire to become an architect, and he really worked very hard to accomplish his dream. Since he used to deliver meat orders in the evening for Uncle Barney, we saw a good deal of each other, and when I became a little

past 17 years of age, we became engaged. Money, of course, was something you had to work hard to get, and you had so little of it, so our courtship didn't boast of any extravagant entertainment. A walk to Druid Hill Park or a long streetcar ride, or maybe the luxury of a hot dog or bottle of soft drink really made for a big evening on the town, but David was studying hard and I knew some day he would be successful. We were married on June 2, 1918. Our wedding was a simple small family affair, and in view of the fact that our funds were limited we did indulge in a one day honeymoon, which we spent in Washington. But we did have our own little two room apartment on Wilkens Ave. and even today, not only can I recall it, but I can actually plainly see every bit of furniture and things in it. How proud I was of this place, for to me it represented all the dreams I had ever dreamed. It was my home, clean, inviting and a far cry from the dark, dreary, dismal one room home I had as a child in the old country.

Our first child was our daughter Norma, who was born on February 20, 1919. We named her after my Uncle's mother, and 2½ years later Sherman was born. He was named after my father. David didn't exactly like my choice of names, so Sherman was called Buddy and Norma was called Sissie, the names he always used.

By now were doing better financially. David had realized his lifetime dream, he had become a graduate architect and was making quite a name for himself, and our future looked really good. We moved to a larger apartment and in 1923 we bought a very fine home on Warwick Ave. David's brothers Irvin, Will and Max were constant visitors together with Aunt Esther and Uncle Liebe. If two children ever knew the love of their uncles and grandparents, my two should boast of the most, and I don't know who spoiled them the most.

For 5½ years I know I experienced the happiness that I can never begin to describe, and somehow I feel now that some divine power must foresee our future and try to compensate for the tragedies that are to be one's lot in the future. For in 1923 David became ill and passed away in 1926. Norma was 7 years of age at the time and Buddy was just 5.

During the trying times of David's illness the real

meaning of the Pritzker Family togetherness was so apparent. Everyone - yes, everyone did everything they possibly could, not only to help me out financially, but through their love and devotion helped me find the strength and courage to carry on. Also, after David's passing they stood by me and helped me during those dark days of grief and despair - days I know I could never have been able to stand if not for the help of the Pritzkers.

However, I somehow realized that life must go on, and I had to think about my children, so somehow my courage returned. Mother came to live with me and took care of the children, and back to the garment world I went.

Time moves all too swiftly, and the years, like soldiers on parade, pass by one by one, some bringing happiness and joy - others sorrow and pain. But somehow we all find the strength and courage to bear our lot, but it is so much easier when one is blessed with a family that when the going gets tough, can be depended upon to help - and in this case I have been very fortunate.

And so the years passed, the children grew up, two wonderful children, in spite of the way their uncles and grandparents spoiled them with their love and attention. Norma is married to Melvin Carp and they now have two children - David and Resa. Buddy has a degree in Pharmacy, and during World War II distinguished himself in the services of the Marine Corps, and when discharged held the rank of First Lieutenant. He is married to Jeannette (Malinow), and they also have two children - Carol and David.

I could so easily write many pages about Buddy, and Sissie, Jeannette and Melvin, and of course, my four grandchildren, but let me just say this. The wonderful "Nachess" they have all given me is something you just can't put down on paper. It becomes a part of your life, and only the joy and satisfaction that comes to you, when you just think of them is the real meaning of the word.

Yes, dear cousins, there I stood with the Pritzker Award Placque in my hand, surrounded by my loved ones,

trying to find the words to say to all of you. To tell you what you all mean to me. To tell you how much your love, devotion and respect has meant to me these many years. But, I am not as Zeldale said in her beautiful speech, a "big talker". So let me in my most humble way just say "Thanks". "Thanks so very much." And may all of us only know mahzel and simchas in the years ahead.

COUSIN RUTH

June 1961

OUR MIDWESTERN COUSIN WRITES

May 27, 1961

Mr. Lee Pritzker
200 S. Franklintown Road
Baltimore 23, Maryland

Dear Mr. Pritzker:

May I take this opportunity to introduce myself; Edward Samuel Pritzker, and to apologize for not having answered your first letter when it arrived. My father, Leo Nathan Pritzker, has been out of the city this past month and he is the source of the information that you requested.

I will start with my Great, Great Grandfather.

Great, Great Grandfather: Herschel

Herschel was a wealthy sugar refiner who lived in Bella Cherkov (meaning white church). Herschel built and donated the first public school in Bella Cherkov. Herschel had a brother whose name was Alter.

Great Grandfather: Shmul Avrom (Samuel Edward)

Shmul was the owner of a Dry Goods business in Kiev. Shmul had one brother, Barrel, who was in the sugar business with his father.

Grandfather: Navchem Itzchauk (Nathan Israel)

Practiced law under a Christian law firm. He had one brother Samuel who came to Chicago in 1904.

Father: Leibe (Leo Nathan)

Came to Chicago in 1909, and then to St. Paul in 1918, where he has been in the produce, liquor and real estate business. Born in Kiev in 1893.

I am: Edward Samuel Pritzker

Born in St. Paul, 1919. I have three sons.

Marc Richard - born 1949
Frederic Howard - born 1951
Thomas Bruce - born 1957

When my father came to Chicago he lived with his Uncle Samuel, who had two sons; Max, who resided in the Chicago area. The other brother, Harry, lives in Los Angeles. Both addresses unknown. At the time of my father's arrival in Chicago, there were two brothers Nichlas J., a lawyer and Lewis Pritzker, a doctor, whose father may have been the Samuel Pritzker branch that you refer to in your letter. Dad does not remember their father's name. However, there are two living sons residing in Chicago - Abe and Jack. They are very wealthy and prominent lawyers whose law offices are Pritzker, Pritzker and Pritzker, 36 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois. Several years ago, my father met a Pritzker from Baltimore who he believes was then in the plumbing business. Are you a member of this family?

I hope that the information I have given you will be of some assistance to you in developing the "Family Tree". When this is completed, we would greatly appreciate a copy of this information.

Very cordially yours,

Edward Pritzker
1757 Hillcrest Ave.
St. Paul 16, Minn.

THE CHICAGO PRITZKERS

The Chicago Pritzkers began their actual history from Jacob, whose grandfather was one of the four brothers that all Pritzkers are descended from. Jacob was born in 1831 and married Sophia or Beth Sheba some time in the year of 1854. They had 6 children - Mary, Abram, Louis, Bessie, Sarah and Nicholi. They lived in the City of Kiev and by vocation Jacob was a grain merchant on a rather large scale. He was a man of small stature and was extremely honest and pious in his religious duties. Both Jacob and Sophia knew the meaning of poverty and persecution, but like the many religious people of that time some how found the strength, courage and wisdom to raise their families and to instill into their hearts and minds the meaning of family togetherness and honest dealings with their fellowmen.

Back in the spring of 1956 Shirley and I visited Chicago and we met one of Jacob's sons, who was named Nicholi, two of his sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren. In spite of the fact that we were at first total strangers, we were treated in the most wonderful manner, and we have never forgotten the most gracious way we were received and entertained. Nicholi Pritzker was not only a wonderful host, but his strength of character, as well as his warm personality was so apparent.

During our conversation he told me that he had written a book on his 70th birthday, directed solely for his family, and it was he who suggested the idea of someone in our group writing a book about all of the Pritzkers, tracing their ancestry and giving information about past and present generations that would be a legacy for all Pritzkers to have.

Abram Pritzker, one of his sons, recently loaned me a copy of his father's book.

Since its contents were so absorbing and interesting, I decided to write a condensed version of it, to be added to "Our Book". It is but a poor substitute, for the book is a classic in every sense of the word, and in condensing it I was forced to omit a good deal of material. However, the articles that follow are exactly as he wrote them and I know you will enjoy every

page.

The name of Nickolas Pritzker is known, recognized and respected, not only in Chicago, but throughout the world.

The Pritzker Foundation - a charitable foundation of the Michael Reese Medical Center and Winfield Hospital in Chicago, as well as the Mark's Nathan Orphan Home, are living testimonials to his charitable and philanthropic endeavors. Yes - we can be proud of kinship to such a man.

Cousin Lee
8/61

NICHOLI PRITZKER
1871 - 1957

His story taken from his book: - "THREE SCORE AFTER TEN" written in 1941.

"I was born on July 8, 1871 in the City of Kiev, Russia, the youngest son of a family of 6. Mary, my sister, was the oldest born in 1856, Abram born 1860, Louis in 1866, Bessie in 1868 and Sarah in 1870.

My father Jacob, the son of Nicholi and the grandson of Jacob, was born in the early part of 1831. He was a very pious and religious man. By vocation he was a merchant in grain on a large scale and groceries in a small way; his avocation - cultural pursuit, his prayers and biblical religious readings. My mother Sophia "Beth Sheba", at my birth was 31 years of age, was a small woman about 5'1" and although she was unversed in all but Hebrew, somehow was able to acquire from overhearing the training and lessons given to her children, Mary and Abram, a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and the high spots of history, as well as the reading and writing of Hebrew, to be of much help to the other four of us - Louis, Bessie, Sarah and myself.

She was zealous in her devotion to her children and many times after the evening meal she would line us up before the large brick oven fireplace and lecture and examine us on the different brands of learning that she thought we needed.

I have never ceased to wonder how mother could find time to do all the things she did, and still retain her pleasant and affectionate demeanor, which somehow gave her a warmth and glow of personality that I always remember. It is due entirely to mother's intelligent conduct that we acquired a family love and togetherness, which is destined to outlive us. For from her we learned the meaning of love, honesty and culture.

Financially, father was never a success. His best endeavors, by reason of his extreme honesty and his trust in mankind, repaid him with "bad coin", leaving him constantly struggling for existence. Again it was mother, who joined him in his business career, devoting a good deal of her time and attention to the business

affairs, and helped create the modest needs of her family.

At the age of 4 I was enrolled in "Chedar" (Hebrew School), where I was taught for the next 5 years, the Five Books of Moses, Rashi, Hebrew Grammar, the Psalms of David, and also the beginning of the study of the Gomorrah (The Hebrew Laws). In the meantime my older brother Abram gave me a course in reading and writing of Latin, Russian, and German, as well as Mathematics, which in later years proved so important to us.

Thus until my 9th birthday I attended Hebrew School on all days, except Friday afternoon and a full day on Saturday, from early morn until sundown. After the evening meal, I would then learn from my brothers until I fell asleep. Somehow I didn't mind this long full day routine, and in spite of our crowded and congested two room house, with the little we had, youth can be happy in spite of everything, and I look back on this period from a rather happy viewpoint.

My brother Abram was a high tempered lad, quick to resent an injustice, and was especailly embittered as to the autocratic paternal Russian rulers. It was actually because of him that we came to America.

In 1880 when I was about 9 years old, my brother Abram was arrested for political treason, found guilty and sentenced to Siberia for the rest of his life. Again it was mother whose efforts kept him from getting a death sentence, and she continued her fight, and through various means and methods she finally had the Siberian sentence commuted to 30 days of confinement in the local police station and 18 months of probation.

In the spring of 1881 Alexander the Third ascended the throne, after the assassination of Czar Alexander the Second, and a reign of terror followed. Every person suspected of sympathy to the cause of freedom, was to be apprehended, and no mercies were to be shown. Every case previously heard was to be reopened, and the parties punished by exile or death!

In our home speedy action now became important, to save Abram as well as the other members of our family. It was finally decided that father and I would leave for

the Austrian border, and go to the City of Brody. Abram, somehow, someway would have to smuggle himself out of Russia and meet us there. Mother and the rest of the family would remain behind to await whatever country we would decide to make our permanent home. After a delay, we received our passports on August 14, 1881, and with saddened hearts we tore ourselves away from our home and our frantic kin. Arriving at Rodziwill father and I were passed by the Austrian officials and we arrived in Brody, Austria the next morning. Abram arrived some 24 hours later.

The most pressing task was now accomplished. Abram was out of Russia - he was free. And now remained the problem of where and how to rehabilitate ourselves and bring about a reunion with the remaining members of our family. However, father was determined to remain in Brody until after the holidays, a period of four weeks. After a good deal of deliberation, and in spite of mother's pleading letters that I return home to Kiev,it was decided we three continue on to America. We left Brody in a fourth class railroad car to Hamburg, Germany where we embarked on the Steamer Silesia for America. This was in October 1881.

Our ship was a small coal-bearing freighter about 300 ft. long and not really intended for ocean passenger travel. Our quarters were down in the hold where the bunks were wide shelve boards 6 tiers high lined along the side of the hull. There were about 200 of us, men, women and children. The hold had no means of ventilation and the amount of allocated space was not sufficient for even one half the number of our group. But somehow, in spite of all of these hardships, we knew that soon we would reach a land, a new land and a new life.

We reached the American shore on Oct. 29th and were landed at Castle Garden in the New York harbor, which today is the aquarium. Here we remained for five days, sleeping on the floor and using our baggage for pillows. During our stay at the Quarantine Station in Castle Garden, the "Societe Universelle" cared for our needs and they secured us passage to Clinton, Iowa.

We had no choice in where we were to go since it was their decision. So we arrived there on Friday,

Nov. 7, 1881, a trip that took almost 80 hours from New York. During that time we had but one warm meal and for the rest of the time we had several loaves of stale rye bread and a few pennies worth of fruit. I remained in the small station at Clinton while father and Abram went into town to see what could be arranged. It didn't take them long to realize that there wasn't any hope of securing a means of livelihood for any of us, so we decided to go back to Chicago.

We arrived in Chicago on a cold and blustery Sunday morning. Again I remained in the railroad depot while father and Abram went out to reconnoiter. They made the necessary arrangements and late that evening we were taken into the care of the Jewish Charities of Chicago, and were put up at the Harrison Hotel. We had a hot meal and I enjoyed the luxury of a bed that night, the first time since leaving the steamer, and indulging in the first bath since leaving Hamburg. Although the water was cold, it was all so satisfying.

After two days in Chicago I contracted a severe cold and became very ill. I was sent to the Michael Reese Hospital, which had just been built. As a matter of fact, I was one of the first three patients to enter. I believe I was entirely cured within a few days, but Dr. Otto Schmidt, reluctant to send me helplessly into the chilly world, kept me there for 6 weeks instead. All of my clothes, upon admission to the hospital, were burnt and destroyed, and I was presented with a complete new outfit. I suspect the contributions of the hospital inmates and the staff of this wonderful philanthropic institution paid for it. Dr. Schmidt also gave me 10¢ for carfare and a crisp $1.00 bill to start my business career.

As I stood there in the bright sunshine, a mere boy of 10, less than two months in this country, I somehow realized the wonders of these United States. Suddenly I knew what I wanted to become - a lawyer - for with this profession I could do so much to uphold my country's laws and to lend service and secure justice for those that needed it. I also felt a deep obligation to the hospital that took such good care of me, and although poor and penniless, I vowed that some day I would be in a position to more than repay the debt I felt I owed.

Father had invested the greater portion of his cash reserves in a basket of matches and shoe laces. Abram had secured employment in a cutlery factory, and I invested my dollar in a shoe shining kit outfit. For the next 8 to 9 months we eked out a mere existence, many times going one or two days with only a few buns or scraps of bread to keep life and body together. Many a night I slept in the La Salle St. tunnel and in the park. To avoid the bitter cold I packed newspapers around my feet, legs and wrists. But I never complained and hoped for better things in the future.

One day a friend of father's urged him to become a partner selling tailor's trimmings, which he did, - a business he followed to his death, as did also the husband of his daughter Mary and most of her children to the date of this writing.

All during the years that followed father enjoyed an enviable reputation for honest dealing and integrity. Limited in capital, cramped in facilities, bound to the convenient but costly cash dealings with his preceptor, father's profits were small, but they were sufficient to allow the bare necessities of life, and to provide the capital needed to branch out independently.

Now that we were making some progress, mother and the family were sent for and they arrived in Chicago on July 5, 1882. We lived in a basement apartment on 14th & Halstead St. for two months, but mother didn't like it, so we moved to a flat on the east side of Wells St.

Louis secured a job in a picture-framing manufacturing concern. Sarah helped me sell newspapers. Bessie went to work in a sweat shop, and even mother took in work from a stocking factory. But the family was together again and life took on a newer and brighter aspect. There can be no family tranquility in any household without a mother to rule - to serve. For she is the most essential member of the family. It is she who somehow or some way makes a home- "A HOME".

Fortune began smiling on us and for almost a year our joint earnings increased and the future seemed ever so bright, but misfortune took its toll once more.

On Saturday, the 19th of March 1883 Abram became very ill and passed away the following Monday. His death had a very demoralizing effect upon us all, especially on mother, and somehow we had no heart to improve our condition. Mother, in fact, suggested we return to Russia, but father, who believed in the future of this country, absolutely refused.

Time, however, is a great healer and we realized that we must continue on, to work harder than ever, which we did.

Father's business was becoming better, so in July 1883, one year after mother's arrival, we moved into a 5 room flat on Bunker St. near Clinton. The rooms were airy, had windows on four sides, and even had some real nice furniture. I was enrolled in the Foster Public School in Sept. 1884 and was assigned to the 4th grade. At the close of the term I was passed on to the 8th grade, and graduated in 1885.

After the school term I secured a job with the Nelson Morris Co. at the U. S. Stockyards of Chicago and promotions came to me with surprising rapidity. Father, meanwhile, continued to be busy. He had opened a store over on State St. near Taylor. The rear rooms of this we used as living quarters. I rode back and forth to the office on the little steam dummy car, making but one trip a day. I would leave La Salle St. station each morning at 6:30 a.m. returning at night at 7 p.m.

Five nights of the weeks I devoted to getting an education, and for three years I attended high school classes given at the Dore School on Monroe & House Sts. The first year Louis, Bessie and Sarah attended with me. During that period I concentrated on bookkeeping and stenography.

The desire to be a lawyer continued in my breast, but as late as 1887, I realized I was making no progress towards my professional goal. Long hours at the yards, followed by nightly classes at the school proved a wearing strain on my constitution. There were other preoccupations also. My sister Mary had arrived from Russia with her family. We had a growing circle of friends and some social duties. I found that I was

beginning to neglect school.

Abram and Louis always had a desire to be useful to mankind through medicine and surgery. To serve humanity, an ambition worthy of the best. Louis has since proven his unselfishness in that respect by life's devotion to his chosen profession of medicine - with an income sufficient to cover only his bare living needs. However, he has done his work well, seldom exacting adequate compensation and too often he has received none at all. Lacking or spurning business tactics, he has been shamefully taken advantage of. Financially he is poor. In self-respect and in the love and high regard of all who know him and have been benefited by his skillful assistance he is rich.

My ambition was and always had been law. To sit in fair judgment between man and his fellowmen, in the solution of his domestic connections and with the State. Yes, I wanted to study law and I knew I must prepare myself for it, but since I realized that neither my father or brothers would ever have the means unless it was through sacrifice, I somehow knew I would have to be the one to make my success on my own.

In the summer of 1888 I received a position in the public library (then located in the Dicky Building, Lake and Dearborn Sts.) as attendant in the reading room. The hours and duties were acceptable. They gave me ample time to study. The annual salary of $420.00 was small but there was held out a promise of a $100.00 raise every two years to commence the following January.

To augment this small income I took on night jobs of bookkeeping for small tradesmen, and teaching adult pupils English. Among the patrons whose books I looked after each evening and on Sundays, was one Henry Mindlin, who owned a nearby jewelry store. I taught him and his sister English using classic fiction and the works of Shakespeare as my texts.

One day Mr. Mindlin mentioned that his family was expecting visitors to lunch, Samson Leviash and his wife, his brother Henry and a sister of Mrs. Leviash's, who was visiting them from Milwaukee. On invitation I remained for lunch and we discussed the works of Shakespeare, especially the characters of Shylock and

Othello.

The guests arrived in time for the meal, the Leviashes and with them Annie Kogan. She was about five feet one inch in height, she weighed at that time slightly over 100 pounds. And I still remember well she wore a gray cloth tailored costume with a Mary Stewart collar and a Gainsborough hat. The skirt, then fashionable, came slightly below the ankle. Bustles being then in vogue, she wore one so long that the distance from the waist was about the same horizontally and perpendicularly. Three false curls extended over her ears. To me she was the acme of femininity and cupid had done his job well. Later on Annie did confess to me that she, too, was extremely impressed with me.

We saw a good deal of each other and soon our relations became the topic of conversation among our friends and relatives, and soon reached the ears of the Leviashes, who promptly shipped Annie back to Milwaukee, but we corresponded from then on until I visited her in Milwaukee in June of 1889.

After Annie left, I had time to take stock of myself and consider what I had best do, and I knew now that I must in any case cease procrastinating and settle down to hard work.

Michael Regent, my sister Bessie's husband, gave me an idea. Why not study pharmacy. I could in course of time, as owner of a drug store conducted by clerks, find both the means and time to proceed further. To me this plan seemed flawless, so on March 17, 1889 I applied for and received a job of "boy" in a drugstore on the southwest corner of Archer and Halstead Sts. and in the fall of 1890 I matriculated at the Chicago College of Pharmacy, now a part of the University of Illinois, and again I found great difficulty in scraping together the school fees. But as usual somehow I managed.

I studied very hard for hours, often all night, until the month of September when I was admitted to the first practical examination ever given in the State of Illinois, and was passed as a fully registered pharmacist.

Annie and I were married on Monday, June 8, 1891

at her home at 615 Valiet St. in Milwaukee. We made our home in Chicago in a two room flat in a dilapidated building on Milwaukee Ave. across the street from a drugstore that I had secured employment in. We had a packing case for our table, two chairs, a spring and mattress resting on the floor, "for want of a bed," and a one burner kerosene stove. This constituted all of our household equipment. But soon Annie's housekeeping talents made itself evident. The flat, the linens and dishes became spotlessly clean. Her sisters Emma and Lizzie spent their vacations helping her to settle this habitation in housewifely order. Smiling joy prevailed.

I wonder if the modern bride and groom endowed with all that wealth can purchase in modern conveniences, can be as happy as we were. The thrill of each new article brought into the home, whether useful or ornamental cannot be understood by women, sated with everything, long before a yearning desire has made a pleasure of its acquisition.

After several months had gone by, I had given up the idea of additional education, but not so Annie. She would not tolerate the idea that anyone could think, that because of her I had lost all chance of a college degree. No, I must go back to school. Not the unattached Chicago College of Pharmacy but to Northwestern University! How was I to do it? Annie had it all planned. We would board with the Leviash family, she would clerk in a store just a block from our proposed boarding house. Her salary would be sufficient to pay her sister for our board. On days when there was no school, I could take relief jobs to earn extra for expenses.

I feel that I shall ever remain Annie's debtor for her unselfish conduct in this matter, from then on until Harry was born the following August. At seven each morning she was on duty. First she would get the morning paper. Then she would return in time to make and serve breakfast and attend to whatever comforts I required. She assured me and reassured me that she was happy beyond expression. Evenings, when not clerking, she would quiz me in my studies. She would even help in such laboratory work for chemical tests as could be accomplished with household utensils, and she even bravely stole cigars from her brother-in-law for me.

During this period too, by close association, I learned to love her sisters Lizzie and Emma, and gain a supreme respect for the splendid qualities of Leviash. His loyalty and high sense of honor were to me a beautiful discovery. His friendship I esteem as one of the finest jewels I possess in life.

On the evening of Monday, August 1, 1892 my first child, a son, Harry was born. Since childhood, I have always loved children, another family trait. As for Harry, my love for him commenced when he let out his first squall. I felt keenly the responsibility of paternity and resolved upon one thing that Harry and those coming after him should have a systematic, complete and thorough education, something I could never have, to prepare them for the struggle of life. They should have, each of them, an education befitting the vocation each chose to follow.

There appeared now little opportunity, much as I desired it, now that I had a family to look after, for me to change my own vocation. I decided I must perfect myself in chemistry and the other pharmaceutical branches. Dr. Waltner permitted me to do original research work and the results of some of it were reported in the Druggists Journal. Concerning one of my efforts, I spoke before the convention of the International Session of Pharmacists held at the World's Fair in 1893. I took a special course under Professor Hallberg who conferred upon me the degree of Ph.M.

During this time, I had to sleep in the drugstore and I rarely saw my family save at mealtime. Therefore, I wanted a change. If I could become the owner of a store that would be my only possible release from this day and night bondage. At the very least, I would have my family around me.

So I decided to go into business for myself. I bought a drug store outfit and rented a store at Division and Pauline Sts. The lack of capital soon forced me to sell it, and with the sale price I bought another store at Halstead and Taylor Sts. From these ventures I soon learned that I lacked the ability to conduct any retail business and both of my drug store ventures were unsuccessful. By temperament I was wholly unfitted for the business and I was beginning to grasp

that fact. I could not deal with the unreasonableness of women, generally in business matters. Especially with those residing in the locality of either drug store, and of course the trade most profitable of all was that of cigars, perfumes and cosmetics, and I could never acquire, for a lack of capital and because of limited credit, any large inventories. Therefore, in May of 1895 I sold out, paid my debts and once more was left totally penniless and without a job. I could find no job as a druggist at any living wage for a family man. Another child was due the following January, and I tried selling cigars as a salesman for a couple of weeks without succeeding in a single instance.

Again I was without funds nor was there any source from which to obtain any financial assistance. With no means of paying living expenses and with a growing family on my hands, desperation almost overtook me, but I had been through so many of these economic depressions that pain left me callous.

Father, who had been ill for some time, renewed his oft-repeated suggestion that I enter his business. Reluctantly I agreed. A few days afterwards I entered the store with mother and one clerk constituting the clerical force. On account of father's physical condition, mother could give little attention to work at the store. I had no knowledge of the business and very likely for these reasons, and because of the additional expenses due to father's illness, for my living and the cost of attending the birth of my second son Abram on January 6th following, we earned no profit. It is even highly probable that we even sustained some losses. Father passed away on January 26, 1896 and we all felt his loss deeply.

I thoroughly disliked the business I was in. Yet what else could I do, was my subconscious reasoning, but I had a burning desire to become a lawyer. So on the first of November 1900, I matriculated at the Illinois College of Law. The law school occupied the fourth floor of the Chicago Opera House block on the southeast corner of Washington and Clark Sts. An exit from the balcony served as a free entrance for my sons Abram and Harry (aged 7 and 11) for Saturday matinees, gained for them by a tip to the usher.

My classes were to take three evenings each week from 6:30 to 9:30. One and one-half hours for each of two subjects changed every three months. I had my choice of evenings but I attended every evening as well as Saturday afternoon, thereby doubling my work in order to hasten the completion of my course of preparation. Things at the store meanwhile were going badly. The stocks were rapidly diminishing, but I had to keep on with my studies. I denied myself every luxury and many necessities. I read constantly, taking advantage of every possible opportunity. I would read on the elevated train going home, and if I fell asleep, the train guard would wake me on reaching my destination. Despite the very hard work and self-denial, I enjoyed my school life and made remarkably good progress in all branches, and actually became popular with my fellow students.

Then came the momentous day May 6, 1902! For five and a half days I struggled taking the various examinations as required, and at the conclusion I was altogether too exhausted to feel either confidence or despair. But on the following Monday, arriving at the school, I found out, yes, I had passed my examinations and actually I stood sixth in a class of over 70. I now had realized my lifetime dream! I was a counselor - an attorney-at-law.

I subleased desk room in the Firenich Bldg. at the northeast corner of Washington and Welsh Sts., for which I paid $6.00 per month. I secured a secondhand desk, a chair and some other equipment, and had some stationery printed. Well, I pondered at last I had reached my goal. I was a lawyer, but I was not deluding myself in the belief that I really knew law. I began to spend days and days in the offices of the clerks of the various courts of Records, Readings, Pleadings and Pendings and Exposed Cases, in replevin, attachment, divorce, mandamus, habeas corpus, and other actions at law. I read draft orders, decrees and judgments. I read and studied everything possible that I could lay my hands on. By this method I became familiar with legal phraseology and prevailing practices and special actions. It gave me some idea of the essential allegations for specialized matters, which later on I specialized in. So much did I gain by this practical method that I was never denied an opportunity by any judge to bring in a brief of the law on a point advanced.

It wasn't long, however, before clients came. Surprisingly from every where, and before long I had built up a fair modest practice.

The succeeding ten years were remarkable for no special occuring matters. I continued as probably one of the most busy lawyers in practice. I had a tremendously large clientele consistently increasing, and my income was getting substantially larger. In the meantime Harry, graduating from high school, entered Northwestern University, which he attended the first three years in the pre-legal courses and in the fourth year, he attended Northwestern University Law School, which under the arrangement at the University constitutes both the last year of pre-legal courses and in the first year of law school. Then he went to the University of Michigan, where he continued for two years until he came to Chicago, to enlist for the World War.

Two years after Harry entered Northwestern, Abram followed him there, and the two spent one year together at the Northwestern University. Abram preferred the University of Chicago, so arrangements were made for him to attend that school, living at the dormitory. He preferred Harvard and I was willing to grant him this, but could not foresee that I would be able to keep him the year longer, since Harvard Law School did not have the combined course that Michigan permitted. So I offered him Harvard, if he would graduate both the pre-legal and law school in a period not exceeding six years. He agreed and successfully finished his pre-legal education in three years, so that at the beginning of his scholastic career he went to Harvard in the fall of 1916. So ever since then until Harry graduated, I had two sons away from home at school.

On April 6, 1916 we declared war against Germany and several weeks before Harry was due to graduate from the University of Michigan Law School, he appeared at home and told us he had joined the army. The following day he was at Ft. Sheridan. In December commissioned as a lieutenant, he was ordered to France and dry-eyed and with calmed voice his mother and I bade him farewell. Abram came home from college in response to his mother's pleading and mine, and our pathetic statement that we could not bear two sons on the fighting front at once,

but he decided to join the Navy, which he did with the rank of Chief Petty Officer.

I was anxious to obtain Harry's admission to the various courts before he was sent to France. Judges, law examiners and bar committees on character and fitness went out of their way to aid me in this, and as a result he was admitted by the State Supreme, Federal District Court and Circuit Court of Appeals in the summer of 1917.

Upon the signing of the Armistice, Harry resigned from the Army instantly and joined some friends in southern Florida. Abram because the Government was fearing trouble with Japan, was not discharged until the beginning of February. Then he returned to Harvard to resume his law course. Harry returned to Chicago in the winter of 1919, and at once entered the office.

In June of 1920 Abram was graduated from Harvard Law School. He took his bar examination and immediately thereafter was admitted to practice joining Harry and me as a member of "Pritzker and Pritzker".

Within a few months, Abram came to inform me that he had found his life's mate. I was overjoyed and granted my consent readily, for I had seen Fanny; she had been at our home. Even before that, when she was very young, I had seen her, for I had represented her father in some litigation, but I did not know her then. They were married on Sept. 12, 1921 and we soon learned that we had added a jewel to our family. Fanny was affectionate, loving, loyal and considerate of our welfare. She soon became lodged in our hearts and Annie and I have always expressed our gratitude to fate for this addition to the family. Whatever regrets we had felt at not having a daughter of our own were now dispelled. No daughter of ours could have been so highly welcome as Fanny has since become. Her natural good sense as a wife and mother, show even more to her advantage than as a daughter. We all, Annie, ours sons and grandsons, justly worship at her shrine.

Meanwhile, Jack had prepared himself for the practice of law also. When shortly after his 23rd birthday (Jan. 6, 1927) he joined us, my professional family was complete. All my ambitions were fulfilled save one to

await the completion of the years, which must necessarily elapse for my sons to be admitted to the practice before the highest of the nation's courts. That period elapsing, I moved the admission of all three sons on the very day that the cornerstone was laid at the first individual home of that court in Washington in October of 1932. Nearly all newspapers in the country carried this unusual event to the culminations of all our hopes. I was, indeed, a very happy man.

Nothwithstanding the caution urged by well wishers against this step (of taking my sons into equal partnership) as being dangerous, I have had no reason to regret it. Unconsciously, each member of our firm has been of great help to the others. Harry's distinguished service in arms, as well as State's representative in punishment of crime, his integrity and fairness, and hence his popularity are valuable assets.

His ability to make hosts of friends was in no small measure an aid to Abram's extraordinary able, financial acumen, and so paved the way for his success.

Jack's high sense of fairness, readily conceding his brother's superiority, has yet served as a conciliating medium between Abram's impatience with those with whom the firm was obliged to deal. It has helped prevent breeches of harmonius family relationship.

My own worth, such as it is, my standing in the community, the clients whose faith in me has been passed on to my sons. - these have also paved the way for an "entree cordial," for business connections.

And here I want to register the hope that this family unity may in all respects continue for their lives to be passed on for emulation by my grandsons and generations yet unborn.

I have lived an interesting active life, blessed in the reciprocal love of family and friends. A measure of respect of my fellow men and so in the course of years one evolves his own personal philosophy. Out of my contact with others, I learned the wisdom of placing a high value upon the good which is part of every human personality. My own experience tells me this - if I have a good friend - and I have many of them - it

is because as a simple precept of life I have followed the plan of looking for something good, some flash of gold in the makeup of every person I meet. Such a person may have many good qualities; he may have many irritating, even disagreeable traits, but if there is that one redeeming outstanding quality which I speak of, it may be a native kindliness, a wistful desire to help someone else, a hidden gift of humor, a shy friendliness, a congenial personality, an unyielding loyalty, anything -then I make it my objective to cultivate that one trait, to play "up to it," to help my friend develop it, in himself.

And I have yet to meet the person who did not possess at least one fine trait worth developing. Why perceive the shadow where light is discernible.

That and this other rule - HOPE of the future painted brightly, retrospective thoughts of sweet associations, of ambitions achieved, of accomplishments obtained, of loyalty and fair conduct, — all these make for a happy and useful life.

All things must come to an end, and so, this mediocre literary effort. It must be evident from its perusal, that every age has its joys. The eight decade has its.

The Supreme joy of this age: - Jay, my first born grandson graduates from the School of Law. On Saturday, June 14, 1941 I am permitted to attend the exercises at the Patten Hall of the Northwestern University. There a diploma is handed to each of several hundred students, who are pledged to a higher cultural life. I am ashamed to say, but truth and candor compels, that of all the sea of faces rising to give pledge and receiving the coveted sheepskins, I see but one. I have lived to great "nachas", and with this I now say-

- FINIS -

Nickolas Pritzker
1941

SELFLESSNESS

Our dreams paint many pleasures,
    Sometimes the dreams come true;
Our hearts try many treasures—
    Sometimes retain a few
But the fairest flowers of living
    Bloom for us when we find
The garden that is giving
    For love of humankind.

Then wealth is dedication;
    Wisdom, the light to lead;
Then power is obligation—
    To serve is to succeed;
Then health becomes a holding
    In trust to spend at will,
A fund for the enfolding
    And succor of the ill.

Today in tones faint sounding,
    From matin to evensong,
"Give of your life abounding!"
    The weak call to the strong;
And they who heed the crying,
    Shall but increase their store—
They draw on a source undying
    Forever and evermore.

WHATEVER IS —— IS BEST

I know as my life grows older
    And mine eyes have clearer sight—
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
    There lies the root of RIGHT;
That each sorrow has a purpose,
    By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
    Whatever is —— is best.

I know that each sinful action
    As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometimes punished,
    Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
    Sometimes by the hearts unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
    But whatever is — is best.

I know there are no errors
    In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
    For the final good of man;
And I know as my soul speeds onward
    In its grand Eternal quest
I shall say as I look back earthward,
    Whatever is —— is best.

Dear Cousins:

More pages for "Our Book". Please note: These pages have closed slots instead of the open slots, as you have been receiving. To insert your new pages:— Place your book face down with the plastic binder on your right. Open the back cover to page 109. Lay the new pages opposite this page and starting at the bottom pull out one prong from the binder and re-insert it through the slots of the new material and then back through the pages that it came out of. Repeat one prong at a time. You will find it very easy to do.

The special message from our President, Cousin Irvin is directed to all PRITZKER COUSINS of all branches of our family tree. We hope the opportunity will present itself for many of you to visit us.

We have a fine letter from my Cousin Hilda Samler, plus another poetic gem for our collection.

Cousin Herbert's eye-witness account of his own wedding is a masterpiece.—It gives us a "You were there" version.

Cousin Abe Frank's article "I Married A Pritzker" is outstanding in painting a word picture of events and memories:—never forgotten.

A letter from Cousin Harry Pritzker of Pasadena, Calif. is most heart-warming as well as informative.

We are happy to welcome he and his family into our cousins' fold.

My oldest grandson, Kenny, has also submitted an article which is most enjoyable.

There is much more material yet to be processed. We are making progress and will have your material printed as quickly as possible.

There are still many of you, whom we haven't heard from. So keep the material coming in. Write your article today.

Cordially,

Cousin Lee
10/61

A SPECIAL MESSAGE

TO COUSINS OF BRANCHES OF THE PRITZKER FAMILY TREE

Dear Cousins:

"Our Book", project has been the means of contacting many of you, and has enabled us to establish in which way we are related.

The many warm and complimentary letters, we have received from you, clearly indicates, that family kinship and togetherness is never forgotten and quickly can be rekindled.

We, Baltimore Pritzkers are real proud of our accomplishments--a very close family unity, which is the result of our Cousin's Club; a club that has been in existence for the past eleven years.

We are also delighted to have discovered so many more of our Pritzker cousins, and feel we would enjoy knowing all of you a bit better.

At our last family circle meeting, it was unanimously agreed that we Baltimore Pritzkers, extend to all Pritzkers of all branches an honorary membership in our club. We hope that many of you, from time to time, will visit with us and afford us the opportunity of getting better acquainted.

Our meetings are usually on the second Sunday of each month, and you can be assured the red carpet of welcome will be rolled out for you.

Hoping we may have the pleasure of seeing you soon.

Most cordially,

Cousin Irvin Pritzker,
President

COUSIN HILDA SAMLER WRITES

Hilda; (wife of Lee Samler, my cousin, who is the son of my mother's sister) sent us the following letter. Its pure sincerity is heartwarming. Also the poem, she included with her letter, has a philosophy in it, that makes it a fine addition to our collection of poetical gems.

2211 Crest Rd.
Balto. 9, Md.

Dear Lee & Shirley:

What a pleasant surprise it was to receive the lovely copy of "THE PRITZKERS" book, for which I truly thank you.

While I haven't quite finished it, I have read enough of it to know how much loving thought and effort must have gone into its compilation; Cousin Lee, for which I know you are responsible.

It makes me a little envious that the FRANKLIN CLAN has never seen fit to perpetuate the memories of their forebears, so that I, too could be a part of such a close-knit family.

Incidentally, the "Book", filled me with utter nostalgia for it could well have been entitled "THE ESTERSONS", (my family branch) for we lived in an era of warmth and hospitality, which has long since died, and which we shall never be privileged to see again.

By the way, the poem, "A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY" on page 43 is a great favorite of mine. I have been reciting it from memory for years. I am enclosing another of my favorites which I think you will enjoy.

I want to thank you again for sending us the book, for it has given us the opportunity of getting such a warm close-up of "THE PRITZKERS".

I know you are all proud of your accomplishment as to your "PRITZKERS CLUB", which has been the means of keeping the family so close together, and I, for one compliment all of you for what you have done.

The "Pritzker Book",--is a classic, that I and my family feel is a privilege to possess, and many of my friends and relatives who have seen it, have expressed the same thought.

In closing, Lee and I would like to wish you and yours, as well as all of the "Pritzkers" everywhere a healthy and happy New Year.

With love,

Hilda

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

The horse and mule live thirty years
And never hear of wine and beers

The sheep and goat at twenty die
Without a taste of scotch or rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is mostly done.

The dog at fifteen---cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.

In healthful milk---the kitten soaks
And then in twelve short years-she croaks

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for "nogs"-then dies at ten

But golly, we outlast them all
On coffee, tea or alcohol-.

Which proves it sure--
Can't hurt you none

To have yourself---a lot of fun.

A PRITZKER GETS MARRIED

Sunday--Aug. 13, 1961;--a gala day for cousins--Dave and Jeanne--their son Herbert's wedding day.

It was a real field day for "THE PRITZKERS". All of us were there, including out of town guests.

To say, Dave and Jeanne were proud and happy would be the understatement of the year;--actually they "Kwelled" (a Jewish idiom meaning--"Out in orbit"--"On cloud nine"--"Walking on air", or something like that.) and they rightfully had good reasons.

Herbert is a fine young man, and throughout the years has been a devoted son to his parents. He is a graduate of the University of Maryland, majored in Journalism and Public Relations. At present he is connected with one of our largest newspapers, the News Post.

He writes under his own byline and our Pritzker name is regularly seen in our daily paper.

Eileen, his bride is a lovely girl and is a graduate of State Teachers College. At present she is teaching at Pimlico Junior High School. They are a fine couple.

The wedding was a real family "get together" and a wonderful enjoyable time was had by all.

Cousin Herbert has written an eye-witness account of the affair, an affair all of us Pritzkers were proud to have been a part of.

TALE OF A PRITZKER WEDDING

I was the calmest groom in History!

Well, I was until I stepped unto the Beama and Rabbi Jacob Green said to me in an undertone:

"Herb, I told you I never lost a husband yet."

That finished me. I shaked, rattled and rolled. But I didn't waver. I stayed right there before all my cousins and stuck it out. What else could I do?

Our wedding set a precedent. It was called for 1:30 P.M. Sunday afternoon of August 13th and it started on the minute. Rabbi Green said it would never happen. I think we Pritzkers shook his faith in Jewish watches.

Eileen looked gorgeous walking down the aisle. She wore an organza and lace gown of waltz length and had all the radiance befitting a new bride.

She was attended by her cousin, Selma, and two of her friends, Harriet Weinstock and Mickie Katz.

But if a wedding belongs to the bride, Eileen had strong competition from my father. Dave was in all his glory that day; he had all the justifications for doing so. His youngest son was getting married; he was about to become a grandfather for the third time through the efforts of Martha and Irving (I need some time yet) and my mother made a complete recovery from her recent illness. A man need no greater justification for pride and thankfulness.

After the ceremony and a receiving line, that shortly turned into a mass of faces for Eileen and me, the Pritzkers went forth into the dining hall and to the food. "And it was written that they should eat."

And did they eat!

Turkey, knishes, pastries, nothing escaped the watchful eyes and the emaciated stomachs of the Pritzker clan. I can't really complain though, Eileen's side of the clan didn't do too badly either.

The wedding was set in a motif of aqua and white. I think all will agree the setting was beautiful. The old Alcazar really looked sharp that day.

We had one other blessing that day. The weather was with us. In all the excitement of changing from a house wedding to a hall, it seems the powers that be forgot to check on whether the Alcazar was air-conditioned. It wasn't. Well, we figured many didn't know that so the line was, "Well the Alcazar's air conditioning is broken and they hope to have it fixed in time for the wedding." Of course we never volunteered this information. Only when someone asked did we tell our little white lie.

It's hard to write about one's own wedding, if only because memories are lost to a state of semi-consciousness and partial excitement. The irony of the whole thing was, that Eileen and I were perfectly calm throughout all the planning. In fact, Eileen remained calm throughout the ceremony and had all she could do in holding me up. I hypnotized Selma because my hand was shaking so much and she never quite recovered until after the ceremony.

Another little incident of humor missed by those watching the ceremony took place when Eileen had to drink the wine. She simply can't drink and I said to the Rabbi:

"Just give her a sip. She can't stand any type of alcohol."

To which he replied:

"I'll bet you better keep quiet. I won't get her drunk. And if you don't keep quiet I think I'll pour the whole cup over your head!"

Me, I kept quiet. But the expression on Eileen's face when the Rabbi made her take a healthy sip was one that is indescribable. Even the Rabbi had to keep from smiling.

There were some other proud people at the wedding and no article would be complete without mentioning my mother. She had the same reasons for being proud as my father and just as much enthusiasm. My mother was as much in the

wedding as Eileen and I.

A few words should also be mentioned about Goldie, my mother-in-law. First of all, she is a disappointing mother-in-law in that she doesn't fit the stereotypes one expects. She has been wonderful to me and I am grateful for such a wonderful mother-in-law. And no one can take her glory away as she watched her only daughter get married.

Question: Do a bride and groom enjoy their wedding or are they too wrapped up in worrying about everything going right?

Answer: Eileen and I had a blast. After I calmed down it was full steam ahead--destination fun. Objective achieved.

When Eileen and I left for our honeymoon, we were met with a barrage of rice from our friends. They didn't stop there. We had rice in our suitcases, in our clothes, and throughout the car. In fact, a month later we were still picking rice out of our pockets. It makes a wonderful mess and a lot of fun.

In retrospect, the wedding was a good show--to borrow a phrase from the British--and Eileen and I were happy everyone enjoyed themselves. So we thank all the Pritzkers for giving us a memorable wedding.

Cousin Herb

I MARRIED A PRITZKER

I have been a part of the Pritzker family for so many years that it seems I have been born a Pritzker instead of married to one.

It all started, when I met Miriam Pritzker, daughter of Ezrael and Anna Pritzker, the fourth child of a family of nine. She was ten years of age and to me, a man of the world, (aged 12), she was the prettiest and most outstanding of all women I had ever known. Although many years have elapsed since that time, my feelings towards her have never changed.

Two years after our meeting we began going "steady", and from then on it seemed I made the Pritzker home, my second home.--And what a home. The noise of many children, the energy and excitement of youth, the constant going and coming of people, many of them total strangers, together with the many neighborhood children, made Grand Central Station seem like a deserted area.

The Pritzkers lived at 149 N. Exeter St. at that time, and I remember so well the white marble steps where Miriam and I would sit and talk for hours.

Her brothers as well as their friends used to rib me and kid me about the clothes I wore. I thought I was quite the "Beau Brummel",--long black stockings, high button shoes, knickers going over the knee, a white shirt and tie, and a snappy brimmed cap. Miriam objected to this cap and since I was always the "boss", I stopped wearing it;--only to keep her happy. Somehow it seems that Miriam still has a way of getting me to agree with her every time.

I endured a great deal of ribbing from her brothers; but when a man is in love, he can endure anything and I was no exception.

It didn't take long for her brothers to realize my weakness; and before long it was always, "Let Abe do it", and Abe did. As the years went on I always was called on, and actually did enjoy doing the so many things for the Pritzker family.

I was rather athletically inclined and proficient in all types of sports. Although modesty forbids it;—I was considered quite good. I participated in major sports such as football, baseball and basketball and many times on a semi-professional level. Miriam would always bring a crowd of her girl friends to the games and would really be quite the cheer leader. Knowing she was there gave me a feeling of superiority which many times resulted in outstanding plays on my part as well as the part of my teammates.

As I have stated before, the Exeter St. house was always filled with people. With 3 daughters, together with a large parlor or den it really became a meeting place for various teen age groups. I met many boys and girls there, who today I recognize on the streets. Many times I have been stopped by a perfect stranger who would say to me, "Somehow I know you; didn't I meet you at the Pritzker's house on Exeter St. years ago?"

I remember Miriam's father so very well. My respect and admiration for him has never diminished. He was a quiet and dignified person. A man you respected at once. He was never prone to anger; always willing to be of help and service to anyone. The many visitors coming and going, seemed to make him happy,—happy in the knowledge that his home was a place where men and women and children liked to visit. He never condoned or disapproved the so many guests and crowds always present.

He loved organization work and played a very important role in the organization of the Brith Sholem Lodge. He also participated in the labor movement, taking an active part and constantly seeking to find ways and means of improving the working conditions in the garment field, of his fellow workers. Through his tireless efforts many improvements and fringe benefits were brought about. The name of Pritzker, throughout this type of movement was well known and respected.

Mother Pritzker, who was always a dynamo of energy, was never happy unless she was surrounded by people. I always did say, put her on a desert island and I guarantee she would find a crowd of people somewhere, somehow. Besides raising 9 children of her own, she always had the neighbors children in, feeding or taking care of them, as if they were her own. She was doctor, lawyer

and confidante and whatever else, when needed. Our modern radar system has nothing on her. She was chief of communications. If one wanted information about anything, anywhere; she was the one that could get it for you. Believe it or not, because of her bad legs could actually forecast the weather as good as our present weather bureau.

One moment she could be surrounded by a group of friends, and up she would jump, throw her knitted shawl over her shoulders and off to someone's house would go;--perhaps to assist as midwife; or cook up her secret recipe of goose grease, camphor and onions for a neighbor's sick child; or go from house to house collecting pennies, nickles or dimes to raise a fund to pay someone's rent, or to buy food for some needy family. I could easily write page after page about "Anna Pritzker", and still I couldn't describe the marvelous woman that she was. A woman, who from the very first time I met her, until the time of her death never knew a day, that her legs did not ache and pain her,—but always was willing and eager to do more than her share of helping people to enjoy life a little bit better;—to bring whatever happiness into their lives that she could.

Looking back to the Pritzker family togetherness, it was so apparent that they knew, its meaning. Many a night when I would visit them, Father Pritzker would be sitting at the table playing chess with one of his sons or friends. Oftimes when a group of Russian immigrants would be visiting at their home, they would play a sort of Russian game of cards called Awky. They would sit for hours playing for matchsticks, since money was something no one seemed to have much of. Many times he would be seated, surrounded by his family and friends relating in such a fine way, stories of the old country, of the persecution of his people, and would always somehow wind up telling about the wonders of America and the unlimited possibilities it offered.

My romance with Miriam continued on all through our public and high school years. Years so full of wonderful and happy events:—Years of knowing the love of a wonderful girl:—of her wonderful parents, sisters, brothers and relatives.

The years passed and together she and I grew up into womanhood and manhood. On June 10, 1923, we were married, and now after 38 years of happy married life, although I have changed her name to "Frank", I still feel I am a "Pritzker";--for I feel such a closeness to the family. A family that has offered me such love and respect; a family that means so much to me. A family with memories I can never forget. Memories that are actually a part of my life.

Father Pritzker died in October 1926 after a long illness. An illness that caused him such terrible discomfort and such severe pain. Miriam seemed to develop a courage and strength far greater than I had ever known her to have. During his illness she devoted countless hours to help nurse him and attend his wants; to make his last days as comfortable as possible. His death was a terrible loss not only to the family, but also to his many--many friends.

In 1928 tragedy again struck the Pritzkers. Miriam's brother Morty died as a result of an automobile accident. His death had a very demoralizing effect on all of us. With the passing of Father Pritzker and now the death of Morty, the Pritzker household didn't seem the same.

It wasn't long afterwards that Lillian left for New York. She stayed for a while with Will and Betty (Miriam's brother and sister-in-law). Shortly afterwards Miriam and I also went to New York and later when Mother, Joe and Alan moved to New York, we all shared an apartment on 179th St. When the George Washington Bridge was started about 2 years later, we had to move and we secured a nice apartment on 189th St. where we stayed for about 6 years.

Time is a great healer;--soon we adjusted ourselves to our new environment and began building a new life.

With most of her children with her again, Mother Pritzker became somewhat her old self again, and again our home knew the meaning of happiness.

After a while Lillian, Joe and Alan married and moved into their own apartments; so Miriam and I took an apartment on Wadsworth Terrace. Although we prevailed on Mother to stay with us, she insisted she

wished her own apartment. She wanted to be on her own and manage her own household. She rather enjoyed living alone. We found her a nice place on W. 190th St., close by to our home, and she was happy with the knowledge that she was capable of being on her own.

She was never wanting for company, and even our friends would visit her quite often. She was loved by all.

Dave and Jean and their family would visit her, as well as Shirley, Lee and their children, and Gertie and Nathan. The B & O Railroad would run special excursions from Balto. to New York and many a Sunday Shirley's brother Elmer would come up to see Mother. She was very fond of him and as a matter of fact we all were. He was such a jovial, happy young man, and mother and he would sit and talk for hours on end.

The Pritzker cousins also were constant visitors and I don't know of many weekends that company from somewhere weren't stopping at West 190th St.

There are so many memories of Mother Pritzker, however space alone would prohibit writing about all of them.-- The one outstanding for our records is similar to what Nicholas Pritzker wrote about his mother,--"She is the most essential member of the family:--It is she, who somehow makes the home a "Home" and keeps the family together."

One of the many events that stand out in my memory are the visits of Lee, Shirley and their children. One day they pulled up in front of Mother's house. Lee had baked an enormous chocolate cake with fancy icing and the words Pritzker on top of it. I don't remember the occasion but I still remember the wonderful taste of that cake. It seems like Miriam's brother was experimenting with the cooking art and was proving his ability in the culinary field:--Even today his hams and turkeys are mouth watering treats fit for the most fastidious gourmet.

I think this is as good a place as any to bring out somethings about Miriam's brother Lee and our sister-in-law Shirley. During the early years of their marriage, they knew the meaning of hardship and struggle. However with a perserverance and determination on both their

parts, they proved that a goal can be accomplished if fortitude and sacrifice are adhered to. I know of no finer compliment I can offer to both of them, but to simply say:--"We all are proud and happy as to what you both have accomplished." Lee and Shirley throughout the years have always stood ready and willing to offer a helping hand whenever called upon, and believe me no one knows this better than Miriam and myself.

Lee has inherited a good deal of his father's traits, particularly the love of organization. It seems he is always coming up with ideas and suggestions that keeps our family together. Shirley, whom I and Miriam consider a sister rather than a sister-in-law, wears her heart on her sleeve. She is always there, ready to uphold the Pritzker togetherness and help out in so many ways.

I became very ill during the winter of 1945 and developed a severe case of pneumonia, which left me in a weakened condition. My doctor advised me against working the long hours at night that I had been doing. Again it was Lee and Shirley that convinced Miriam and myself to return to Baltimore. Not only did Lee offer me a position in his company, but Shirley also offered Miriam and myself the use of their home during the time of our re-adjustment here in Baltimore.

We stayed with them for about six or seven weeks and then moved into a very nice apartment on Leighton Drive.

During our stay with Lee and Shirley, I recuperated rapidly and it wasn't long that I completely recovered.

The cordial and heartwarming way Lee, Shirley and their children, Myra and Russ, treated us is one thing Miriam and I have never forgotten.

Shortly afterward Mother decided to return to Baltimore, and we secured for her an apartment on Park Heights Ave. She still insisted on living alone. It didn't take her very long to renew her friends and acquaintances and become a Baltimorean again.

The next four years passed rather quickly. Family ties were re-established again. The Pritzker cousins visited Mother quite often and as usual Mother's apart-

nent was again the meeting place of many—many people. She was a woman people loved to visit. Her legs were becoming progressively worse, but with the aid of a cane that she called "Johnny" she somehow managed to get around and visit her friends.

About the early part of 1950, Mother Pritzker began to fail. Her doctor sent her to the Church Home Hospital, where off and on she spent four months there.

During her stay her warm personality, again was so apparent. Every nurse, doctor and even many of the patients were constant visitors to her room. When she felt a bit better and was permitted to leave her bed, she would visit other patients throughout the hospital and in spite of her severe pains would somehow radiate a warmth of personality that seemed to help them.

I remember the 75th birthday party we gave her at the hospital. Birthdays were very important to Mother Pritzker. She loved to receive birthday cards and would never forget any of our birthdays. Miriam and I still have many of the personalized birthday letters she sent us. These we cherish as heirlooms.

Shirley baked a cake and Miriam furnished the ice cream. All of the nurses at the hospital came in and it was quite a party.

As she lay in her bed, surrounded by all of her visitors, Mother Pritzker looked so radiant and happy and somehow I felt that she knew this was to be her last birthday party.

A few weeks later we were informed that there wasn't any hope for her recovery and we were to take her home. I know she was aware of her condition, and when we came to take her home from the hospital, she had contrived somehow to have a sign painted that she had put on the wall:--it read "Annie doesn't live here any more."

During the trying time of her illness, all of her children did everything possible to be of help to her. Miriam and Shirley spent countless hours at the hospital as well as at her home. Many a day actually working around the clock, doing everything humanly possible to make her last days as comfortable and pleasant as they

could. During her last few days, during her semi-conscious condition, I know she sensed their presence and seemed so grateful and pleased that they were there. Anna Pritzker passed away on August 11, 1951.--A woman I loved, admired and whom I will never forget.

The years continued to pass on one by one. Miriam's brothers and sisters are rather dispersed. Her brother Will lives in New York with his family and has been connected with the Dept. of Internal Revenue in New York for many years. He is well known for his work in this field. Her brother Alan lives in Long Island with his family and is in the machine tool business. Her brother Joe lives in Los Angeles with his family and is in the printing and advertising business. Sister Gertrude, who is married to Nathan Franklin, lives in Washington, D. C. and Nathan is in the music business. Sister Lillian, who is married to Nils Krupp, lives in Coral Gables, Florida. They have a men's haberdashery store at the Miami National Airport. Her brother Lee is president of the Lasting Products Company of Balto. and both Dave and myself have positions of executive capacity with the company. Miriam devotes much of her time as a volunteer worker at the Sinai Hospital where she has worked for the past 14 years. She is a volunteer nurses aide in the Pediatrics Dept., and has had many honors bestowed on her for her wonderful work. She now has three stripes and one bar and two pins, which means that she has given over 5000 hours of time in the service of young children.

Miriam is an exact counterpart of her mother. She loves to be around people, readily makes friends and doesn't know the meaning of being alone. She loves her work at the hospital and throughout the years has made so many friends of the parents of the children that she has cared for. I often tell her,--"You put me in mind of your Mother more every day."

Our Pritzkers Club, in which I had the honor of being President in 1959, has been the media of bringing the family very close. Today the Baltimore Pritzkers can boast of a closely knit kinship second to none. Our monthly meetings are looked forward to and they are really enjoyed.

"Our Pritzker Book" while far from being completed, has already proven a great success, and I know when completed will be a family heirloom that will be handed down to future generations. I don't know of any family that is as fortunate as the "Pritzkers" to come up with such a splendid and authentic record of their ancestors, their departed loved ones, and even records of themselves. Records that they can be proud of.

Yes, I married a Pritzker--and after 38 years of wonderful marital life not only do I realize what a wonderful life Miriam and I have had together, but also the knowledge of the splendid family the Pritzkers have been and still are.

Yes, I married a Pritzker:--a member of a family that has for centuries stood for family unity and family togetherness. Believing in the philosophy of helping their fellow man, and trying in whatever way they could or can, to make this a better world to live in. It makes me very happy and proud to know that I am a part of this fine and outstanding family.

Abe Frank
October 1961

A LETTER FROM HARRY PRITZKER

2265 Casa Grande
Pasadena, Calif.

Aug. 24, 1961

Mr. Lee Pritzker
7523 Slade Ave.
Pikesville 8, Md.

Dear Lee:

I was most happy to hear from another one of the many Pritzkers. It seems as even tho the name is such an unusual one there are a good number of us. I always seem to hear that people know of a Pritzker in that city and another one in another city. The funny thing tho is that even tho the name is getting more and more common why do we have to spell it out so many times. As far as I am concerned I never give my name without immediately spelling it out; P--for Peter etc., etc.

In my Youth I traveled to the East coast and I made it my business to look in each telephone book I came across for our family name. I used to find it ever so interesting. As I got older I guess I became too busy for that but I am glad that some of you people are doing it and I hope you will bring me up to date when you complete "Our Book".

When I lived in Chicago, about 15 years ago, the only other Pritzkers I knew were the Attorneys Pritzker. They consisted of Nicholas (father) Harry (oldest son) Abe (next son) and Jack (the youngest). At present I do not know if Nicholas or Harry are living. Nicholas had made a trip to Russia years ago and claimed that he traced our ancestry back but I never saw a report of same.

As you stated in your letter my father came from Kiev, Russia where he was born Dec. 15, 1878; he died July 21, 1935. He was a hard working honest and considerate person.

April 12, 1908 he married Ida Michelov who had come to this country also from a small "Giberney" near Kiev, Russia. Mother and dad were both light blond.

I, Harry was born on Jan. 26, 1909. My brother Max was born Dec. 9, 1911 and my sister Rochelle was born Nov. 3, 1916. We children were born in Chicago.

We Children of Samuel	Wife or Husband	Children	Birthdate or Age	Home Address
Harry	Adele	Burton S. Rochelle	6/28/41 1/12/45	2265 Casa Grande Pasadena, Cal.
Max	Marian	Steven Michael	22 years 19 years	6334 N. Sheridan Rd. Chicago 40, Illinois
Rochelle	Helmut Meyerbach	Raymond	18 years	7729 E. Eastlake Terr. Chicago, Ill.

When I was a youngster my father was instrumental in bringing my cousin Leo Pritzker from Russia. He lived in our apt. for a while. Eventually he moved and settled in St. Paul. I haven't seen or heard from the St. Paul Pritzkers for a long time.

I remember meeting a Pritzker in New York City. He used to be associated with the Gillette Razor Blade Co. He then formed his own Razor Blade Co. in Long Island City. He lived on Central Park West and had a daughter.

I met some Pritzkers in Boston years ago.

Years ago a young lady, also a Pritzker, who was from Canada visited us in Chicago.

We became very friendly with a Pritzker family from Memphis, Tenn.

I understand that there are quite a few Pritzkers on the West Coast; some in Los Angeles who are in the shoe business. There are some in the San Bernardino area, which is about 50 miles from Los Angeles. I never did look any of them up.

In the East I ran into a family who shortened their name to PRITZ.

By the way we have good friends living in Baltimore by the name GERSON & SYLVIA MEYER, 2406 Willow Glen Drive, Baltimore 9, Md. If you know them please send them our love.

When I was rather young I recall my father writing and sending packages to his sister in Russia but I never knew them. I recall his saying that one of his sisters and her husband were school teachers in Kiev. I hope that I have been of some help to you. If you ever come to the West Coast look us up.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Pritzker

THE OLDEST GRANDSON WRITES

I was born on Dec. 25, 1950, in the City of Baltimore which is about thirty-five miles from Washington, D. C.

I have one sister, Robin, who was born in 1957.

My parents are Sidney (Buzzy) and Myra Shane. My mother was a Pritzker. She is the daughter of Lee and Shirley Pritzker, my grandparents, and I am their oldest grandchild.

My mother has one brother, my Uncle Russ. He is married to my Aunt Sevelyn, her name was Baron. She is real nice. They have four children. Craig is the youngest, he is four, Holly is six, Guy is seven and a half, and Susie is nine. They are real nice cousins.

My grandmother Shirley is real pretty and that is why my mother is real pretty.

Because I am the oldest grandchild I have special privileges:--Such as sleeping over their house whenever I want and other special things. I really like to sleep over--it is real fun.

My grandfather Lee, I call him Pop-Pop, is real smart. He knows everything. That is almost everything. He isn't too good on sports. He is writing about his ancestors. I asked him if any of his relatives were professional baseball or football players and he said no. It sure would have been nice, if a fellow could brag to his friends that there were a "pro" in the family.

My Uncle Abe, he married Pop-pop's sister, Miriam, used to play semi-pro baseball. He is real smart in sports. He and I go to the baseball games often. He knows all the players and knows more about the game than the coach does. I betcha he is smarter than Casey Stengel or Paul Richards.

I am supposed to write about the Pritzker Cousins.

Well for one thing when they have their meeting at my house, boy--are they noisy. My mother says, they are having a good time, but they still sound noisy to me.

Pop-pop told me, we have cousins of my age all over the country and that I should suggest that we exchange letters. So if any of you want to write me a letter, I will write you one.

I guess this about finishes my article. The Orioles are playing the Yankees to-nite at the Stadium and Uncle Abe is taking me to the game;—and Pop-pop says if I don't write something for "The Book", I don't go.--So I hope this article is O.K.--Also I hope we beat the Yankees tonite.

Kenneth (Kenny) Shane
5601 Northgreen Rd.
Baltimore 9, Md.

Sept. 21, 1961

WHAT IS A BOY

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second, of every minute, of every hour, of every day, and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and we pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to.

Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them.

A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pockets.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite;—he has the appetite of a horse, the disposition of a sword-swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late for supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, three feet of string, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance and things you never saw before.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. He is just a freckle-face, pint

sized, cat-chasing bundle of noise.

But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words: "Hi Dad!"

WHAT IS A GIRL

Little girls are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a bit of angel-shine about them, and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough to lasso your heart—even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears or parading up the street in Mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around and stomp, and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet when you open your mouth, she stands there demure with that special look in her eyes. A little girl is Innocence playing in the mud, Beauty standing on its head, and Motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

Little girls are available in five colors:—black, white, red, yellow or brown, yet Mother Nature always manages to select your favorite color when you place your order. They disprove the law of supply and demand—there are millions of little girls, but each is as precious as rubies.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a kitten, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, and to top it all off he adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, make believe, coloring books, tea parties and mother's clothes. She is loudest when you are thinking, the prettiest when she provoked you, the busiest at bedtime, the quietest when you want her to show off and the most flirtatious when she absolutely must not get the best of you again.

Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment and genuine delight than this combination of Eve, Salome, and Florence Nightingale?

She can muss up your home, your hair and your dignity—spend your money, your time and your temper—then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peaks thru and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-wracking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess--when it seems you are pretty much of a fool after all--She can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

Dear Cousins:-

More interesting pages for "Our Book".

We have articles and letters from New York, St. Paul and Canada.

Cousin Gail of Long Island, New York, who incidentally is my "favorite niece", tells us about her "DAD". Gail is married to Paul Le Noble and they have two wonderful children;-Peter age five and Wendy-age two. I am certain you will enjoy her article.

From St. Paul comes a letter and article from Cousin Felicia. We are happy to welcome she and her husband Leon and their two fine children, Stephen and Jeffrey to our Pritzker Cousins, hope their future will be one of happiness, peace and security. I mention this in view of the story she sent in. Her story will certainly give you, "food for thought".

From Canada, we hear from our Cousin Lee, and again we extend a most cordial welcome to he and his sister Jennie; as well as all the Canadian cousins whose names he sent in. I have prepared a brief commentary which follows his letter as well as a directory.

Due to the pressure of business, this will probably be the last mailing you will receive this year. However there are still many more pages yet to be added to "Our Book", so we should be back on the job, in the early part of February 1962.

Now Cousins:-I have a special favor to ask, especially of you out of town cousins.

Everyone likes a word of praise, a pat on the back or some sign of recognition for work or effort performed:-I am no exception! While it is true that I have put a good deal of time and energy into our book project, it is something I have enjoyed doing and am thankful and grateful to many of you cousins for your help and cooperation.

However there are some of you cousins, to whom books, as well as additional pages, were sent, who have never acknowledged receipt of the Book or even offered

one word of comment.—This of course puts a doubt in my mind as to the value to you of "Our Project"; also whether or not to continue mailing you more data from time to time. I hope I am mistaken, that "lack of interest" is the basic reason for your silence. Why not let me know just what you think of "Our Book", and whether or not you wish to remain on our mailing list? I would certainly appreciate your comments as well as your criticisms. Why not write me today?

Cordially,

Cousin Lee
11-61

WILLIAM P. PRITZKER

MY FATHER

I have been asked to write a little article about my father and find it isn't as easy to do as I thought. You see after I use the adjectives, handsome, witty, brilliant, intelligent and somewhat talented, I have nothing more to say except, "That's my dad".

My father is the second born son of Anna and Ezrael Pritzker (the Baltimore Pritzkers). He has always been known as the "Quiet One" and justly so. Coming from a home where there were many children, amongst them Aunt's Mimi, Gerty and Billie he couldn't get a word in even if he wanted too.

As a youth, Dad used to start his day by getting up before six to deliver meat orders and then to work and from there to sell papers and then on to school at night, he would finally return to his third floor bedroom to study and find a little solitude. Did he find it? I honestly don't know. But between you and me I doubt it.

As time went on Dad met and married my mother a lovely English gal from Leeds, and they first settled in Texas. Dad was working for the Federal Government and this is where they sent him. While in Texas to took his C.P.A. exams and in those days it wasn't easy for a Jewish boy to get his degree. But Dad got his first time around. This was his second C.P.A. degree, the first one he received in Baltimore.

Then they were sent to New York, where after a few years I Gail Lydia Pritzker came into the world. I was told that when he saw me he said "Gail, you will either be a genius or a faker". I did not turn out to be either. "So there daddy, I am even with you". You know that's a heck of a way to greet your daughter the first time that you see her. I was also told about the story that when I was brought home from the hospital, Uncle Abe came over to see me and my father made him go home and put on white pants, so as not to contaminate his little girl. Guess what! Uncle Abe did it.

I cannot recall anything from that time until I was a fairly big girl, but I always knew Dad was "Master of the House" and the best father a girl could have.

I remember the times mother would get so exasperated with me and believe me it was warranted, daddy would look at me and say to mother "Oh leave the poor child alone".

I remember the times we would go to see Grandma and we would all go out to dinner. Daddy would always park the car some distance from grandma's house, so she would have a walk to the car. Mother used to get so angry at him and he would say "Betty she can walk better than I". In dad's way he was helping her. It got to be a standing joke between dad and Grandma.

I remember the times my father would permit Aunt Mimi to take me out for the day. (Before I go on dear cousins, I want you to know that this event occured only once a year, you see daddy didn't want to share his little angel with anyone for fear something might happen to me) but I used to look forward to this as we always had a ball. We were so silly together. In fact even to this day when we see each other we are just like little kids. I remember when Aunt Mimi and Uncle Abe used to come to our house and Aunt Mimi would always have a new hat and when it was time for them to leave she could never find her hat. You see daddy used to hid it on top of the light fixture in the bedroom.

You know as I recall these little stories it seems that they only happened yesterday and here I am all grown up and married to a wonderful man (who if I must say so myself is a lot like dad) and the mother of two fine children. My husband Paul said "I cannot call him my father-in-law, I must call him father". It is a wonderful thing when a person can have two fathers one by blood and the other by marriage and to love and admire them both. I am indeed a very lucky girl.

I would like to quote you something from a letter Paul and I received when we were married. This was writtened to us by a friend of dad's, it said: "Dear Gail and Paul, I have had the Honor and Pleasure of knowing your father for so many years". To me

these two words Honor and Pleasure are the greatest tribute I can pay to my father and of course I must put the word love in. If you will excuse the old cliche, to know him is to love him.

I am proud to say: I am the daughter of William P. Pritzker.

Gail Pritzker Le Noble

ANOTHER ST. PAUL COUSIN WRITES

The letter and material that follows is from Cousin Felicia of St. Paul. Her Mother, Rachel, was a sister of Leo Pritzker (see the St. Paul Pritzkers chart).

I am sure that after reading the article, all of you will agree that the tragedy that befell our Cousin, as well as the millions of other men, women and children, less than seventeen years ago, is almost unbelievable to we, who have never been exposed to conditions of that kind. Yet, with such an eyewitness accounting of actual facts, we American born; must realize why we should be so thankful and grateful for what this country has offered us.

Rachel Miriam Karo (born Pritzker) may lie in an unknown and unmarked grave, but we Pritzkers from now on will remember, respect and honor her memory;-recognizing her as a woman of courage and valor--a woman who in spite of exposure to cruelty beyond description, never faltered from her beliefs and convictions; whose last thoughts were only for the safety of her daughter. Yes--Rachel Miriam, daughter of Nathan and Hayah Pritzker truly deserves a place of honor in "Our Pritzker Book", "May she rest in peace!"

St. Paul, Minn.

Oct. 6, 1961

Dear Mr. Pritzker:

I have read the family book of the Pritzkers. I think it is a wonderful project and wish to add my mother's and my story to it.

You'll find them both in this envelope. Kindly print Rachel's story first, then "The Survivor" second. I wrote as briefly and clearly as possible.

My St. Paul cousins will write to you soon. I am sure they wish to give you more information about their father and themselves. Leo is my uncle, my mother was his only sister.

As far as I know, my sister in Russia and I, are the only relatives left.

Best wishes to you and your family. A "Shonah Tovah" to all Pritzkers everywhere.

Sincerely yours,

Felicia Weingarten

"IN MEMORY OF RACHEL MIRIAM KARO, BORN PRITZKER"

Rachel Miriam Pritzker was born in Beloya Cerkov (near Kiev) Russia in 1896. She was the second child born to Nathan and Hayah Pritzker, their firstborn being Liebe or Leo, who came to the U. S. A. as a young man settling in St. Paul, Minn.

Rachel and her mother left Russia and settled in Lodz, Poland. Rochele or Manya, as she was called in Poland, was a skinny little girl who grew up to be a nice looking, tall girl. In her late teens she met and fell in love with a young zionist, Mozes Karo. They were married in 1916; their first child Bella was born in 1917; a son Josef was born in 1921; and a daugther Felicia was born in 1926.

Rachel's married life was a happy one, as Mozes was a good husband and father, as well as a good provider. She was well known for her kindness, goodness and excellent common sense. She was very respected by her many friends and neighbors, Jew and Gentile alike, for her decency and readiness to help at all times. In 1930 her son Yosele, a handsome, bright boy, was killed in a street car accident, during the Rosh-Hashanah holiday. Rachel never fully recovered from the tragedy. She lost most of her vivacity and a good deal of health. Dutifully she continued her work as wife and mother, but in her heart she mourned Yosele.

Rachel and her husband were fully aware of the swift rise to power of Nazi Germany, during the years preceding the outbreak of World War II. They were also aware of the dangerous spot their small country was in. They often discussed the world situation, politics and the fate of European Jewry in case of war. The discussions at Rachel's dining room table were lively and interesting, the food was good, the prospect of emigration very frightening. In the end, Rachel and Mozes decided to cast their lot with the rest of Polish Jewry a mistake for which they paid with their lives.

In late fall of 1939 Poland was already occupied by the Germans. Rachel's world fell apart quickly, disaster and tragedy became the Jew's daily diet. Her daughter Bella went ahead with her plans of marriage to her sweetheart of many years. She and her young husband

joined many other people in fleeing to the Russian occupied territory where the escapees were given asylum. The couple disappeared in Russia for 20 years—not heard from until 1960 when Bella located her sister in the U.S. through the Red Cross. Rachel's husband was arrested by Gestapo together with many of the city's "intelligentsia". He spent almost three months in prisons and several weeks in a hospital where he recuperated from the effects of imprisonment.

In the beginning of the year 1940, Rachel and her small family, together with all of Lodz's Jewish population, were driven into an area in the city's slums. German guards and barbed wire surrounded the entire district. There followed 4½ years of labor for the Germans. They were years of hunger, cold and constant fear for life in the Ghetto-(Litzmannstadt-Ghetto). Throughout that time Rachel remained the same kind, unselfish person, the same devoted mother and wife she always was; she continued to believe in God, hoping with all her heart that he would save the pitiful remnant of Jews and her two loved ones from annihilation. Her hopes were shattered. The Ghetto was liquidated in August and Sept. 1944. Everyone was shipped to Camp Auschwitz, a huge concentration camp on the Polish-German border.

Rachel was separated from her husband. She never saw him again. He died from exhaustion and malnutrition in Dachau concentration camp in Jan. 1945.

During the five nightmarish days she and her daughter spent in Auschwitz she was a tower of strength and kindness to all the young women around her, as she was one of the very few women in their late 40's allowed to live.

She was sent on deeper into Germany to a smaller concentration camp, transferred again. All this time she was living at a subhuman level, driven to hard work by force, starved and abused. Her health and spiritual resistance broke down. Although only 48 years old, she looked a broken old woman.

In February of 1945 she was sent to the north of Germany to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. In this

God forsaken place;-filthy, crowded, crawling with vermin, she became ill of typhoid fever. She lay on the bare floor unconscious for many days, speaking just once to her daughter Felicia, who lay ill at her side. She said "I am dying, you are young, you live! Go to Uncle Leo in America". She cried once in a terrible voice "Shma Israel", soon was absolutely quiet. One day in the beginning of March 1945 she was dead. Her body was dragged between the barracks and tossed into a large open trench.

She is buried there with thousands of other women, nameless, in a huge mass grave.=She was my mother!

THE SURVIVOR

Freedom came on April 15, 1945, just three days after my 19th birthday. My severe case of typhoid fever combined with acute malnutrition made me a normally healthy and strong girl, a virtual skeleton. I was too weak to move more than a few steps, my clothes crawled with lice. My appearance was more of a wild thing than a human being. My feelings were numbed; I did not feel hunger or pain. I was beaten once severely and did not feel it. I was indifferent to my suffering and that of others. I had lost hope and with it most of my humanity. The world seemed to me a vast and empty space. There was an empty hollow feeling inside of me; I had survived because I wanted to live and now I wished I were dead.

I regained strength slowly but surely. I knew life lay ahead of me and yet, I found little joy in living. As soon as I could, I started searching for my father's brothers and their families. They were a very large and loving family and our ties were strong. None of them, not even one, survived!

My father died in Dachau. His death did not come as a shock to me. In my heart, I knew that a 52 year old intellectual did not have a chance in a German concentration camp. He was my friend, as well as a wonderful father. He was a man of great honesty and integrity; a man sought out for advice and help by many in Lodz and the Ghetto. He was an ardent Zionist, a

member of the Organization's Board for many years, a leader of a Kibbutz, an active member of several charitable organizations and a loyal, good citizen.

My only sister Bella, and her husband Rachmil, were lost to me. I inquired through many Bureaus and means of information but could not trace them at all. It was as if they had never existed. Last year, after twenty years of silence, Bella found me here in St. Paul, through the German and Soviet Red Cross. She, her husband, and their daughter are in Siberia, and I don't know if we will ever see each other again. They have suffered much; that much I know.

I lived in several Displaced Persons Camps. I was restless and lonely, and I moved from place to place. In this way, I missed meeting my cousin Edward Pritzker who came to see me in Frankfort, Germany while I was away in Bavaria. When I got back and found out about his visit, I was absolutely miserable. He left his military address, as he was still in the Army, but the thoughtless girls in the office where I worked had misplaced it. I didn't meet him until I came to the United States.

In the meantime, I conducted a lively correspondence with my Uncle, Auntie and cousins in St. Paul. They did everything possible to enable me to come to them; however, the waiting period for a visa under the Polish quota was a long one. Finally, through Leo's and my future husband's efforts and some help from the United States State Dept., I came to New York on April 8, 1948.

My husband, then my dear friend, fellow inmate of the concentration camps, and a "landsman", came to the airport. I spent four wonderful days in his company in New York. I met his uncle and family who live in Brooklyn and Long Island. I took the train to St. Paul as I was thoroughly sick of planes. My Auntie Frieda or Frances, Uncle Leo and all my cousins received me kindly and warmly. They took me into their home and made room for me in the family circle. It took me some time to fit in though. I had to adjust to being a member of a family again. I had to become used to many customs and ways of life. I tried hard to understand and to be understood, and I mean much more than just my halting English.

I was married to Leon in September of 1948 in the

city of New York where we lived for the next two years. We both worked hard and saved all that we could. We had a great deal of fun though. There were many Europeans in the city and many friends. We were all beginning a new life together. My husband and I moved to St. Paul, Minnesota in 1950. Our son, Stephen, was born here in 1952. Jeffrey followed in 1956. They are both nice bright kids, sweet and loving, often naughty as all little boys are. They are very much American. Stephen knows a little of Leon's and my former life. Eventually I shall tell him all, but he is too young yet. So far I haven't the heart to tell my darling boy that people can be so terribly cruel.

Leon manages a liquor store in the city. We live modestly but very comfortably. We both hope that our boys and everyone's children too, will live in a peaceful world. We pray with all our hearts that God will spare them the pain we have known.

Felicia Weingarten (Karo)
852 Kenneth St.
St. Paul, Minnesota

A CANADIAN PRITZKER COUSIN WRITES

October 15, 1961

Mr. Lee Pritzker
Lasting Products Co.,
200 So. Franklintown Rd.,
Baltimore 23, Md., USA

Dear Lee,-

As a bookseller I am naturally curious to know what type of genealogy you are writing. One is a compilation of names-family heads with their issue underneath, the other kind is a history of the family by means of a collection of sketches of individuals and families. Most lives past fifty have achieved a bit of glory. This makes the better book but its production is a long and laborious procedure. One way of getting at the essential biographical details is to have two persons write the sketch-the sketched and a relative. The psychologists tell us that we have at least eight distinctly different personalities. It could be that when I sit down to compose a biographical account of myself that the modest me (generally absent) may be on duty that particular moment. Result-no self-glorification, that is, no interesting or really accurate sketch. A family history is much concerned with the glory peaks of its members.

I have travelled a good deal in Europe and Canada-spent an afternoon at the home of George Bernard Shaw met other famous people such as John Strachey onetime minister of war of Great Britain. My travel diaries are readily available-the account would occupy half your book. However I know that at the time of writing Mr. Modest would be pitching that day.

In giving you the above brief insight into the past, I feel as if I have violated some rule of ethics. I present this illustration to indicate the need of two-pen authorship of individual sketches. I will add one more touch of self-glorification before dealing with other matters. As a bookseller I am naturally a book collector. My favorite shelf is the one that contains books inscribed to my by the authors. One of these

books contains the inscription,-

"To Lee Pritzker
First Shavian Missionary in Canada
From G. Bernard Shaw"

A few years ago a friend Bill King met a Lee Pritzker in a plant in Toronto. Here is the story Bill King told me: This Mr. Pritzker gave an account of the Pritzker family from 1800 years ago. He was an electrical engineer as were his father, grandfather and great-grandfather. The great-grandfather arrived in West Point, New York about 120 years ago.

Sister Jennies tells me there are Pritzkers in Cleveland and Montreal and I know that Pritzkers live in Milwaukee. There was an uncle Pritz who owned a department store in Astoria, Long Island (brother Charles knows more about him than I do). And about three years ago I received a notice about a Mrs. Pritzker giving a lecture in Miami Beach on vegetarianism.

About twenty years ago a Mr. Gamuchian visited me at some hotel in New York City. I knew Gamuchian in Paris where he owned a book business specializing in the rarest-incunabula, etc. Two days before the German army entered Paris he ran for his life leaving and losing all his wealth. Whilst we were conjecturing on the possible fate of a mutual friend in France, the man who started me in the rare book field, a client arrived at the hotel. This was a prominent refugee bookseller from Vienna. It was like Sherlock Holmes suddenly pouncing on his quarry. The Parisian had hunted far and wide in Europe for the Viennese. At last they met in my hotel room. The Viennese told me that he knew of a Pritzker family in Frankfort, Germany. They were publishers of Protestant theological books.

Two more thoughts came to me in the glorification dept. About a month ago the new civic square in Toronto was named Nathan Phillips Square in honour of the present mayor of Toronto. Mayor Nate and brother Charles have been buddies since youth. When they were young men they shared the same office. And last year Dr. Harold G. Pritzker was President of the Academy of Medicine, Toronto, a city noted for producing men like Osler and Banting.

When your book is published remind me to send you a list of libraries that specialize in genealogies. Also someone told me that a few years ago a Pritzker achieved the highest marks at the Annapolis Naval Academy in the history of the institution.

Sister Jennie has compiled the enclosed lists of our Canadian clan.

All the best.

Yours ever

Lee
Lee Pritzker

Lee Pritzker
125 Ringwood Rd.
Oakville, Ont., Canada

INFORMATION OF OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

The Canadian Branch of the Pritzkers began their direct ancestry from the marriage of Folick Pritzker and Hannah Cohen in Russia sometime about the year 1886-1887.

They had seven children; four daughters and three sons. Asher was the first born followed by Rose, Charles, Sarah, Lee, Jennie and Sylvia.

Sylvia is married to Leon van Leeuwen. They have two sons--Philip and Victor. They live in Huntsville, Alabama.

Jennie and Lee live in Oakville, Ontario, Canada. Lee is an outstanding authority on rare books as well as a valuator and art broker. His article that he sent in is rather modest as to his accomplishments. I have it on good authority, he is world renown, well known and respected in his particular field of specialization.

Sarah married Abraham Zlotnik (of blessed memory) and has three children--Sidney, Dorothy and Harold. She has remarried and is now Sarah Osovsky and resides in Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Sidney is married to Frances Johnston and they have two children, Michael and Josephine. He is an insurance broker and lives in Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Dorothy is married to Harold Finn and resides in Beverly Hills, California. They have two daughters, Katherine and Adrienne. Adrienne is married to Norman Harris and lives in Kodiak, Alaska.

Harold is married to Nancy Louise Scales and they have seven children:--Martin (Martin is quite a golfer. He attends amateur tournanments and brings home the trophies. He is an excellent student as well as excelling in sports.), Lynne, Rae, Mark, Lee, Sandra and Gary. Harold is in the insurance business and they live in Vancouver, B. C.

Charles Pritzker is well known to us. He was one of the first to offer his help and cooperation. He married Rose Goldsmith (of blessed memory) and lives in New York City. He has three daughters--Ruth, Maxine and Sue.

Ruth is married to Stanley B. Frank; well known professional writer and author. They live in New York and have three daughters--Joel Lorna, Priscilla and Nancy.

Maxine is married to Leonard Lickson, an insurance broker, and they have two sons--Charles P. and Jeffrey. They live in Stamford, Conn.

Sue is married to Dr. Malcolm Boshnack, a noted ear, nose and throat specialist. They have five children:--Michael, Andrea, James, Brian, and Nicholas. They live in Stamford, Conn.

Rose Pritzker married Maxwell Berk and had five children:--Julius, Roy, Freda, Ruth and Marie. Both Rose and Julius have passed away.

Roy was married to Freda Waxer and they had two daughters--Relinda and Enid. Roy is now married to Ruth Edith Montgomery and they live in Toronto, Canada. Ruth is married to George S. Eberdt. They reside in Miami City, Florida. Marie is married to Theodore Schwartz. She has one son Robert Julian Spiegal by a former marriage. They live in Downsview, Ontario.

Asher (of blessed memory) married Bertha Goldsmith and had three sons--Harold, Louis and Maxwell. (Note: Charles' wife and Asher's were sisters.)

Harold is married to Oda King and they have two sons--Kenneth and Robert. Harold is a pathologist on the staff of the new Mt. Sinai Hospital in Toronto. He worked at the Banting Institute and in 1960 was president of the Academy of Medicine in Toronto.

Louis is married to Anne Baker and is a chemical engineer. Maxwell is married to the former Maya Nielander and is a mechanical engineer. Both families live in Toronto, Canada.

From the above it is quite obvious that the Pritzkers are well represented in Canada and are known for their work and endeavors.

We are grateful to Cousins Lee, Jennie and Charles for submitting a good deal of this information.

The following letter is from Dr. Harold Keyserling of New York.

The Doctor isn't a relative of ours and actually is a total stranger to me.

Some months back, he came to Baltimore to attend the funeral services of his cousin Dr. Levit (of blessed memory), who was a neighbor of Miriam and Abe.

They met him and somehow the subject of "Our Book" came up.

Since he showed such a great interest in it, I sent him a copy.

Their cousins family group is a rather large organization and is nation-wide:-Their name,="THE B'NAI MEYER LEVIT, INC.", with headquarters in New York City.

It is really interesting to learn what others think of "Our Book", and to feel that we are creating something that may be the inspiration for other family circles to do something similar:-

We thank Dr. Keyserling for his fine letter.

Cousin Lee
11/61

October 29, 1961

Mr. Lee Pritzker
7523 Slade Ave.
Baltimore 8, Md.

Dear Mr. Pritzker:

Please accept my profuse apologies for this long overdue letter of thanks. I was very busy trying to get away for a vacation, and have just returned to the city. As a matter of fact I phoned my cousin Ruth Levit and asked her to please call you and inform you that I would write as soon as I reached home. So, please accept now my most generous thanks and appreciation for the wonderful book you mailed me.

Yes, I thoroughly read "Our Book" and truly was fascinated by it. I have loaned the book to the matriarch of our group and she is studying it, in order to see if we can in a small way emulate your wonderful project. We realize that it is a prodigious task entailing much work and time and I know that we will have to settle for our Family Bulletin, which I understand Ruth Levit showed to you. Our next bulletin will be sent to you, for maybe you can get an idea or two.

On my next visit to Baltimore I shall make every effort to meet you in person. Again, my thanks for your interest, generosity and thoughtfulness.

My kindest personal regards to you.

Most sincerely,

Harold H. Keyserling

THE BOSTON PRITZKERS

The Boston Pritzkers (see charts) stem from two brothers - Philip and Boris, born 1810-1815 - sons of Lee or Leibe Pritzker.

Although Philip had a large family, at present our records only list one of his sons:—John or Yanah--born 1840-1845.

John Pritzker had six sons and two daughters - Lippe or Lippon (1860)—Fred or Folick (1868)--Aaron (1870) and Barnet - Motel - Joseph - Brina and Goldie. We do not have any records on the last five names.

Lippe's wife's name was Rachel and they had two sons - Isadore and Harry. At present our records on Harry are nil.

Isadore (of blessed memory) married Dorothy Wechsler in 1915. He passed away in 1930. They had four children: Herschel - Robert - Bernard and Birdie. Dorothy has never remarried and shortly after Isadore's death started a business which today still bears the original name she started with - The Sell-Rite Sales Co. located in Peoria, Illinois. Dorothy has now retired from the business world and at present lives in Brookline, Mass. Her daughter Birdie is married to David Rest - an engineer with the United Fruit Lines and they have two sons:—Ira and Richard. They also live in Brookline, Mass.

Herschel and Robert are in business together continuing the business their mother founded and both live in Peoria, Illinois.

Herschel's wife's name is Beulah and they have five children: Ira, Margie, Lou, Edward and Ellen.

Robert's wife's name is Susan and they have three children: Bernard, Barbara and Nancy.

Bernard was a pilot in World War II and paid the supreme sacrifice for his country.

Fred Pritzker's wife's name was also Rachel and they had seven children: Bessie, Hyman, Rose, Mollie,

Bernard, Ely and Mamie. Rose, Bessie and Ely have never married. They share a home in Brookline, Mass.

Hyman and his wife Fannie reside in Miami Beach, Florida. Fannie is a teacher and lecturer of renown.

Mollie (of blessed memory) married Abe Millman and had one son Harry.

Bernard was a prominent physician in the Boston area. He was a bachelor and passed away in 1960.

Mamie died at the early age of 10 in 1909.

Aaron Pritzker (1867-1950) married Nellie Bergman (1872-1948). They had three sons - Benjamin - Paul and Bernard. Aaron Pritzker was a well known clothing manufacturer and the "Pritzker" label was a mark of quality and workmanship.

Benjamin (1899-1948) married Charlotte Silverman and had two children - Ronald and Joan. Ronald is married to Avis Shapiro and they have two children Barry and Jane. Joan is married to Murrary Bortman and also has two children Beth Susan and Allen David.

Bernard Pritzker married Ruth Solomot (who passed away in 1952). They had three children - Lee, Marjorie and Nancy. Lee's wife's name is Ruth and they have three daughters - Ann, Elizabeth, and Carol. Lee is in the insurance business in Boston.

Marjorie married David Cohen who passed away in 1949. They had one daughter, Jane. Marjorie is very talented in the musical field.

Nancy married Robert Lowe and has three children - Priscilla, Frank and Robert.

Bernard is now married to Pauline Johnson and lives in Rangly, Maine. They also winter in Hollywood, Florida.

Paul P. Pritzker is married to Esther Andrews and they have two sons - James and Frederick. Paul is head of the Frederick-James Co. and they live in West, Newton, Mass.

Boris Pritzker - (Philip's brother) was born in Russia about 1810-1815. He also had a large family, but our records at present are only about one of his sons - Leibe or Elija.

Elija married Ida Libon and they had seven children—Jacob, Gusta, Meir, Peter, Morris, Duna and Dina.

Jacob married Bertha Poreis and had one daughter Alexandrea. Jacob was a doctor of chemistry and a professor at the University of Switzerland. He has written many scientific books. Alexandrea is a dentist by profession.

Gusta married Myra and had two children - Boris and Lida. We understand Boris is a professor of refrigeration near Moscow.

Meir Pritzker married Paulina Heftman and had two children: Boris and Eveline. Boris was married to Alice Kamer and lives in Switzerland. They had three children: Marcus, Andreas and Tobeas. Boris is a medical doctor and is well known in the field of medical research development. Eveline is married to Gennardy Zimmerman and they live in Jerusalem, Israel. They have three children - Zeev, Dani and Ilana. Zeev is married to Narda Ben Arev. Dani is a pilot in the Israeli Air Force and Ilana is a senior student at the University of Jerusalem. Eveline is at present in this country doing post graduate work toward her Master's degree in Home Economics, as an exchange fellowship student.

Peter, Duni and Dani have left but little records for our research and at present little is known of their descendants.

Morris Pritzker is married to Sadye Davis. They live in Matapan, Mass. and have three children - Bernice, Paul and Elliott. Bernice is married to Robert Arthur and they have two children: Alan and Phyliss. Paul is married to Janice Silverman and they have three sons: David, Bruce and Arthur. Elliott is married to Anne Wolfe and they have two daughters: Wendy Sue and Jody.

Morris and his two sons are in business together specializing in electrical contracting and air-conditioning.

In closing, I would like to include a paragraph from a letter that Cousin Paul P. sent me. I think it is the essence of much of our thinking.

He wrote: "Reading the records it seems that all "Pritzkers" have been and still are good solid citizens and I would like to add the following thought:--'A good name is better than riches, and a loving favor more valued than gold.'

We are grateful and thankful to cousins--Paul P., Esther, Dorothy and Paul E. and Eveline for their valued cooperation in supplying a good deal of this information.

Dear Cousins:

Your response to my "pat-on-the-back" request was so very heartwarming. There isn't any doubt, now of the value and interest, that "Our Book" is to "MOST" of you Pritzker Cousins. Thanks so very much for your sincere and most gracious letters.

However, I just don't like the word "MOST" as written above. There are a few of you cousins who still haven't written and I simply won't be satisfied until I can erase the "MOST" and add the word "ALL".

Persistency is a trait that Shirley tells me is one of my worst faults. However, in order to accomplish a goal;--persistency oftimes becomes a necessity; so again:--I just won't be satisfied until we have heard from all of you.

Now a brief resume of the contents of the enclosed pages.

From Miami, Florida, my sister Lillian (Mrs. N. Krupp) sends in a very interesting letter. Billie, as we call her, has a fine talent for writing. Her letter has a literary style of its own. Off record, I know she is writing quite a long and informative article, which we hope to receive very shortly. Her husband Nils also submits a gem of an article--"I Married A Pritzker". All of you will agree it is a valuable addition to our collection.

From the northern part of Canada:--the land at the "bottom of the rainbow";-Vancouver, British Columbia, we have a fine letter from our Canadian Cousin Sarah. We are happy to add her name as well as the names of her family to our list of known cousins.

From Huntsville, Alabama, the center of the rocket missile project, we hear from her sister Sylvia. Cousin Sylvia's letter adds interesting and informative data to our present collection. We are also delighted to welcome Cousin Sylvia and her family to our cousins group.

From St. Paul and Minneapolis (the twin cities) we have several letters and a wonderful article from

Cousins, Jeanne, Alys, Mitzie and "Aunt Jean". We extend a most cordial Pritzker welcome to all of them as well as their families.

As a matter of fact, this branch is the first that we can say is 100% authentic and complete, and we have included a brief resume on them.

We also salute "Der Pritzke" of the twin cities. May he continue on for many, many more years as a banner bearer of our Pritzker traits:--love, respect and esteem of his family--friends and even strangers.

"LONG MAY HE REIGN!"

From Boston we have an interesting and very informative letter from Cousin Dorothy. Some months back in working up the Chicago branch, I came across her name and a copy of "Our Book" was mailed to her. Somehow I couldn't quite place her anywhere in the Chicago group classification. Her letter was of real help and has saved considerable time in clearing up the research of establishing her family group. This is one of the reasons why it is so important to hear from all of you. We welcome Cousin Dorothy and all of her family to our Pritzker fold. I know all of you will enjoy her article very much.

From Shaker Heights, Ohio, we have a most interesting letter. Cousin Eugene's informative article reveals another branch of our Pritzker tree. We learn that his ancestors dropped the "KER" from their name. We are extremely happy to welcome Cousin Gene and his family to our ever growing list of known cousins. We have also heard from Cousin Gene's aunt:--Jennie Pritz Rothman. She has expressed great interest in our project and has promised to compile as much information as she can in order to ascertain the grouping of their branch. This should indeed be of great interest.

From Miami Beach, Florida we hear from Cousin Hy--one of our Boston cousins and extend to he and his wife Fanny a most cordial Pritzker welcome.

We have a very interesting letter from Argentina. Cousin Abram of Chicago wrote me that in 1957 while visiting Moscow, Russia he met the Israeli Ambassador;-

General Josef Avidar, who informed him that his mother was a Pritzker. The General is now the Israeli Ambassador to Argentina. Cousins Gertie and Abe, now, no longer can boast that they are the only adopted cousins that we Pritzkers have. The General's letter is a most valuable addition to "Our Book" and we should feel flattered that this mother's family "by choice" adopted our Pritzker name.

There are still more letters and articles to be processed and they will be published as quickly as possible.

Our diagrams are also being revised to include all of the known cousins and proper listings. These will be issued in the near future.

There were quite a few errors in the article about our Canadian cousins (Page 151-152)--(153-154), and Cousin Jennie of Ontario, Canada has volunteered to re-edit and correct the errors. We will have these ready for our next issue.

We are also revising our telephone and address directories. If there are any errors or corrections, please drop me a line in order that they can be taken care of.

In spite of the fact that 1961 has past, Shirley and I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of you cousins everywhere!-A New Year filled with peace, happiness, health and fulfillment of your hearts desires: --And may "THE PRITZKERS" continue on; carrying out the family tradition, each in his own way, of trying to make this world a better place to live in.

Cordially,

Lee and Shirley

OUR ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS COUSINS

Our twin cities cousins begin their ancestry from two brothers Nathan and Samuel Pritzker - born in Russia 1870-1880.

Samuel came to this country in 1904 at the age of 26. He was a hard working, honest and considerate person. In 1908 he married Ida Michelov and they had three children. Harry born in 1909, Max in 1911 and Rochelle in 1916.

We have heard from Harry (pg. 142-144) and he was very helpful in his cooperation toward our project. Harry is a well known consultant in the business management field. He, his wife Adele, and their two children, Burton and Rochelle, live in Casa Grande, Pasadena, Calif.

Max, his wife Marion and their two children, Steven and Michael live in Chicago.

Rochelle is married to Helmut Meyerbach and they have one son, Raymond. They also live in Chicago.

Nathan Pritzker was married in Russia and he and his wife Hyah, remained there. They had two children Leo was the first born and Rachel the other. Rachel married Mozes Karo in 1916 and had three children:- Bella born in 1917, Josef in 1921 and Felicia in 1926. Josef was killed in an accident in 1930. Bella married Rachmil Turko. They have one daughter Nelly. At present they are somewhere in Siberia. Felicia is married to Leon Weingarten:-they have two sons-- Stephen, age 10--Jeffrey, age 7. Leon is in the liquor business. I know all of our cousins have read and re-read Cousin Felicia's article (page 158-162) an article that stands in a class of its own.

Leo Pritzker, Rachel's brother was born in Russia in 1893. He arrived in this country in 1909. An article about him will be found in the preceding pages: Leo's marriage to Frances Krinsky resulted in four children - The first born being twins, Alys and Edward in 1919--Jeanne in 1921 and Maxine (Mitzie) in 1927. Frances passed away in 1949. Leo is now married to Jean Levit:--"Aunt Jean" as his children so dotefully

call her. Leo is in the real estate business.

Edward, was one of the first cousins to respond to my call for information and help. His letter (pg. 88-89) was of tremendous value in ascertaining one important logical basis for group analysis. He is married to Billie Cohen and they have three children:-Marc born in 1949--Fred born in 1951--and Thomas born in 1957. Edward is in the liquor business.

Alys is married to Lester Yarmo, who is also in the liquor business in St. Paul. They have four children, Micky age 20--Karen age 18--Neil--age 16 and Paula age 13.

Jeanne is married to Larry Silverman and they have two children Frances-age 10, and Howard-age 9. Larry has a plumbing and heating wholesale establishment.

Maxine (Mitzie) is married to Bernard Kaplan, and they have two children - Frances age 10, and Robert age 9. Bernard is in the folding carton business.

The letters and articles that follow certainly make a valuable addition to "Our Book". The graciousness and sincerity of each letter, the contents of the article, written in such a warm and glowing style, somehow reflects the closeness, love and devotion our St. Paul-Minneapolis cousins hold for each other.

Mrs. Lawrence Silverman
5139 James Ave., South
Minneapolis 19- Minnesota

Nov. 16, 1961

Dear Lee,

It is indeed with great pleasure that I send the enclosed article, and am only sorry we were so delayed in getting it to you.

I am so grateful for the copy of "Our Book". It was most generous of you and the Baltimore Pritzkers to send me a book for my "very own". I had the hidden desire to own one for myself, but was far too reticent to ask for one. You now may know how pleased and proud I am of "Our Book".

Larry, and our children, Francee and Howard, join me in sending regards and our great appreciation for your thoughtfulness.

We all join in sending our best wishes for a happy and wonderful New Year, to you, Shirley and all of our Pritzker Cousins.

Sincerely,

Jean Pritzker Silverman

Cousin "Aunt Jean" of St. Paul Writes

Dear Lee--

May I add a word to what the children are enclosing.

I am sorry that we seemed to be remiss in writing our appreciation for your many noble efforts. It represents a tremendous task. Well done, and we want you to know that we look forward to your delightful additions with much eagerness. Our silence is not a lack of appreciation believe me.

Warmest greetings to you, your family, and all the cousins.

Jean

November 17, 1961

COUSIN MITZIE OF ST. PAUL WRITES

1740 Bohland Ave.
St. Paul 16, Minn.
November 28, 1961

Dear Lee,

I just had to sit down and write you after receiving today's mail. We were so delighted to receive The Pritzker book for our very own. This past week, we have had the one copy at our house, and some one is always calling for a bit of information from such and such a section. Now, we can independently enjoy it. I have always felt that a name such as "Pritzker" had to have an interesting background and your book with all of its fascinating research has confirmed my thinking.

Having been a Pritzker for twenty years, I particularly enjoyed P as in Peter. I couldn't wait until my marriage so that I would no longer have to go through alphabetical gymnastics every time I gave my name. I stand firm on the fact that the name Kaplan also has its difficulties. And now instead of P as in Peter, I have to K as in kitchen, A...., P as in Peter, L...., A..., yes, I said A..., no--not E, A..., N.

As you must realize by this point in the letter, I am Maxine (much more commonly known as Mitzie) Pritzker Kaplan. I am the youngest of the St. Paul Pritzker clan, married to Berney Kaplan who is in the folding carton business. We are the proud parents of two charming and rambunctious children--Bob who is tall, slender, eating all the time, just started Junior High School, and is 12 going on being Bar Mitzvahed in June. Francee is approaching her ninth birthday, is in the fourth grade, and is our pink-cheeked, blue-eyed squealer. They keep us hopping mentally and physically and have just reached the "Oh, Mother, and Oh, Father!" stage. Bob is kept very busy with Hebrew School, Sunday School, Bar Mitzvah class, Youth Activities, and basketball and bowling. When we do have the pleasure of his company, he either has his nose buried in school books or in his Haftorah record from which he studies for his Bar Mitzvah. Francee attends a Dramatics class at the Jewish Community Center, has Brownies one day a week (her mother being one of the

leaders), goes to Sunday School, and spends the remainder of her time either on the phone, watching T.V., or annoying the newest member of our family, a black miniature French Poodle.

Berney and I have received so much pleasure from your book. We have spent many an evening pouring over its contents. In fact, Berney started the ball rolling on our getting together and writing Dad's story, and getting Felicia to put her life into words. We want to thank you for all the time and trouble you have gone through to bring the story of "Der Pritzke" to those of us who have carried the Pritzker name proudly throughout these many years.

Sincerely,

Mitzie Kaplan

Mrs. Lester L. Yarmo
669 So. Howell Street
St. Paul 16, Minn.

November 30, 1961

Dear Lee:

Permit me to introduce myself to you. I am Alys Pritzker Yarmo, daughter of Leo Pritzker from St. Paul.

I want to thank you for sending me the most enjoyable book I have ever read.

I was always proud of having the name Pritzker, now I am even more so.

Again many thanks for your thoughtfulness.

Best wishes to you and yours for the New Year.

Sincerely,

Alys P. Yarmo

DER PRITZKE OF ST. PAUL
"LEO"

"Our Dad," Leo Pritzker, is a fabulous fellow! It would take volumes to tell you all about him. His name is synonymous with St. Paul itself. Although "Our Dad" did not come to St. Paul directly upon his arrival from Kiev, Russia, he made his niche in this community from the time of his marriage to this day.

Let us digress a bit to a small boy of nine, who left his home in Kiev with his closest friend and worked his way to the coastline and then on board ship to America. This took a matter of four years. He made his home with his Uncle Sam and Aunt Ida Pritzker in Chicago, working days and nights and sometimes attending night classes. He tackled any kind of a job that would advance him in those early years of manhood. It was in Chicago that he met Frances Krinsky who was visiting there at the time. Because Frances was born and raised in St. Paul, she felt that this was the only place for them. Leo, having no particular roots in Chicago, returned with his bride to her home town.

Leo made the grocery business his new vocation. With enormously hard work and the will to succeed, he became established in St. Paul business life. In 1919, twin children, Alys and Edward were born to Leo and Frances. Jeanne was born in 1921 and Maxine in 1927. Let us take this opportunity to tell you about Frances Pritzker. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. Her kindness and thoughtfulness were known through the community. Frances was the epitome of motherhood. She created a home with high ideals and inspired her family with warmth and devotion. Leo worked diligently providing the very best for his family. In 1949, Frances' death, at the age of 55, was a great loss to her family and many, many friends.

At the time of World War II, Dad retired from the grocery and liquor business to pursue his interests in real estate. We children had all married, were raising families, and living in the same community. Alys married Lester Yarmo who is in the liquor business in St. Paul. They have four children; Mickey, Karen, Neil, and Paula. Edward married Billie Cohen and is also in the liquor business. They have three sons; Marc, Fred,

and Tommy. Jeanne married Larry Silverman, and they live in Minneapolis. Larry has a plumbing and heating wholesale establishment. Their two children are Frances Sue and Howard. Mitzie lives in St. Paul with her husband Berney and their children Bob and Frances Kay. Berney is in the folding carton business. Leo's grandchildren range in age from four to twenty years. With our cousin Felicia Weingarten (Dad's sister's daughter, in whose entrance into the United States after World War II-Dad was instrumental), her husband Leon, and two adorable sons, our holiday dinner tables are set for a minimum of twenty-five.

In 1952, on a trip to Europe and Israel, Dad met a charming and wonderful woman, Jean Levit of Philadelphia. God blessed Dad and his children with that shipboard meeting and subsequent marriage to our "Aunt Jean."

It is not easy to represent the many civic obligations that Dad has been a part of in his lifetime. He has been active in almost every community endeavor in our locale. He has participated in Masonic functions, ridden horseback in the Shrine parades, helped found a Cancer Research Fund at the University, dedicated his efforts for the new Catholic Cancer Home, supported the NAACP, helped found the Jewish Sheltering Home for Children, and headed many of the Red Cross and Community Chest drives in St. Paul, as well as being an active Synagogue affiliate. His pet interests today still include the Sholom Nursing Home and The Jewish Home for the Aged. His name is known by thousands of St. Paulites. (He, however, cannot boast a memory for all of their names; only faces.) He has helped so many in one way and another when there was a need.

"Our Dad" is not only a community man; he lives for the happiness of his wife, children and grandchildren. "The nachos" of a grandchild's Bar Mitzvah or graduation is his greatest glory. One of the delights of the grandchildren is to be taken by Grandpa to the Capitol Building to meet the chief executives of our Minnesota State Government.

"Leo, the Lion," as we playfully call "Our Dad", stood six feet tall at one time. He weighs 225 pounds and has as much heart as he has bulk. For the poor little immigrant boy, who came to this country, without

family care or financial support, Dad had the courage and ability to succeed in making a life of dignity and honesty, a name of quality, and one that is revered in St. Paul. He is dedicated to his family, his community and his country. May the sun always shine on our Dad and our Aunt Jean. What greater heritage could be ours?

Leo's doting children,

Mitzie, Jeanne, Alys and Edward

FROM SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO - COUSIN GENE WRITES

18321 Scottsdale Blvd.
Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
December 2, 1961

Dear Lee,

Your very interesting letter to my Mother was forwarded to us at our new address here in Ohio.

As for information on our family background - let me tell you what I know of this branch of the Pritz family. My grandfather, Yonah or John and his two brothers, Bernard and Louis came to New York from Kiev, Russia around 1900. Evidently they shortened their name to Pritz on arriving in N.Y. (yes, it definitely was Pritzker at one time). John, the oldest, left a wife and six children behind. He soon sent for them and Fannie, his wife and children - Joseph (my father), Ray, Yetta, Louis and Bea arrived about 1902. A sixth child-Sarah, remained in Russia. They settled on the east side, but soon moved to Astoria, Long Island City. They sent for Sarah and she arrived with a family friend. Another daughter, Jennie was born in this country. A son, Sam, was also born in N.Y. but died shortly there after.

My grandfather originally had a newspaper distributing company in N.Y. but when they moved to Astoria he went into the retail dry-goods business. My father was in the business with him, and on the death of my grandfather, my father opened a large dry-goods store on what was then Flushing Avenue (now called Astoria Blvd.)

Joseph Pritz married Edna Schumansky in 1921 - I was born a year later. My father was very active in both civc and Jewish affairs. He was one of the founders of the Astoria Center of Israel, was on the Boards of Directors, Board of Trustees, President of the Oneg Shabbath Club, etc. He helped organize the First Novograd Voliner Society, whose members all came from the same "town" in Russia. He was also active in Masonic affairs. He died in 1960.

After three years in the Army I went to City College of N. Y. and graduated with honors in 1950. I joined

Bloomingdale's, a New York department store the same year.

I married Anne Hirschler, also of Astoria in 1954. I left Bloomingdale's to join the Gimbel Corporation. After two years of traveling as Assistant to the Executive Vice President I was made Assistant General Manager of Gimbels, New York. In August of this year I left Gimbels to join The May Company here in Cleveland.

We have a son Richard 5½ and a daughter Deborah 3½. We live in Shaker Heights and my Mother is with us.

I have forwarded a copy of your letter to my Aunt, Mrs. Ray Lefkoff (the oldest daughter of John Pritz), in Astoria and I am sure you will hear from her soon.

I am curious as to how you traced us and am extremely interested in your project. Please keep us informed of your progress and would appreciate a copy of your work to date.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

Eugene Pritz.

COUSIN SARAH - OUR CANADIAN COUSIN WRITES

December 13, 1961

Dear Lee
Baltimore - Md.

Monday I received "The Pritzker Book", from my sister Jennie in Oakville. It is so absorbing I just cannot resist reading it over and over again. I have always been interested in the Pritzkers. When I was quite young I used to visit an aunt Fanny Osler, my late father's sister (she too has passed away in Toronto, around 86 or 87 years of age).

You really undertook a monumental task in writing the book and are to be commended on a job well done. I wanted to say about late Aunt Fanny, she knew so many things about the family. I wish I could remember, but since Feb. 14, 1960, I have been ill, and since I am 67 you will forgive the lack of memory.

I just wanted to say "Thanks". I am sorry I didn't know of the cousins club sooner, as I was East exactly 5 years ago, and nothing would have pleased me more than meeting my "glorious brethen".

Someone in your book said she had married a Pritzker and had to spell out the name. Well, now, how would she like Zlotnik - Osovsky - as well.

Regards to your wife and family.

Sarah Pritzker, Zlotnik Osovsky who
lives at the end of the rainbow.

Suite 105 - 1906 Barclay
Vancouver 5, B. C.

COUSIN DOROTHY - OUR BOSTON COUSIN WRITES

December 16, 1961

Mr. Lee Pritzker
202 S. Franklintown Road
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Cousin Lee:

It is indeed a privilege to be known as one of your kin, and it was with a feeling of pride that I turned the pages of your book, "Pritzkers", for which I am most heartily grateful to you. At the time it was mailed to me I was just making a move from Chicago to Boston where I plan to make my permanent residence.

An apology is due for this belated answer and acknowledgement. I was waiting to obtain specific data regarding the family tree, as for many years after my husband passed away in 1930, much was crowded out of my life which I should have liked to preserve. However, I have now obtained this information from my husband's sister, Bessie Pritzker Berg, and can write you with more assurance.

I was Dorothy Wechsler, born and raised in Chicago, where I met and married Isadore Pritzker in 1915. He was an outstanding gentleman with a heart for all, and a personality which invited friendship. For a short fifteen years we were the happiest people in the world.

Isadore was the son of Lippe and Rachel. Lippe Pritzker was the eldest son of Yanah and Sarah, and Yanah was the son of Phillip. You have my father-in-law and husband on your Boston page--descendants of Phillip. However, there is a correction to be made under Isadore. When he passed away in 1930, he left me a widow with four children: Herschel, Birdie, Bernard and Robert. Please note--no Jack.

For a few years after my husband's death my life was a series of changes and adjustments, and in 1934 we settled in Peoria, Illinois, where we established our business. It is here that you will find another branch of the family tree, and I might add, a most worthy one--the Peoria Pritzkers. You can get in touch with Herschel

and Robert at 1309 S. Washington Street of that city. My other son, Bernard, was a pilot in World War II, was reported missing in action, and has been missing and missed ever since.

Herschel and Beulah have five children: Ira, Margie, Lou, Edward, Flo and Ellen. Robert and Susan have three children: Bernard, Barbara and Nancy.

I am now retired and as before stated have moved from 3130 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago to Boston to be close to my daughter and her family, the David Rests. We are newcomers in Brookline, and it will take a bit of time to fit in. So far we have gotten in touch with the Paul Pritzkers and the Morris Pritzkers and hope in time to meet more of our kinfolk in this community.

We also look forward to meeting you in person, and should you at any time have occasion to be in the vicinity of Brookline - or Peoria, please phone us. You have a standing invitation.

I realize how admirable and commendable is this project which you have undertaken, and am sincerely interested in your endeavor which to my estimation is worth far more than just a "pat on the back" which you mentioned in your letter. My children join me in a mutual feeling of closeness to you and all the Pritzkers, and would be only too happy to be of service to you in your effort to bring this about..

Sincerely,

Dorothy W. Pritzker

COUSIN SYLVIA - ONE OF OUR CANADIAN COUSINS
NOW LIVING IN HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA - WRITES -

Dear Lee:-

Your letter and "The Pritzker" book have been received. I simply do not know how to thank you for them.

Since the book came, I have neglected my duties as wife, mother and guest. We went out last night, and I took the book with me; just couldn't put it down. All I can say is that "Our Book", permeates with a feeling of love, devotion and belonging. It exceeds just mere words of praise. It is just wonderful.

For the record, I am the youngest of the Toronto, Canada Pritzkers. There were Mother and Dad (Hannah and Phillip Pritzker)-Asher the oldest son-Rose the oldest daughter, then Charles, Sarah, Lee, Jennie and myself (Sylvia).

A short time after our marriage Leon and I moved to Baltimore for about 4 or 5 years. We did meet one of the Pritzker family, Esther and Leibe Pritzker. Esther was a lovely woman, dignified--regal of bearing and was most generous to us. Leibe Pritzker reminded me so much of my father having the same stature and facial features. Dad was loving, kind and possessed a very wonderful personality together with a fine sense of humor. When he passed away, I recall one of our neighbors stating that a "King" had died. He was so well liked and respected by so many people.

I know I met many of you Baltimore Pritzkers during my residence in Baltimore and do remember your "Der Pritzke"--Cousin Willie. I also remember the Dorman family.

My husband is Leon van Leeuwen, which means "Lion of Lion". His family is traced further back than ours. Apparently they emigrated from Spain to Holland in the 16th century. Leon is a research and development engineer and is recognized in his field for many outstanding achievements.

We are blessed with two wonderful sons. Philip age 23, who is named after my father and Victor, age 17.

Philip is the image of his namesake—has the same personality, bubbles over with wit and humor and is so very sensitive and kind. He is at present stationed at Lackland-AFB-San Antonio, Texas and completes his basic training this week. He will then be flown to Keesler AFB-Biloxi, Miss. for his technical training. I must say that Leon and I miss him very much.

Victor - born in August 1944, therefore my victory son. Just as good as his brother - attends high school, quite attractive to the opposite sex and favors his father - very mechanically inclined.

Speaking about close knit family ties:—originally our family in Toronto was such. Dad came over from the old country with two sisters Aunt Sophia Enushevsky and Aunt Fanny Osler. They each had five children. Then there were other cousins, so we had quite a clan visiting back and forth.

In reading through the pages of "Our Book", it becomes apparent the Pritzkers have the one outstanding attribute - Love for their fellow man and all have and still are doing: each in his own quiet way something to alleviate the burden of those who need help or assistance.

Dad was no exception either. He would literally—"give the shirt off his back" if necessary. I recall my sister Rose (of blessed memory) telling us that many, many times Dad would bring home a family and bed them down in his own childrens' beds and put his sons and daughters on pallets on the floor to sleep on. It was a known fact all through Toronto and even further away that the home of Hannah and Folick Pritzker was a haven of refuge where the homeless, weary or hungry could find sanctuary, rest, food and understanding.

This dear cousins is the one thing that makes "Our Book" so wonderful. Here is a group of people living miles and miles apart, and even generations apart—yet in reading about them and their accomplishments it could be one story for all. I am rightfully proud of my Pritzker heritage.

All the articles in "Our Book" are so real and wonderful. I so thoroughly enjoyed Cousins Herbert's and

Eileen's wedding story—it was as if I were there.

Congratulations to the bride and groom. May they have a long life filled with the best--good health--prosperity, peace and happiness.

I can feel for Cousin Felicia, for my husband's people also suffered unspeakable horrors at the hands of the Nazis.

I also know what difficulty Shirley as well as all Pritzkers have with the Pritzker name. My name is even more of a problem--small v-a-n---capital L-e-e-u-w-e-n. I always say "I'm the gal who got herself in Dutch".

Every page--every story and even the poems are classics to themselves-filled with such wonderful stories,-so interesting-so informative and yet you never seem to tire of re-reading them. I guess it is because it is a part of each one of us.

"A Thought For The Day" is also my favorite poem and I would like to submit another of my favorites.

When the heart is--set right
Then the personal life--is cultivated.

When the personal life--is cultivated
Then the family life is regulated.

When the family life--is regulated
Then the national life is orderly.

When the national life--is orderly
Then there is peace in the world.

All the best to you--Shirley and all Pritzker cousins everywhere.

Sincerely,
Leon, Phil, Vic and Sylvia

Sylvia van Leeuwen
6108 Stratford Court
Huntsville, Alabama

COUSIN HY - A BOSTON COUSIN
NOW LIVING IN MIAMI BEACH, FLA. WRITES

Dec. 23, 1961

Dear Cousin Lee:

Thanks very much for the "Pritzker Book" which Cousins Abe and Miriam brought to us when recently vacationing at Miami Beach.

Fannie and I both read the book through from cover to cover, and we can very much appreciate the work and effort that went into its preparation. We also got the feeling that it was a labor of love, and this should give you a feeling of great satisfaction.

We felt the wonderful bond of togetherness that pervades the Baltimore Cousins, and the Pritzker's Cousins Club is a fine idea for keeping a family closer together.

In my branch of the Pritzkers there are four of us remaining from the original seven, three having passed away. I have two sisters and a brother living near Boston, in Brookline, Mass., and I have been living in Miami Beach for the past ten years.

My brother Bernie who was a physcian passed away in 1960, at the age of 52. He was the student of our family. He had studied Hebrew from an early age and graduated from the Hebrew Teachers College in Boston. After graduation he taught Hebrew in one of the largest Synagogues in Brookline, and earned enough to pay his way through Medical College. He had practiced about twenty years, and during that time made many friends among his patients and others. He was the type of person who upheld the Pritzker tradition of helping people. This could be readily seen by the great turn-out at his funeral and the many letters the family received telling us that he was not only their Doctor but a friend as well, and how many times he helped people beyond the call of duty. His passing was a great loss to the family and his friends.

My sister Mollie who passed away in 1952, at the age of 55, was married to Abe Millen; had one son Harry

Millen, who is married and living in Washington, D. C.

My two sisters and brother who live in Brookline never married, and Fannie and I have no progeny, so from our end of the family we won't be able to extend the Pritzker Family Tree.

We never realized there were so many Pritzkers in this country particularly in Baltimore, and although we have only met a few of them, reading the Pritzker Book seemed to bring us very close together.

Again thank you for the book and may we extend an invitation to any of the cousins who come to Miami Beach to come and visit with us.

Yours cordially,

Cousin Hy

Hyman Pritzker
631-13th Street
Miami Beach, Fla.

LILLIAN PRITZKER KRUPP OF
CORAL GABLES - FLA. WRITES

Sunday Dec. 10, 1961

Dear Lee:

I can in perfect confidence of not being accused of flattery ascribe the "Pritzker Book". It is placed with the rest of my good books yet stands out as the best of all. It contains the "once upon a time" - the "there is" - and "there will be". Little figures spring out of pages with their hopes, their deeds, signifying the most important thing in life:- the family. The fact that it is the story of my own kith and kin, fills me with great pride and happiness.

One walks this universe in a crowd of blank faces; lips moving without sound, stopped only by self-identification. In "Our Book: I can sense the similarity, the likeness, the feelings of not only those who have gone but of those who are yet to be. My dear brother, if this seems far-fetched consider:—you did establish a telephone system hook-up for sick children from hospital to their school rooms, so that they wouldn't lose time out from school. At least, you helped along this project and helped quite a bit, as I understand. Consider Miriam working twice a week with children at Mt. Sinai; or Gertie going to hospitals to visit anyone that hasn't had a visitor, just to help cheer them; or the many things that we all take time out to do. Is this very different than our own Mother and Father used to do? It seems to be a Pritzker trait. When the Pritzker's of the future walk this earth it will be with dignity, high morals and sweet charity. Right now a twelve year old Karla Pritzker in California helps and instructs blind children in her spare time. This isn't strange, for doesn't our brother Joe give lectures to make money for the School for the Blind?

When Rachel Miriam Karo lay on a floor in a concentration camp, suffering, degraded and fatally ill, her high morale, almost super-human you might say, never faltered and she begged her daughter Felicia to try to go on living in the hope that there would be a better world for her. When Felicia was free, how difficult it must have been for her to face life again. It's one

thing to go through an ordeal, and it's another to get over the reactions of it. It took a lot of character, but she seems to have plenty of it, like other people in the book. I planted mums last year as you saw them in my yard. The yellow, white and lavender. They came up again this year; the same colors. It didn't come up cucumbers. So like the seeds - the genes run true to form.

I was slow in trying to remember things of my childhood that might be worthwhile for the book. Never having broken a "bagel" with someone in "Keneska Giberna", or torn a herring apart in "Moana Stareech", besides the home that we had on 149 N. Exeter St., in Baltimore had been well written about. It was when I read the "Brothers Karamazov" that I felt compelled to write. I had read it years ago but enjoyed it so much more this time. Towards the end of the book, one of the brothers, the pious one, advises some younger boys, and I quote: "You must know that there is nothing higher and stronger and more wholesome and good for life in the future than some good memory of childhood,-of home. People talk to you a great deal about your education, but some good, sacred memory preserved from childhood is perhaps the best education. If a man carries many such memories with him into life, he is safe to the end of his days, and if one has only one good memory left in one's head, even that may sometimes be the means of saving us."

There were many good memories that I had about childhood, and I shall send them to you soon. I may have to repeat things that have been written about by others, but it will be the way they seemed to me with my eyes.

I visited Ruth Eberdt last night and met her niece who is visiting from Canada. She's Roy Berk's daughter. His younger daughter Enid will visit Miami on Christmas. Relinda (not Belinda) has a sort of "Pritzker" look, reminding me of Aunt Brina, dainty, light and loads of personality. After this vacation she will start a new position in an executive capacity. Her father now refers to her as V.I.P. Relinda (her first name is a secret (Feigele)) told of an incident that happened recently concerning her new job, that wowed everybody, particularly her father. She was informed that she qualified for the job, only her buried past kept her

from being hired. On careful investigation it was found that she was married, had two children and now living as a common-law wife with another man. This outlandish misinformation was soon cleared up and Relinda got the job. If you'll ever meet her, you'll see how ridiculous this report on her was, like imagining Shirley Temple as head of a gang of thieves. Relinda is in her early twenties, a little doll and fun to talk to.

Ruth has the most charming home that just says: "Come in". Her much loved dog, a wire haired terrier is really something. He understands all languages but speaks none.

Ruth and I are glad we found each other from the book. She's a mighty nice girl. She'll write you soon. I loved her description of her grandfather Pritzker and know that you'll enjoy reading about him.

Good luck and "May the Tribe Increase".

Your loving sis,

Billie

Mrs. N. Krupp
4730 Ingraham Terrace
Coral Gables, Florida

I MARRIED A PRITZKER

I met Lillian Pritzker, daughter of Ezrael and Anna Pritzker, as a result of a blind date. This was back in the spring of 1931. About half past five one evening one of my friends called me and said--"Nils, I need you to fill in on a blind date, we are going to the Fur Merchants Club Dance tonight; my girlfriend has a friend that I must bring a date for." "Who is this girl I am taking?", I asked him and he said, "I haven't the slightest idea but you will just have to take pot luck." I am an obliging sort of chap so I changed my suit, slicked down my hair and off I went hoping for the best.

The rest is past history. Meeting my blind date was the beginning of a new era for me. Radiant, vivacious, lovely, etc., etc., are only poor adjectives to describe Lillian (Billie) Pritzker. I was born in Norway and probably can trace my ancestors back to the Vikings. That night the wild Norse blood in my veins really pounded:--I was, as they say in this modern age, "out in orbit". It was one evening I will never forget.

We saw a good deal of each other after that evening and a little while later Billie took me to meet her family.

I particularly remember Billie's brother Will. After our introduction, we shook hands and I might mention that my right hand was numb for a week. He looked me over from head to toe and in a very stern and authoritative voice said to me "Young man--just what are your intentions?"; and then added "I want to let you know that I am a Treasury man." He stood about 2 heads taller than I am and probably a hundred pounds heavier, so believe me any intentions, that I did have from then on, were going to be strictly 100% honorable.

Our courtship lasted almost 2 years and was filled with so many pleasurable events that I could never begin to describe in this article. Lillian and I had so many things in common. We liked the same things, we enjoyed company, we loved to meet and entertain people. I knew that not only would she make me a very fine wife but would be so very helpful to me:--for she was so intelligent, had such a fine sense of humor and was such a lovely girl.

We were married in 1933. A small family wedding, and for a honeymoon, we visited Balto. and Washington. While we were in Baltimore, we were the guests of Lee and Shirley staying at their home. After 27 years, I still remember how gracious and wonderful both Lee and Shirley were to Billie and myself.

I also remember Shirley's mother, Mrs. Bruce and Shirley's brother Elmer. They were so warm and wonderful and received us with such cordial welcome. Shirley's mother somehow thought I was kind of thin and undernourished and she really went to work on me. She was a wonderful cook and I still remember the sour beef and dumplings that she used to prepare for me. I know I gained about 6 or 7 pounds while staying there. Billie and I met most of the Baltimore cousins and the closeness and affection of her family was so apparent. We were treated so wonderful:--they were such a warm and fine group. I still remember one statement that "Uncle Barney" made to me and I have never forgotten it. He said, "Nils, I know if my brother were alive today that he would be so happy and proud to welcome you as his son-in-law." I know I "joke and kid" a great deal but this I write with the greatest sincerity.

A few more days in Washington seeing the Capitol, Lincoln's Monument and other governmental sights completed our honeymoon and back to New York we went.

I had my own business and we were doing quite well. Lillian and I, as I said before, had so much in common. We loved people and were never wanting for company. We had a very fine apartment and open house was always the order of the day. The Pritzker family was very close and we visited them often and with the so many cousins visiting Mother Pritzker we got to know many of them. Mother Pritzker has been written about in many preceding articles so there is little I can add, other than to say that to know her was to love her. Countless pages could be written and still not tell of all her wonderful attributes.

In 1937 I had a wonderful opportunity to go into the catering business in California. Billie and I discussed this thing very thoroughly and we agreed it was worth a trial. So I liquidated my business, sold our furniture, packed up and to the West Coast we went.

However, after a year, while I was doing fairly well, Billie somehow missed the closeness of her family and we decided to return to New York. I re-opened my business and before long was doing quite well again.

In 1942 I also received a nice personalized greeting card from Uncle Sam advising me that I was so necessary to help win the war. So I donned a uniform and off to the wars I went, becoming attached to the Medical Corps as a field medic.

Billie also donned a uniform;--tight toreador pants, tight fitting knitted sweater and armed with a riveting gun secured occupation as a riveter at the Eastern Aircraft Corp. Before long she proved her business acumen and was awarded several special citations for the suggestions she offered that resulted in the saving of thousands of man hours in actual production, of products vital to the war effort. In the fall of 1944 about 7 months before our son Brian was born, my services were urgently needed in Germany, according to someone in the Washington State Department. In spite of all the efforts of my C. O. and personal friends, nothing could be done about my leaving the country. Again Billie showed the latent courage that she possessed assuring me that all would be well and not to have any misgivings as to her welfare. Since I knew she had capable help with her mother, sisters, sisters-in-law and brothers, I somehow felt much better in having to leave her. So across the ocean to Germany I went.

I was discharged from active duty in December of 1945 and saw my son for the first time. I remember distinctly coming home to our apartment and there was a large sign over Brian's crib saying "Welcome home Daddy". Brian is quite a boy and I expect to write a good deal about him before this article is completed.

Returning back to civilian life and picking up the old ends of my former business was no longer an easy matter for me. The terrific strain of the war, having been in active combat, had a very depressing effect on me. I no longer felt the old carefree way I did and of course it reflected on my business ability. Again it was Billie who was constantly at my side cheering me and helping me in so many ways.

In the early part of 1947, I received a very fine offer to go in business in Washington, D. C. I knew Billie hated to leave New York but she didn't say a word except that if I thought this would be a good move she was happy to go. We remained in Washington for about a year and then in the fall of 1947 a friend of mine who had a men's haberdashery store in Miami City offered me a partnership in his business. Billie and I discussed this opportunity very carefully and we both decided to pull up stakes and move to Florida. At first the sledding wasn't easy. I made many mistakes which proved rather costly but little by little we advanced and today we can boast of a fairly good degree of success.

All during the time of our growth, Billie worked side by side with me, putting in long and hard hours and never for one moment complaining, keeping up her duties as a wonderful mother, good housekeeper and even found time to continue on her sisterhood and Miami Cancer Research Ins. work. I really believe in all sincerity that whatever success I now have, whatever I have accomplished is solely due to the inspiration, guidance, and advice that Billie has offered to me.

Billie is no exception to the tradition of the Pritzker family and also has that special desire of helping out wherever she possibly can. The one thing she is really good at and actually has put into practice is her ability to raise money for charitable organizations, through the media of writing, producing, directing and putting on plays for which she has received public acclaim and honors many many times. She has raised a good deal of money for quite a few well known organizations and is always called upon to help out whenever there is a drive made to raise funds.

Coming home to a house full of people rehearsing for some play--not being able to move about the house for all the special scenery being painted or spending countless hours rehearsing with a cast for a new play is nothing unusual to me anymore. Billie is a dyed-in-the-wool playwright, producer, designer and even actress. In the many plays she has written I, too, have been drafted many times to act in her productions. I have been cast in many roles from female impersonator to even playing the part of a corpse:--which reminds me of an incident that actually happened. I was playing the part

of a dead man in a murder act and there I was stretched out in full view of the audience, and with nothing to do but lie there. Somehow I fell asleep and began snoring. Imagine what a snoring corpse sounds like. Billie was playing the star role in this play and without batting an eye quickly ad-libbed the following--"What do you know he isn't dead at all, he is only dead drunk." Of course the sneaky kick in the ribs I received also wasn't in the script.

Billie's attributes can be summed up by simply saying she has all the wonderful Pritzker traits and in her own way is carrying out the family traditions.

Our son Brian, a wonderful boy has given us so much to be thankful and happy for. He is a kind, considerate and loveable character, a fine scholar and extremely studious; is never happy unless his report card shows all "A's". He excels in mathematics and science and I am attaching a copy of a letter we received from the principal of his school which is self-explanatory. He is a member of the German Club, Chemistry Club, National Honor Society and is eligible to join the Science and Math Club in his next semester. His activities take up quite a bit of time forcing him to drop "band" where he played the French Horn. This he regretted very much especially not being able to march and play in the Orange Bowl at the big games, that usually are so spectacular. He is not, however, without music:--playing the piano is another of his accomplishments and many an evening, Billie and I and friends gather around and sing to his renditions. Next summer Brian plans to go to the University of Miami and take a course in Math Analysis, so that he can take Calculus in his senior year. He will be permitted to commute from High School which is close by. In a recent P. S. A. T. (Preliminary Scholarship Aptitude Test) he rated 99% so now the top 1% is his goal. Yes, Billie and I are so very proud of him and we know he will achieve the goals he has aimed his sights on.

And now for a few comments about the "Pritzker Book". There isn't very much more that I could add to what has not been written, except to agree that it is a real "family classic". I think we who have left the closeness of the family ties, and living so far away probably appreciate the book a bit more than those who are sur-

rounded with their family and relatives. We actually look forward to the additional pages with such a great deal of interest. A new batch of pages means stopping everything we are doing, and carefully reading its contents learning about new cousins, and all the events that are so interesting and important to us. For it seems that we no longer, are so far away. Billie and I have gotten so much pleasure from reading and re-reading "Our Book".

Brother Lee, let me add my "pat-on-the-back" for the fine job you are doing and I hope that before long, you can change that word "most" to "all".

In closing Billie, Brian and I would like to extend to you cousins everywhere, a most cordial welcome to our home. If, and when any of you may be in Miami City or Miami Beach please bear in mind that the red-carpet of welcome is always there spread out waiting for you.

Nils Krupp

CORAL GABLES SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
450 BYRD ROAD
Coral Gables, Florida

November 2, 1960

Brian Mark Krupp
Home Room 306

Dear Brian:

It gives me much pleasure to inform you that on the school and college ability test recently given at the Coral Gables Senior High School, you ranked in the upper ten percentile, based on national norms. You have great academic potentialities and it is our desire to help you attain your highest intellectual growth.

Too often people of high ability do not recognize their responsibility toward themselves and society. On your shoulders rests the leadership necessary for the future of your school and ultimately, your country.

This is my challenge to you:--work to capacity. Have the courage to accept responsibility and set a standard of high values.

Don't be ashamed to be intellectual. Seek guidance and advice. It is your obligation and our expectation that your work be distinctly outstanding and of highest quality.

I congratulate you and your parents and submit the warmest personal wishes to you for the full realization of the opportunities and satisfaction which Coral Gables High School has to offer.

Sincerely,

Harry N. Roth,
Principal

Ambassade D'Israel

General Josef Avidar
Israeli Ambassador to
Argentina
Arroyo 919
Buenos Aires
Argentina

January 8th, 1962

Mr. Lee Pritzker
7523 Slade Ave.
Balto. 8, Maryland, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Pritzker:

I have received your letter of the 11th of December about your family background project - writing a book on your ancestral background.

The Pritzker related to my mother was an uncle, Raby Pritzker from Berdichev, who lived later in Jerusalem and died many years ago. His son told me that this family name was not their original one but was adopted by his grandfather for some military reasons in Tzarist Russia. He thinks therefore that his family can't possibly be related to other Pritzkers.

As far as I remember there are other Pritzkers in Israel, Whom I don't know personally, and who are living in Haifa, if I am not mistaken.

Best regards to Mr. Abram Pritzker.

Yours truly,

General Josef Avidar

2 Elmira St., S.E.
Washington 20, D. C.

January 29, 1962

Dear Lee:—

I'd like to compliment you on the splendid work you are doing in producing our family "Pritzker Book".

I know when completed all of us will cherish it, and I am sure future generations of the "PRITZKERS" will do the same.

Reading the many episodes of our family genealogy has been a source of keen delight to both Nathan and I. We really look forward to all of the new editions:— not only to meet our new cousins, but also to learn so much about each other. I know you can be most proud of your achievement.

Lee, please pardon my delay in writing, but as a career woman together with keeping house, time becomes rather limited--although this is a poor excuse. I will, nevertheless, try to write something real interesting for "Our Book", in the very near future.

Nathan is writing an article which you should receive very soon.

With sincere love,

Your sister Gertrude
Gertrude (Pritzker) Franklin

I Married The Oldest Daughter of Anna and Ezrael Pritzker

It seems that it was only yesterday, instead of thirty-five years ago, when I first met Gertrude Pritzker. I do believe that "fate", in some way had a hand in bringing us together.

My Dad was in the foundry business in Baltimore, but since he loved the country, we lived on the outskirts of the city where we had enough land to use for light farming and raising of poultry and even had several milk cows.

Gertrude's father had been ill for some time, so her mother thought that the pure country air, fresh eggs, garden vegetables, milk and restful care would help him recover.

Since Father and Gertrude's mother were cousins, Dad offered the use of whatever accomodations our farm could offer which was accepted.

Ezrael Pritzker was a man that everyone respected and admired. Much has been written about him but words are poor substitutes to try and do justice to his real personality. The so many visitors that came to see him during his stay at our farm is proof of the esteem all held for him.

On the most eventful day of my life, I was sitting in my car in front of my house deep in reverie when I heard a voice say: "Is this the Franklin home?" I looked up and there was the most lovely girl I had ever seen. It was Gertrude. We introduced ourselves and discovered we were second cousins. Gerty told me she worked in the Brith Sholom Hall as Secretary to the Grand Secretary of the Brith Sholom Lodge. I admired her from the very beginning, especially her deep love for her parents and her family.

Of course Gerty and I had no idea that we would fall in love; we liked each other as cousins are supposed to. When her Dad passed away, her sorrow and that of her family was immense. It inspired me to visit very often to try to cheer them up. I enjoyed the Pritzkers, their happy spontaneous ways, the kindliness of the

mother to neighbors, her unselfish devotion to her family I loved visiting their home on Exeter Street in Baltimore I got to know them all: Uncle Leibe, Uncle Barney, Aunt Brina, and the other Pritzker cousins.

Gertrude and I finally found ourselves in love. Never will I forget our wedding. With the help of all the Pritzkers it was a beautiful one.

When I married Gerty, I knew I would have to share her with her Mother. This did not prove to be a hardship for me at all. In the years we were married, the visits to Mom and the whole family proved wonderful to me. I shared their joys, their sorrows, their achievements, as the years passed.

Often when I came home from work, there would be a note on the table: "Mother is ill and needs me, you will find supper ready, I'll be back as soon as I can." I understood and admired my wife's devotion.

Even with strangers, Gerty has been a good Samaritan. Once, while working as a "Gray Lady" in a Washington hospital, she helped bring about a cure for a girl who had no family and needed sympathy and encouragement. Gerty still receives gifts from this friend, who is now happily married and resides in California.

Today, we live in Washington, D. C. We are both in the business world. Gertie has a very responsible secretarial position in the office of the Traffic Safety Education Department of the District of Columbia. I am in the music business and specialize in the piano field. It is work I have been associated with for many years;--for the piano has always been my favorite musical instrument and I am indeed fortunate that my avocation and vocation are one and the same. Gertie too shares my feelings for the piano and we attend many concerts by the many outstanding great artists of the piano, who from time to time give public concerts here in Washington.

Four months ago, I was indeed proud when Gerty was chosen one of the thirty most efficient secretaries of the District of Columbia and invited to a testimonial luncheon, where she was honored for her outstanding contributions to her department.

Many a time, we select a story from our Pritzker Book and get real pleasure reading it. It is just like a visit with the far-flung family.

Needless to say, I am proud to have married a Pritzker.

Nathan Franklin

ZELDA (PRITZKER) KLEIN - WRITES

Dear Lee,

This is your cousin Zelda signing in with a few thousand words about my wonderful family. I know I have a very poor memory, but when I read "Our Book" I can't help but be inspired to sit down and write those things which I do recall from the past.

My earliest recollections take me back to Bond Street..Mom was so busy cooking, cleaning, sewing and sometimes even helping in the store which was then on Orleans St. I often wondered how she found time to do all these things, but somehow she managed very well. She was always a home body; her main and only interest was her family, her home and seeing that we were all well fed and well clothed. "Deddie", as we kids called our dad, was very much taken up with his butcher store and he worked very hard, also.

There were four of us--Sylvia and I being only sixteen months apart, (she being the eldest), Sherman, better known as Shike, three years younger, and then Rosline, three years younger than Shike. I'm afraid my brother Shike was a little spoiled being the only boy, and he was a "holy terror". He would beat the tar out of Sylvia and Roz, but for some reason, he would never lay a hand on me. He called me "Zetzy" and I was his pet.

Shike tells us how good he was in Hebrew School. In those days the "Rebbys" ruled with an iron hand and with a stick in it, too. One Rabbi cracked Shike with a stick and my little brother just punched him back in the belly--he was thrown out of school. Apparently this method was effective because Shike really knows his Hebrew well.

Friday was always a rough day for Mom. The place was scrubbed from top to bottom and the wonderful smells of cooking and baking were all over the house. I can still taste her goodies--the milchiky buns, the taglech, the kumish bread and of course her Chala. I don't think there is anyone in this world that can bake Chala like my mother. My old friends, and I'm sure many of the cousins still remember the good things they would eat at

our house. Mom would cook like for an army, and there was always room for company at our table, and believe me we were never without company.

I'll never forget on one of those Fridays, after the house had been all cleaned up, my girlfriend and I decided to make it snow in July. We opened a feather pillow and emptied it out of the window. The feathers flew all over the house and yard and I never saw Mom so angry. She almost flipped:--I never tried that again.

However the house on Ann Street contains my favorite memories. Our butcher store was on the corner of Ann and Baltimore Streets, and we lived up the block. I was appointed "Head Honor Girl" and Mom was so proud. She could hear me blow the whistle clear across the street.

Our house was always lively, full of friends and relatives. Father was very popular, being the president of the Butchers Association, and people were always coming to him for advice. He was always lending somebody money, although I can't recall us having too much ourselves.

I can vividly remember my father's store. I always liked to play in the sawdust on the floor. "Deddie" would always wear a white butcher aprom, and when he wasn't busy he would sit out front of the store and I would climb on his lap. He was very affectionate and was always hugging and kissing us kids. So was Uncle Labie, for I can remember always kissing him, too. And now you see, cousins, we come by our inheritance rightly --"kissing cousins", we call ourselves.

Sylvia was very attached to Aunt Ruth, or "Ushu" as we call her. "Ushu" came to live with us when she first came to America. Sylv was a baby, and Ushu was so crazy about her; she spoiled her to death. Once we were all dressed ready to go out and Ush wasn't there to comb Sylv's hair. Sylv refused to let Mom do it--she locked herself in the bathroom and wouldn't go. The reason Sylv remembers this incident so well, is that Deddie, who rarely hit us, beat the devil out of her.

P. S. Even now we are still waiting for Sylvia to get dressed.

After Uncle Dave died Ushu and her children, Norma (Sissy) and Sherman (Buddy) and our family were inseparable. Buddy was such a "Mazik" he was always busting things up. I'll never forget the lovely doll carriage he demolished, he upset a china closet on himself and he liked to punch holes in Mom's chairs. But he was so darn cute we couldn't help loving him.

Sissy and I adored each other. We always ate soup out of one bowl--two spoons. We loved to sleep together and would giggle all night. One night Ush was sitting for us and Shike and Sis got into a fight and he took a swing at her. I jumped in front to protect her and boy did I get clipped. My nose bled all night and poor Ush was frantic.

We had an old Nash car and every Sunday Deddie would pile as many as he could into the car and take us for a ride. We managed to get as far as Park Circle, near Druid Hill Park, when I would yell, "Stop the car" and then I would throw up. It was uncanny, but I always picked the same spot.

Our fondness for Abe Bass and Israel Siegel goes back many, many years. They were always at our house and we regarded them as part of our family. They were two happy-go-lucky guys and we all had such fun with them. Mom and Dad were very devoted to Abe and Israel and they in turn were equally devoted. I'll never forget their deep concern when Mom was so ill.

Israel's untimely passing was a great blow to all of us and we miss his presence among the cousins very much.

I have some wonderful memories of the days we spent at the J. E. A.--Jewish Educational Alliance. Shike and I belonged to clubs there, he played basketball and I was busy with dramatics (I'm still a ham, and love it.). The dances and good times we had at the J.E.A. just cannot be duplicated today. There I met "Reds" Klein--a boy with a mess of beautiful red hair. Today, no mess--no hair. While going to the J.E.A. one night, I ran into an old beat up car while crossing the street. I wasn't hurt, but the handsome fellow that had driven the car, kept coming to the house, and was I flattered. I soon found out it was really Sylvia he was coming to see. He was known as "Nifty" and it was through him that

Sylv met his brother Artie Naftolin. They were from Toronto, Canada, and were staying with an aunt on Broadway. This little mishap started a beautiful romance--Sylvia and Artie got married.

Dad's health began failing around this time. We were told he had a cancer. I'll never forget how brave Mom was, never letting on how sick he was and trying to keep everything going as usual.

My brother Shike tells of his Bar Mitzvah, which he recalls so plainly. Father was critically ill at the time, and couldn't get out of bed. They did the Bar Mitzvah service right in the bedroom. Shike recited his Moftar and the whole service by himself. They had brought the Torahs into the house and placed them in a large wardrobe Mom had emptied out. I know my father must have been proud of Shike that day. Mom had cooked and baked and tried to make it festive, but it was the saddest Bar Mitzvah ever.

After suffering for three long years, Dad finally passed away in June 1933, just a few days before my graduation from high school. He had suffered terribly near the end and those of us who loved him were relieved to see an end to his misery.

I'll never forget his funeral. The chapel was filled to capactiy with so many people, many of whom I had never seen. The cars were lined up for blocks and they all rode past the synagogue on Aisquith Street. The doors were opened in tribute to him. After the month of mourning, a memorial meeting was held in his memory. The words of praise spoken by the many speakers and the tribute that was paid to him that night is something I shall never forget.

The task of raising four children without a father was not an easy one, but Mom did everything she possibly could. She sold the butcher store and not long afterwards bought a confectionery store. Although it wasn't a very good business, Mom put in many long hours on her feet. Is it any wonder she complained of her feet?

At the tender age of eighteen Lester and I decided to elope. We came home to Mom and she, of course, took us in and we moved in with the gang on Monroe Street.

Lester is the son of Rebecca and Nathan Klein two wonderful parents whom we are happy to say are still with us. What they say about Mothers-in-Law is a fallacy. Mom Klein is plenty O.K. by me.

Lester worked for a baking company and he had the distinction of driving one of the last horse and buggies on the street. He made a fabulous salary--$25 a week. On January 15, 1936 our son Barry was born. Barry was a wonderful child and a genuine delight to everybody. He was the only grandchild on both sides, and being raised in a house full of adults he really had the opportunity of being spoiled. But somehow, he wasn't. He would recite for anyone that came into Mom's store and he sure made a hit.

In June 1936, Sylvia and Artie were married. The wedding was held at Ushu's house on Ocala Ave. The place was so crowded you couldn't move and boy was it ever hot that day. I can still see Lester holding up the canopy with the sweat pouring down and poor Artie was dripping.

Sylvia and I moved together in a two apartment house on Violet Ave. Babs, Sylv's daughter was born in March 1939. A beautiful blonde curly-haired little girl. She would have preferred being a boy, and she was truly a sight running around with her holster and guns. Later, as she was growing up, she played baseball and even football with the boys. This tomboy is now a lovely young married lady.

After Shike and Roz finished school and went to work, Mom finally sold the store. They moved into an apartment on Appleton Street. It was about this time that World War II broke out. Lester became a welder and went to work at the shipyard and was kept there for the duration of the war. Artie, however, was drafted and served in the Navy. He came home safely but he was the most seasick sailor in history. Shike also served in the Army, but he too was lucky and stayed in the States.

Roz met a nice, big soldier at a U.S.O. dance. He was Sanford (Sandy) Cohen, stationed at Edgewood in Chemical Warfare. They saw quite a lot of each other and when Sandy was transferred to Illinois, they decided to get married. They were married by an army Chaplain in Champaign, Illinois, and I'll never forget how worried

Mom was about her. But Roz got along just fine. We later found out that Sandy was working at the University of Illinois with many other chemists experimenting with the Atomic Bomb.

On March 29, 1943 our son Donald was born. It wasn't meant for us to have this child very long, for at the age of four he was struck by a car and taken from us. It was as if the whole world was dead, leaving us completely numb. I don't think one can ever fully recover from a blow such as this, but as they say life must go on and it did go on for us in the form of a new life. On June 27, 1947 our son Larry (Lawrence Alan) was born. We named him after Uncle Label and Barry being named after my father, we now have two devoted sons, named for two brothers who were always very close and I hope that they will grow up to be as fine of character as their namesakes.

We couldn't figure out what the attraction was in Philadelphia that kept Shike running up there all the time, and one day he brings home the gal from Philly, Gert Soffer, for our approval. P.S. We approved and they were married here in Baltimore. We did not lose a brother, we gained a very fine sister.

When I moved to my present home on Roland View Ave., Mom came to live with us. Sylv and Shike lived together in a house just two doors away, and Mom was busy going back and forth looking after and playing with her grandchildren. They all called her "Mammy" and were very fond of her. Sylvia had given birth to Lloyd in November 1946. Lloyd and Larry are just six months apart and growing up together they get along like brothers.

Roz and Sandy live in Fair Lawn, New Jersey and have two beautiful daughters. Bonnie is 11 and quite a lady and Marcy is 7 and as full of personality as a seven year old can get. Sandy has his own chemical supply business and goes under the name of Ahart Chemical Co.

Shike and Gert also have two children, Michael and Bonnie. Mickey is a fine handsome boy of 8 and little Bonnie, my adorable Bonnie, is 6 years old. Bonnie was born just a few days before Mom passed away. Shike

works for Jake Shapiro of the United Iron and Metal Co.

Sylvia and Artie have two children, Barbara (Babs) and Lloyd. Babs is an old married lady, having married Edmund Galonoy a year ago. Lloyd is now a fine looking boy of fifteen. Artie has a cleaning plant on Park Heights Ave. known as Lloyds Cleaners.

My husband Lester has a meat business in Belair Market. There is a slight difference between my father's business and Lester's--Les sells Kosher pork products. Every time I empty the sawdust out of the cuffs of Lester's pants, I recall Mom doing the very same thing many years ago.

While visiting with Roz in New Jersey, Mom suffered a very severe stroke. She was in a coma for two weeks and we did not think she would recover. She came out of the coma, but was almost completely paralyzed, even her speech. We had her moved back to Baltimore where she remained in the hospital for three months. We never knew if Mom ever recognized us in the six months she lived after this. The doctors never gave us any hope of her recovering, but we still hoped and prayed for a miracle. In January 1955, Mom passed away and ours was a great loss. Mom's goodness and kindness will long be remembered by her children, her grandchildren and everyone who knew her, for just to know her was to love her. Our children often speak of "Mammy" kindly, remembering her so well and especially the good things she would make for them.

My son Barry having completed high school, went to college at the University of Baltimore and graduated in the field of Advertising. A few days after his graduation he was married to Ruth Markman, the girl he was keeping company with for two years. So now, finally I have a daughter. Ruth is the daughter of Rose and Sam Markman--my wonderful "Mahootens". They just had to be, to have produced a girl as fine as my Ruthie. Barry works as a copywriter for the firm of Kal, Erlich, and Merrick in Washington, D. C. and they live in Silver Spring. Larry is a fine boy of fourteen--the typical teen-ager Rock & Roll and all.

And now the "Piece de Resistance"--our grandchild Stuart Robert Klein. <u>This</u> is a grandchild!! He was

born on February 22, 1960, and boy was this a happy day. Stuart Robert is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to us. He is such a delight and gives us so much pleasure that I cannot help but wish that all my good friends and family will some day enjoy the pleasure of being "Mom-Moms" and "Pop-Pops" too.

And so Lee I come to the end of my story. I'm glad it's a happy ending, for though we have had much sadness in the past, our future looks rosy and bright and we have much to be thankful for.

Lovingly,

Cousin Zelda.

LILLIAN (BILLIE) PRITZKER KRUPP WRITES

To go back home, to childhood, I am reminded quite vividly of the day that I left it all behind.

The movers had come and gone. Mother and I went through the whole house to make sure that everything had been cleared out. We started on the third floor where the boys' bedrooms were, and worked down.

On the foyer wall on the third floor, there was the tell-tale mark that once graced a Grandfather Clock. Down the steep stairs to the second floor, in the tiny landing, separating the girls' bedroom from Mother's and Father's, two clean spots on the wall gave evidence of pictures that had hung there for many years. One, was the Last American (lone Indian astride his horse atop a mountain) the other, whose caption read: "Don't scratch me, scratch my Mother", was of two cats, a mother and her little one. There you have a thumbnail portrait of Mother, who would if she could house all the homeless, and didn't mind a scratch or two if it came her way, while she administered loving care to her own nine pussycats.

In this foyer, Joe and I played on many a rainy day, and even ate our lunch here. The mark of the "Bucket" was here too;-the one that worried Miriam so much, when she and Abe necked in the living room just below, on the ground floor. We had orders on the nights of her dates, to relieve ourselves before bedtime. It must have been an awful letdown to hear someone tinkling in a romantic moment. But after all, the "Throne" even though it was a modern type was in the back yard. So, Miriam and Abe were forced to endure the crowded atmosphere of our house that teemed with life. I wonder, when they married and had all the privacy that they wanted, if they missed the many sound effects that accompanied their love-making in the living room on Exeter Street.

In the girls' bedroom on the left were two peepholes high in the door that were always closed. Into them, whenever they could be forced open, peered the eyes of Abe Bass and Israel Siegal (cousins) who were our guests for a while. They were full of fun and loved to tease Miriam and Gertrude who occupied the room where the one and only bathtub rested in majestic splendor.

Down to the first floor under the stairs stood the big closet where we hung our coats, hats, rubbers, etc. There was also the big laundry basket, and it really was BIG. Besides being a receptacle for the soiled clothing, it was also used as a hiding place for the "bananas". We consumed two dozen daily. I don't know why they had to be hidden. When you wanted one all you had to do was to slip your hand under the clothes and take your share, which was two a day;-honor bright. Perhaps at one time Mother dealt out two apieces, but after the lineup grew too long, we helped ourselves to, you know what, in you know where. We hung our outer clothing there with one exception, Brother William. When he came from work, he walked the steep stairs to the third floor, put his things away in his room, came down to eat his dinner, then climbed the stairs again to get his things, and off he'd go to night school. I understand that Will's feet are giving him a bit of trouble lately. Perhaps he should have used the laundry room more and climbed the stairs less.

We never did criticize each other in those days, for we lived in a home of the free and did pretty much as we pleased. For instance: There was never such a thing as barley soup served at our table. It was--soup, with bowls of barley, rice, noodles and beans served on a side. You selected what you liked! Once a neighbor protested that Mother spoiled us, for she insisted that her family ate whatever she prepared for them. Mother just couldn't see anyone eating food that they didn't care for and catered to the tastes of her brood, for she recalled with repugnance, the Cream of Wheat that her father forced her to eat when she was a child. So if the neighbor thought Mother too lenient, she in turn thought her mean and sadistic.

To the right of the stairway in the living room where the six piece velour suite, the piano, victrola, stove, and most important of all, the telephone had been, an odor of floor oil still lingered.

The telephone was the most used item, the busiest one in the whole world, free for all. Here Mother called the different charities for families in distress, depending on their denominations. I recall a little girl who was placed in a foster home and made to do heavy manual labor to earn her miserable room and board. One tele-

phone call had her replaced in a good home where she was beautifully raised and finally married a wonderful man. Exploitations of homeless children are unheard of these days, but in those times only the attention of interested people could ease a distressed child's plight. Mother was such a person.

On the other side of the stairwell past the clothes closet, was the dining room, used only on festive occasions, the winter kitchen, and next to that was the summer kitchen. It was the coal stove in the winter kitchen that was the nucleous of the whole house. Here, not only hands were warmed but many a heart as well. The brown leather love seat in the corner near the stove was a coveted spot. Here you could keep deliciously warm in the cold of winter. When friends dropped in, a Schmalz Herring would be popped into the coals, and coffee would soon be brewing for all. This same room was also the waiting room for Mother's patients. They came in the morning usually, with splinters to be removed, sore throats to be swabbed and so many ailments that Mother treated. There was an emergency once that Mother couldn't handle herself. She dashed from the house with an infant choking to death from Diptheria, hailed a passing truck and took the child to the hospital for immediate treatment, that saved its little life. We ran into the street after Mother, the child's Mother and I, just in time to see her ride away and shouting: "Don't worry, don't cry, just take care of my little girl." That was Me.

A door in the summer kitchen led to the yard. In its largest part where the "Throne" was, a swing, and a small patch of earth where Lee once planted Sunflowers, faced a blank wall covered with Ivy. The brick wall ended in an alleyway that wound its way the full length of the lot, where the cellar began. There you have an almost accurate description of the house. It was an architect's nightmare; hot in the summer, cold in the winter, yet its purpose was to shelter us, and that it surely did.

I waited patiently in the living room for Mother to check and double check, knowing as well as she did that there wasn't anything left in the empty place to worry about, except the two of us. An aura of many an emotional crisis hung over the house. I put my hand to the wall as if to pat it goodbye, and felt a slight tremor.

It was, most likely the concussion of a passing vehicle, but to my seventeen year old imaginative mind, the heart-beat of a house reluctant to see us leave.

A home is a poem; a refuge; a mainstay, many things dear to the senses of childhood. This one was once called Loonyville. A man came calling one day, was stunned by noise and confusion that greeted him at the front door. He said that he had probably come to the wrong place, for surely this must be some sort of a nuthouse. I informed him quite indignantly that this was the Pritzker house, and invited him in to wait for all the Pritzkers to come home and then he could really witness a commotion.

It never seemed unusual to me, being part of a large family, the sounds natural enough. The Victrola blaring with "Snoops The Lawyer"-the phone ringing—the piano playing—a violin screeching—Mother shouting for anybody to answer the phone, holding her arms up to show that she was up to her elbows in dough—Joe shrieking at the top of his lungs practicing for his debate team: "Gibbets-Gibbets-may they stretch our necks on all the Gibbets in the land." Allen, our baby, contributed his share of yaking too. I was a quiet one except when denied anything, which was often, or so it seemed to me as a child.

All in all, the house didn't lack for noise and motion. If Will was busy walking up and down the stairs, Lee, too, spent time and energy going down and up the cellar stairs. In an enclosed room in the cellar marked "Private-Keep Out" hung pipes and tubes, part of his chemistry experiments. Lee never blew up the house much to everyone's relief, for his tests were of the most mysterious nature. Not even he understood them, but he certainly made the attempt to analyse anything that presented a challenge. With the intellectual curiosity of "A Rhodes Scholar", he stuck his finger in a cigar cutter and lost the tip of it. When he put his face in a huge jar of homemade horse radish to see how long he could stand the smell, no one questioned his action. It was genius at work. There wasn't much use asking questions anyway, as the genius was stretched out cold on the floor with the most horrible color of green on his face. Lee was a good boy, skipping grades in school and very well behaved. Sometimes I think that

Mother and Father wished he wasn't so bright for he was always delving in research and experiments. I was part of one of his experiments one night. Lee was babysitting the three younger children including myself, when he suggested a test just to pass the time. I was to sprinkle some of his chemical fluid on him which would render him unconscious, then spill another type of fluid saying a few magic words, and he would become normal again. To my horror he remained quite still, so naturally I thought I had missed up somehow, and screeched my head off, bringing the experiment to an abrupt end.

We were so different from each other, having our own individual tastes and habits, however, there was one that we all favored and that one was Miriam. She was always lots of fun and handy in a crisis. At the time of the flu epidemic, Miriam had the good sense to stay well. The entire family was sick at the same time except Miriam and Mother. We were bedded down in the big bedroom that resembled a hospital for a while, smelling strongly of camphor and other antiseptic odors. I was the last one to get well, having contracted Pneumonia, but it turned out to be a pretty good deal. Mother bought me a doll as big as I was for being a good girl and taking my medicine which resembled and tasted like brown mud mixed with glue and dried grasshoppers. This was her own concoction and was a panacea for all ills.

Miriam's diary was always a source of interest, a little repetitious, always about Abe, and why he didn't try to kiss her, also about her club meetings, "The Merry Lilacs". There was an entry finally that Abe did kiss her, but she didn't know whether or not she enjoyed it. The Merry Lilacs lasted a long time. I think there was an attempt to revive it not too long ago, changing the name to "The Drooping Pussywillows". Miriam was such a pretty girl with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and happy disposition. She took elocution lessons and fascinated me with her rendition of Little Johnny, who was caught redhanded stealing a loaf of bread. It turned out that the poor kid was hungry, and as he was only four years old, an orphan, he beat the rap easily, putting to an end the misery of the entire courtroom who bawled all through the trial. This was always followed by "The Old Maid". This recitation was about an unmarried lady who caught a burglar in the act of pilfering. As she had never been that close to the

opposite sex before, naturally, she tried to proposition him. "What?", he said as he gazed at her false teeth in a glass, her artificial eye lying on the table, her false leg sticking out from under the bed, "Marry you? NEVER, I'd rather be dead." The Old Maid being an obliging sort then conked him one with the artificial leg and that was the end. Miriam took part in a show given at the Brith Sholom Hall and the whole family went to give her a big hand when she orated with much eloquence, Little Johnny and The Old Maid.

Mother was once asked if she had a child that attended P.S. 43. She answered that she did, a child in every grade. The principal was Miss Jennie "Shatel". Her last name was not really Shatel, just a nickname for the wig that she wore. She was greatly respected in the neighborhood and held in some awe. Living in the same section so long, every one of us attended this school.

Next door to P.S. 43 was the Temple that we attended. The women sat upstairs as was the custom in the Older Orthodox religion, and the men sat downstairs. The men always stayed until the end of the services, the women usually leaving a bit earlier so as to prepare the holiday dinner. I think that Father must have been very proud as he walked home with his six sons, several towering over him in height. On Yom Kippur, the boys were told to kiss their sisters when arriving home, all differences forgiven and forgotten on this holy day. This was done with some reluctance and one expected a kick in the shins accompanying the kiss. Our holiday feasts were quiet and serious, and as we sat solemnly around the dining room table, the eleven of us, we probably presented a picture that expressed the true meaning of freedom--a family worshipping together the God of our choice, in this land of liberty, this wonderful country of ours.

I recall an Easter Holiday dinner that we were having. We opened the door to let the good Angel in to drink the wine, as is done on this occasion. A friend of Dave's came in, and we made him drink the wine, always referring to him, thereafter, as the Good Angel. Easter was the fun holiday, singing songs, getting a little tight on homemade wine. The food was elegant, gefilte fish soup, fat matsoh pancakes fried in chicken fat, stuffed roast chicken, etc. I always got the

chicken wings and the meat around that part. Sometimes, I wished that I could have had another part of the bird, but that was not to be. Now, I can eat any part of the chicken that I want but somehow, never fail to eat the wings too. You might say that it is my destiny. Mother, Gertrude, Miriam and I washed loads of dishes in those days, Gertrude was the best "Balaboosta" of the three girls, being fussy and careful about the place. She was good in business too, working as a secretary in the Brith Sholom Hall before she married Nathan, a job that Father got for her.

I went outside and sat on the front steps leaving the front door slightly ajar. I could hear Mother moving about talking to herself now and then. She was saying goodbye to many things, I knew, severing emotional ties that held her to this old house. I couldn't shut the door tight, but childlike held fast to an intangible something that was of tremendous importance. Until this time, Home was like an old picture that you could look at without seeing it at all. Now the picture was gone; the pattern broken. First Father's illness and death, and then poor Morty's sudden, accidental passing. Events that were taken for granted now became meaningful. Once, Mother and Father were young, fell in love, married and had nine children. The storybooks read like this: "So they lived happily ever after." At this point, "ever after" seemed to be of a limited time and I sought mentally for an Image that was more realistic.

Father and I had had our own little private world. When everyone was out, the younger boys Joe and Allan in bed, we sat on the brown leather love seat near the coal stove, and shared confidences. A Schmalz Herring roasting over the coals, coffee with a bit of chicory perking away, thick pumpernickel bread and onions would be our refreshments. Father would read excerpts from Alexander Dumas's twenty volume set of the French Romances. I could still hear him exclaim that only the French can write. No one else could equal their classic simplicity and colorful descriptions. He read so beautifully that very often I was carried and rode in the wind with the Four Horsemen, clicked my knitting needles in code with Madame De Farge. Sometimes I stalked the Palace spying on Madame Du Barry and rode to the Guillotine with Marie Antoinette. I, in turn would read my own poetry and Father was delighted with me. He told me

of a cousin in Paris who had written a fine book on Child Psychology that was translated in many languages. She was unmarried and had moved from Paris to Israel. I never glimpse a book by Dumas that doesn't carry me back to that love seat near the stove, Father and the odor of roasted herring. It was not an unhappy memory that I would carry away with me as regards to Father. He was a man with many cares and responsibilities yet he had a rare beauty inside of him that was revealed to me on many occasions.

After Father's funeral the many many guests had finally left and we were alone except for Aunt Brina, who had decided to spend the night with us. This was my first encounter with Death and the full impact was felt as I lay down to go to sleep. Tossing and turning, I was beset by disturbing thoughts, such as: Was I responsible somewhat? I had not exactly been a model child. All the wrong things I had done--cutting my hair as short as a boy's--washing it in ice-water to take out the curl--doing all the silly things that teen-agers do. Aunt Brina who slept beside me felt my restlessness and wise she was when she took me in her arms and said: "There is only one thing that you can do right now, and that is to go to sleep." The most amazing thing was that it was utterly possible. I did close my eyes and go to sleep and then it was tomorrow. This I could take with me from this house, this elegant piece of advice. For me, there were many tomorrows and with them the trying ones that come to us all.

It was in 1945, and my son who was born prematurely, was failing. My doctor told me that there was but little chance of survival, that the child wouldn't last the night. I thought of the cable that was sent to Nils so very far away in Europe, announcing the birth of his son, and wondered how I would get the courage to write him the sad news. We had been childless for thirteen years and finally by some rare streak of luck had had a child. The Doctor's words shocked me dreadfully and the long hours of a sleepless night in a hospital loomed monstrously tall. Aunt Brina came to comfort me; no hallucination or dream; merely the memory of her filled the room. I saw her thus; in my borrowed nightgown with her long hair in plaits, just like the night of Father's funeral. I slept in her arms that night as I had done a long time ago, and heard her say once more that the one

thing that I had to do, was to go to sleep. Waking the next morning and hearing the marvelous news that the child had improved responding to intravenous injections, I knew that if he lived his name would be Brian, named for my darling Aunt Brina whom I would always love.

People like diamonds have many facets that are viewed by others in the light of their own particular day and time. Cousin Annie Silver sees her Mother (Aunt Brina) as a beautiful woman, delicate of feature and very kind; as a child riding in a "Deroshsky" with royalty. Cousin Sara Shapiro's son Karl in his book "Poems of a Jew" writes in his own remarkable way.

My Grandmother

My grandmother moves to my mind in context of sorrow
And; as if apprehensive of near death, in black;
Whether erect in chair, her dry and corded throat
  harangued by grief,
Or at ragged book bent in Hebrew prayer,
Or gentle, submissive, and in tears to strangers;
Whether in sunny parlor or back of drawn blinds.

Though time and tongue made any love disparate,
On daguerreotype with classic perspective
Beauty I sigh and soften at is hers.
I pity her life of deaths, the agony of her own,
But most that history moved her through
Stranger lands and many houses,
Taking her exile for granted, confusing
The tongues and tasks of her children's children.

I can recall Aunt Brina not only as one who taught me that it is possible to accept trouble when it comes, but also as a charming, lovely lady with a sort of Mona Lisa smile playing around her lips, effusing her cameo-like face.

The front marble steps that I sat on would be scrubbed no more by any of us, as it must have been for hundreds of times. It was a chore, handed down the line, each one of us having had our turn at it. Up and down these stairs had trod our dear relatives, including Aunt Rose, Aunt Esther, Uncle Barney and Uncle Leibe. Cousin Max was a frequent visitor and always called me his "Gypsy girl".

The street was deserted;-being around lunchtime, all was still. It wasn't the usual tempo for Exeter St., especially during Prohibition days. This was past prohibition, and brought to mind, was the day Mother's friend's Still exploded. We were on our way home from the fish market, Mother and I;-she carrying the heavy fish, live carp in the big basket, and I the small ones, butterfish and smelts in the small basket, when we saw the crowd and the Police Wagon (Black Maria) parked in front of this friend's house. The house looked like it had had its teeth kicked in and its glasses smashed. Suddenly we heard a cry from the wagon and therein was Mother's friend sobbing loudly: "Save me please Mrs. Pritzker darling save me. I'm being locked up." Mother ran to the front of the wagon, I after her as usual; opened the door where the driver sat demanding to know why her friend was being arrested. As the wagon had already started to go, the driver had to apply his brakes to listen to Mother, who by her action had scared him out of his wits. The Black Maria lurched crazily spilling the contents of Mother's basket, and the large carp suddenly came to life and leaped in the driver's face. One would think that he never saw a fish before--he was so surprised. Patiently, he explained that there was a Still in the house and as it was against the law, the owner was being taken to the police station. Mother, outraged, asked if he had a permit to enter a law-abiding citizen's home. The reply was that he didn't have to enter as the Still had exploded, and the inside of the house was now on the outside. We had retrieved the fish by this time and tried to wipe the gook off the officer's lap. He seemed so angry, being red in the face and shouting so loud, that I begged Mother to stand aside, as she might be arrested too. The Van went on then, but Mother had to chase it a bit to console her friend. Who would feed her six kids? Ditto, her husband. "I will," Mother assured her. "Will you have enough for them?" the criminal queried. "Let them eat fish," shouted the driver, and off they went leaving Mother breathless, but not breathless enough that she couldn't make a speech right there in the middle of the street, on the stupidity of Prohibition that made decent people appear as criminals, simply because they wanted some bitters for medicinal purposes. We had to rush then, cleaning the fish, frying them and serving the extras before our own dinnertime. Not that we lacked the room, as ironing boards over two chairs made for more seating space. It was be-

cause just a short time ago, Father had put his foot down on Mother's many involvements that gave her so much more work to do. Before we had dinner that night, six kids and their father ate in our house, and nobody knew it but Mother and I.

We shared lots of secrets, for instance--the time of the Pickled Rat. Mother went down to the cellar early one evening to get some pickled tomatoes for our meal. I heard her yell and dashed down the cellar steps thinking that she had hurt herself. There she sat on a stool and from her fingers dangled a Pickled Rat--that had managed somehow to get into the tomato pickle barrel. That rat got the worse bawling out that I had ever heard ruining the whole barrel of tomatoes, and all the work on them going for naught. Suddenly Mother stopped talking and it was obvious that she was going to do something about this situation. She was going to see the Rabbi, she said as she wrapped the rat in newspaper. "Why", I asked, "Does he like Pickled Rats?" Mother didn't know about that, what she wanted to find out was whether the tomatoes were contaminated or not. I never did learn what it was that the Rabbi said. The tomatoes vanished, not in the garbage pail either. For a long time afterwards I wouldn't touch a pickled tomato in any of our neighbors' houses, as a matter of fact, I stopped liking altogether, any tomato that was pickled. Also, I viewed the Rabbi with great suspicion. I knew that he didn't have much money and wondered if he was the one who inherited the tomatoes, for after all they did come from a Kosher home.

So many things had happened in this house. Now that it was almost time to leave it, I wondered what part I had had in the big family. It seemed to me that I must have been the worst brat in the United States. What with opening up everybody's mail--reading Miriam's diary--charging for errands--minding everyone's business and being somewhat of a nuisance. I did have fun here though chasing over the back fences--putting on shows in the cellar. There was a two cent admission and a money back guarantee, if the audience wasn't satisfied. They never were, but I didn't give them their money back. No more than the kids would give back the free lemonade that they drank on the house. I fell in love for the first time, was jilted and thought of suicide. This thought was soon put aside for I fell in love again with

"THE MAN OF MY DREAMS". This dream was short-lived.

Mother was ready now, carefully closing the door and came down the stairs. She had something to tell me, but we had to hurry as we heard the rumble of the streetcar on Lexington St. We ran and just about made it. When we were seated I slipped my hand in hers as the streetcar carried us away from the place that we had called "Home". Childhood was over now. I knew that from this day forward that everything I ever said or did again was to be of my own volition. For Mother, a lot of things were over too, and I wished that I could find the words to ease her mind a bit. "I must tell you this," she said, "Of all my children, you are the one that I love best. I love you because you understand me. How lucky I am to have you with me this day." Then her manner changed and a new excitement crept into her voice as she spoke of new plans and fresh hopes. What a woman she was, taking life in it's stride, never backing down. We passed High St., where the School and Temple were, Front St., Fallsway, and all the Streets and Avenues:--LATER;-we passed the Cities and Years with a change of direction and conveyance.

The end of the line finally came for Mother in August 1951. We literally haunted the Nursing Home where she was confined. The head Doctor ordered us from the sickroom as the coma Mother had been in for ten days was coming to an end. We left the room, all of us, except Shirley who wouldn't budge an inch, because she thought that in spite of what the Doctor said, Mother might regain consciousness and didn't want her to be alone. We waited downstairs for just a little while, when Shirley came slowly down the stairs. I went to her and not being able to ask, searched her face for an answer. She stood there so quietly, her blue eyes like a splash of aquamarine on a white pallet. "Remember Mother as she was," was all she said. Like Naomi and Ruth in the Bible, she kept her Mother-in-law company until it was virtually impossible to do so any longer. It's no small matter witnessing a human depart from this world, especially kith and kin dearly loved. Shirley has never spoken of the last moments of Mother's life. The knowledge is hers. She had earned the right.

After Mother's funeral and receiving services were over, we all went out for dinner, a final reunion,

before going our separate ways; some of us living quite a distance away. It started off a solemn affair but that soon changed when Allan said that he hoped now that Mother was gone, we wouldn't drift apart. That he would feel her passing more than the rest of us, as he was the youngest and she had loved him best of all. There was a fast contradiction from Dave who said that he was the oldest child and Mother had loved him the best. Other contradictions followed, because everyone of us had been told the same words, only the reasons were different. I didn't say anything at all. As if I didn't know who Mother loved best. It was me, her little "Lakele". Finally love is no stranger to anyone of us, as we have lived with it all our lives. It is the way of the Pritzker Clan. I understood this the day that I left Exeter St.

May this family book continue to grow. To read it is to visit, and I enjoy your company with all my heart.

With much love,
From the seventh child of
Ezrael and Anna Pritzker

Lakele Krupp
Feb. 1962

Lillian Krupp
Ingraham Terrace
Coral Gables, Florida

Dear Cousins:--

More interesting articles to be added to "Our Book".

We had many fine comments on the last articles. Cousins Zelda and Billie are to be complimented for their very fine contributions. Their delightful and informative articles so well written really adds lots of color to "Our Book".

Before giving a brief review of the new additional pages, here are a few things for your attention.

Cousin Alys (St. Paul branch) called my attention to an error made in the ages of her children. Please turn to page 178 of your book--tenth line and make the following corrections: Mickey age 20--Karen age 18--Neil age 16--and Paula age 13.

Also on the chart listed under the Boston Pritzkers descendants of Motel, change it to read descendants of Boris. In the box where Motel appears change to Boris.- In the box where Barrell appears change to Motel, where Leibe appears change to Ely and where Myron appears change to Meir.

Am working on a series of new charts and diagrams as well as our new address and telephone directory which you should have in the very near future.

Several cousins have written in regarding the meaning of "LEBB" on the front cover. These letters are the first initials of the three brothers and the sister who settled here in Baltimore:--from whom, all Baltimore Pritzkers are direct descendants:--namely, Leibe - Ezrael - Barney and Brina.

When we first started "Our Book" it was our intention to simply write about the Baltimore Pritzkers and so we used the loga "LEBB" to symbolize our direct forebears. However, now that we have aimed our sights on Pritzkers everywhere, we feel a new insignia is in order. Any suggestions that you may have would be appreciated.

In this issue we have some most interesting material. I have submitted a brief report on our Eleventh Anniversary meeting, which hardly does justice to an

evening so enjoyable.

Perhaps in the future some thought could be given to a real get-together with all the Pritzkers. This idea while at present represents quite a challenge, possibly could be worked out. Anyway it is food for thought.

From Forest Hills, N. Y. Cousin Jennie (Jennie Pritz Rothman) who has been most cooperative in so many ways, sends us her fine contribution.

As usual we wish to welcome her and her family to our ever growing list of Pritzkers and you will find her article so warm and sincere. Her direct writing to my grandson Kenny carries quite a wonderful message and I know all of our young Pritzkers will do well to read it.

For sometime, the proper categorical placement of one of the Boston groups has presented quite a problem to me. Cousin Paul E. Pritzker of Boston came through with his article and as a result we now have another Pritzker branch 100% finished and authenticated.

Cousin Paul's article, a masterpiece of literary style of its own, not only puts us up to date, but also opens up many more avenues to explore in our Pritzker research. We extend a most cordial welcome to Paul and his family from our Pritzker Cousins family group.

Visiting in this country is Paul's cousin, Evelyn Pritzker Zimmerman, who was a great help in filling in the missing parts of the Boston Pritzkers' Tree. She is here as an exchange fellowship student at the University of Maryland, doing post graduate work toward her Master's degree in Home Economics. We expect to have a fine article about her real soon: one I know all will enjoy.

Sometime back General Joseph Avidor, the Israeli Ambassador to Argentina, wrote me (Pg. 207) regarding relatives in Haifa, Israel. With the help of the Israeli Embassy here in Washington, we obtained the address of one Jacob Pritzker in Haifa, Israel and wrote to him. He responded to our letter and his answer is enclosed. It was written in Hebraic but I am enclosing the English translation.

We wish to extend to Cousin Jacob and his family a most cordial and sincere welcome to our Pritzker group and to thank him for the real and genuine interest he expressed to us in his first letter. It is also quite interesting to learn from him, that our research concerning our Pritzker name origin, stemming from the town of Pritzke was correct.

And here is an item, one for "Ripley's Believe It Or Not";-Cousin Evelyn who lives in Jerusalem had to come to this country, a distance of 5000 miles to get the address of one of her Pritzker cousins living but a short distance from her in Haifa. So again "Our Book" has been a catalyst, to bring the Pritzkers to know each other better.

Also Cousin Hy Pritzker (Pg. 195) wrote me:

> "My sister Rose who was here on vacation, my wife and I spent a very pleasant evening with Lillian and Nils Krupp and their son Brian. They have a wonderful home and we enjoyed getting better acquainted. Also, had the pleasure of visiting with Leo and Jean from St. Paul who are down here on vacation. The Pritzker book is certainly a wonderful way of getting acquainted with new cousins."

Again a good example of three branches of our family getting to know each other through the media of "Our Book".

Cousin Sherman (Buddy) Pritzker comes forth with a splendid article. Buddy is the son of Ruth and the late David Pritzker (Pg. 81-87). He gives not only a wonderful and informative account about himself and his family but also exposes us to some of the horrors of what the last world war conflict was. Let us hope and pray we will never be exposed to conditions like this again.

We are now compiling a good deal of informative material regarding Brina Pritzker Omansky's descendants. Her daughter Anna Silver (Pg. 54) was one of the first of her family to cooperate and write. Cousin Anna has given me quite a lot of material to publish and I hope to have it ready before long. However, I am enclosing a

letter from the American University regarding her granddaughter Vivien which is very interesting.

Also I am enclosing another of my favorite poems that I have borrowed from Mr. Longfellow. Perhaps he was thinking of the Pritzkers when he wrote it.

Cordially,

Lee Pritzker
April 1962

JENNIE PRITZ ROTHMAN OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y. WRITES

My father John Pritz, (we are the N. Y. branch that dropped the "ker") died in 1915 when I, the youngest of seven children, was just a little girl. However, I remember my mother always talking with great pride about the Pritzkers. She always ended up with, "The Pritzkers huben geshemt uber der gonzer velt." She said this with such assurance, pride and sincerity that we realized that she literally meant the whole world not just Bella Cherkov. I thought it more than a coincidence to find that Cousin Lee writing more than 40 years later (8/61) used the same expression (though Anglo Saxonized) "The name of Nickolas Pritzker is known, recognized and respected not only in Chicago, but throughout the world." Our entire book seems to be permeated with pride at belonging to this family.

My father had two brothers, Bernard and Louis, who came to America just about the turn of the century. Like all other immigrants they, too, struggled for mere subsistence. After many trying experiences in other parts of the country, they finally settled in New York City. They also had a sister, Rose Pritzker, who married a Leon and settled in Chicago. Some of the Leon family are still living there. Then there were a sister Nestle and a brother Kofka, who remained in Russia. The father of this branch of the Pritzkers was Schmul who never left Russia.

All these years, I have grown up with the feeling that we were a very small family since the only ones with whom we have had actual contact were Uncle Louis and Uncle Bernard and, of course, their children. Although we were a small family, we were very close. None of us, the children of John, Bernard or Louis would start out on any important venture, whether a new business, a career or just buying a house, without first consulting Uncle Bernard of whom we all thought so highly.

In about 1905, he moved to Astoria, a suburb of New York City, where he opened a small department store. Shortly after, my father with his family moved to Astoria, too, where he had a small dry goods store.

As I mentioned earlier, my father died in 1915. My Uncle Bernard died in 1947 and in 1957, Uncle Louis.

With the loss of our father and his two brothers, we felt the family was truly shrinking since now only their progeny are left. Then came, "Our Book". While we were aware of the fact that there were some other Pritzkers, we were amazed to find that there were so many scattered all across the country.

While reading the many interesting articles submitted by our cousins, I felt that though Our Book may not be filled with Nobel Prize Winners, nor with great earth shaking accomplishments, it does radiate the warmth, dignity, and pride of a good, solid, modest, upright Jewish family, who have given greatly of themselves to numerous worthy endeavors such as synagogues, hospitals, civic organizations, lodges, charitable institutions. And through these services to others, they have earned the respect of their communities.

As I read on, I found that our family, like most, is made up to a large degree of business men, doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects, educators, writers, bibliophiles etc. But all seem to be devotedly engaged in building a better life for their families and at the same time, because of that outstanding Pritzker trait, unselfishness, (if I may be forgiven the cliche) are trying to make this world a little better for having passed through it.

In reading the Looking Backward articles, it becomes obvious that we are a family bound by rich memories. Yes, some are filled with sorrow or pain, some with great joys, others with tremendous courage and fortitude, but all with real warmth and pride.

Some of us who may have been too young to remember have heard our parents describe those early days when they migrated to this country. Therefore, we can share the nostalgia for the large kitchen which was the center of the family life; the Friday nights permeated by the fragrance of fresh baked chalah and the most wonderful yeast cakes; the schmolzy cooking which Cousin Shirley calls the "K" foods (koogle, knishes, kreplech, kasha, knadels, kishka); the expansive hospitality to all the "Londsmon" from the old country who were constantly coming and going. Of course there was no guest room in the crowded quarters. It simply meant doubling up a bit more in the already doubled up bedrooms. The

family shared generously what little they had with each of the "Greeners".

I was fascinated by the article pg. 145 of Kenny Shane, one of the younger Pritzkers. It was so genuine and uninhibited. When he learned that the family did not include a professional baseball or football player, his reaction was so frankly stated, "—sure would have been nice if a fellow could brag to his friends that there were a "pro" in the family."

No, Kenny, while you can't brag about that, you and all the future Pritzker youngsters can, when reading "Our Book", thrill to the accounts of our early ancestors. You will find exciting episodes of how they, as boys of about your age, ran away from Czarist Russia to escape persecution or service in the army. You will learn how many of these mere boys travelled alone under the most heart breaking conditions. They really experienced unbelievable hardships in their crowded steerage quarters but they weathered them as only people of great strength courage and perserverance can. When they reached Freedom's Shores, their real struggle for mere subsistence began.

You will learn that these boys had to work very hard in sweatshops, stockyards or selling papers just for a bare existence. In spite of this, they never lost their ideals. They yearned for something better, for a brighter future. Some dreamed of becoming architects, doctors, or lawyers. They knew that the only way to realize their dreams was to attend school at night ater long hours at work.

I think that our Pritzker ancestors were able to overcome what today might be considered insurmountable obstacles because at no time did they indulge in self-pity. Through their dignity and strength of character, they were able to rise above it all.

I am sure that every one read with great pride and admiration the story of Nicholas Pritzker Pages 92-107. I was so impressed with his personal philosophy (last paragraph p. 106 continued on p. 107) perhaps partly because in my own home, I have always tried to stress the positive, that is to seek the good in others. I am confident that many other Pritzkers, perhaps with-

out even being aware of it, have done the same. Otherwise, how could they have done so much for humanity?

Wouldn't it be a fine tribute to Nicholas to use his very words, "Why perceive the shadow where the light is discernible?" as a guiding light?

Jennie Pritz Rothman

March 1962

FROM MASS. COUSIN PAUL E. PRITZKER WRITES

Dear Cousin Lee:

To so many of us...indeed to most of us the name PRITZKER has always been an enigma. Reading the various narratives in the Pritzker book I was drawn to the qualities of effort and compassion that each pioneer exercised to get ahead, when each to his own was in an oasis of tribulation. The carnage and degradation of our European cousins suffered and endured was never so fully understood with reverence born of silent interior weeping; then the forthright essay "In Memory of Rachel Miriam Karo, Born Pritzker"; written by Cousin Felicia.

You would be so proud to meet my father. Morris Pritzker is reticent to his family and business associates in a disarming way. Nothing colloquial to suggest a character from Babbit...but respect from a quiet man who prefers to lead the quiet life of sincere everyday living. This opinion is diametric to those who watch him parade with his "Shriner Fez" or play a Medal winning part in Pythian Ritual; for my Dad knows how to relax and enjoy his mode of day to day living. An experienced world traveler to England, France, Switzerland, etc.; Mother and Dad will spend this Passover in Israel visiting with his nephew and family and then continue to Greece, etc. before returning home.

But how did it begin? Only a few weeks ago my father's niece came to this country on an exchange Fellowship. Her knowledge of our family was vivid and comprehensive and is indeed the very foundation of this report. You would enjoy meeting her; and I hope you will contact her since she is living not too far from your home. Her name is:

Mrs. Evelyn Zimmerman
3429 Tulane Drive - Apt. 2
W. Hyattsville, Md.
Phone: 422-3807

You will learn about her family later in this report.

From my Cousin Evelyn's knowledge and my father's memory, we find that your chart of the Boston Pritzker's illustrating that we are descendants of Motel is in

error. It is our understanding that we would be descendants of "Barrell" (as indicated on your chart) however the correct name would be "Borris".

Borris had a son Elija who married a woman named Ida. They were my father's parents. They both died in October 1927 in Odessa, Russia. They had seven (7) children.

JACOB, GUSTA, MEIR, PETER, MORRIS (my father), DUNA and DINA

I will try to list the offspring of each of my father's brothers and sisters to the best of my limited knowledge and ability.

JACOB - Bertha (Poreis)

Alexandra
Born in Basil, Switzerland, 1911
She is a dentist in Basil

Jacob died in 1956 - Bertha died in 1950
Jacob was a Doctor of Chemistry, an Author and Professor at the University.

GUSTA - Myron Blier
(Was a newspaper correspondent)

Gusta born at Astrakhan, USSR near Caspien Sea then moved to Odessa

Borris
2 daughters
1 son?

Lida
not married

Borris is a Professor of Refrigeration near Moscow, we understand.

MEIR - Paulina Heffman
Born at Kiev

Borris - Alice Kamer
Married in Switzerland 1939

Evelyn - Genardy Zimmerman
Married -Bucharest, Rumania 1931

Marcus age 20
Andreas age 16
Tobeas age 14
Zeev 1938
Dani twins 1940
Ilana
Jerusalem, Israel

Borris is an MD in Switzerland, Evelyn is a Teacher in Israel and is now in USA on 1 yr. exchange program. Zeev is an Engineer recently married. Dani is a Jet Pilot in Israel Air Force. Genardy is in the refrigeration business in Jerusalem.

PETER - Maria
Peter was a Banker and died during revolution in 1916. Little is known of him.

MORRIS (my father I will skip him until last)

DUNA - Mr. ———Bichman

Salome
Lived in Portava, USSR.

Lilly
Little is known of her.

DINA - Mr. _____Birinbaum

Died in childbirth about 1923. Son? Little is known of her.

One of the modern tragedies of this 20th century is our preoccupation with speed. Our books must be condensed, our impressions gleaned from TV portrayal since we are too lethargic to read in detail and develop our mental image. This lack of depth allows an inept writer to broach a thumbnail sketch encompassing half a century in the space of several inadequate paragraphs. How can our students think they understand the image of Lincoln from the rote of his famous Gettysburg address, when Carl Sandburg has written volumes ad infitiem. Thus the chronology of Nicholi Pritzker rewarding as it was to read is condensed from "Three Score After Ten" and this of course is condensed from a rich and rewarding life.

This preface is important to those who would read about my father. Not that there will be brought forth profound or provocative revelations...but there is inate in our hearts the ability to bring our portion on the record cognizant as we do that our ability is inadequate our efforts almost belated. We therefore must condense 70 years into an iota of fact for of course we would rather spend our time reading of others...then writing about ourselves.

My father Morris Pritzker was born in Odessa on July 1, 1891. Before the age of Bar Mitzvah he left for America. The journey from Russia to Liverpool, interesting and difficult as it must have been for a young boy without his family was not unique from so many of that day. He sailed on the S. S. Carma and became a statistic that made Emma Lazaru's poem vivid and poignant. As a new arrival he lived with his Uncle Jacob Libon and family in Boston. He went to school, sold newspapers, endured and enjoyed the life of the times.

Morris Pritzker worked as an apprentice electrician in Boston and for a brief time in New York on the railway system. He returned to Boston and in 1909 obtained a Journeyman and later Master Electrician's license. His license was #167 and of this he is very proud. So many of our early brownstones in Back Bay Beacon Hill contain memory of this young and ambitious lad loaded down with BX, knobs, wire, tools, etc. arriving at the zenith of dawn and working until the advent of dusk... almost every day of the week. The war found Morris Pritzker as an electrical foreman at the famous Fore

River Shipyard specializing in Submarine-marine wiring. (as a footnote: this is the same yard that Joseph P. Kennedy our president's father was manager of). Morris Pritzker married my wonderful mother Sadye Frances Davis on New Years Eve 12/31/1918. As a product of their union, love and affection they have three children:

BERNICE PRITZKER - Robert Arthur

Alan J. Arthur Phyliss Arthur

PAUL E. PRITZKER - Janice Phyliss Silverman
Married February 8, 1944

Roger David Pritzker
2/19/1946

Bruce Elliott Pritzker
5/6/1949

Arthur Stephen Pritzker
11/20/1952

ELLIOTT I. PRITZKER - Ann Wolfe

Wendy Sue Pritzker Jody Pritzker

At the present time my Father, Brother and I are all in business together. All three have Master Electrician's licenses and in addition to our Electrical Contracting organization we have an Air Conditioning Distributorship and Contracting Firm.

The emphasis has been on my father's history. In conclusion one brief pause about the rest of us. My Brother served in the Marines in Korea and in World War II I spent three years in the Army Air Force.

At the age of 19 I married the girl "almost next door" and have become convinced that to Janice and I happiness need not wait for heaven. The good lord has endowed us with beloved parents...and you have given us our history. My most wonderful wife has given me a present life these past 18 years that one finds only in fiction.

We trust that our children will continue to emulate the generations they never knew...As members of the Pritzker clan...and as an entity that will go forth on their own in the years ahead...we can indeed be proud if the measure of tomorrow is yesterday.

Paul E. Pritzker
57 Wethersfield Road
Natick, Mass.

March 1962.

OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH OUR "ISRAELI PRITZKER COUSINS"

March 3, 1962
Haifa - Mt. Carmel
Israel

Dear Mr. Pritzker:

With a great deal of pleasure and great joy, I received your letter of January 30, 1962. I beg your forgiveness for the delay in answering since I was not in Haifa.

I am Jacob Pritzker, the son of Isaac Pritzker from Russia, from the townlet of Belle Cherkov near Kiev. There I was born and lived until the year 1919. My mother's name is Leah, my grandfather's name was David.

With me in Israel is my brother Shmuael (Samuel) and I have a brother David who has been in the United States about 3 or 4 years. I had another brother by the name of Ben Zion, a brother named Israel, and a sister named Zipporah. There are other Pritzkers who live here in Israel, and in my next letter, I will write you the details about them. A number of them live in Jerusalem and Afulah.

The family name Pritzker stems from a village by the name of Pritzke and all the Pritzkers that lived in this area 200 years ago assumed the name of Pritzker from this village in which they lived.

In Belle Cherkov and in Kiev, there remained a number of families by the name of Pritzker. Some of them live today in Moscow and some in Cherkov. Unfortunately they do not correspond with me for fear of the authorities.

On this occasion I am passing on to you the address of one of the Pritzkers who live in Russia. I received a letter from him some time ago. With this person, you could correspond.

I thank you so very much for your letter which establishes a link between the Pritzker families, and I shall be very happy in the future to continue to correspond with you and to hear from you frequently. I wish

you success in the project of writing this marvelous book.

Shalom,

Jacob Pritzker

5 David Pinski St.
Haifa, Mt. Carmel
Israel

COUSIN SHERMAN (BUDDY) PRITZKER WRITES

As I sit at my desk this night of Sept. 18, 1961, reminiscing my past, many memorable occasions come into vivid focus. It is good to look back every once in a while for that is the only way you can count your blessings.

Many things have been told to me about my childhood that I don't remember. Such as my abnormally bowed legs that I loved to wrap around Uncle Will's and Uncle Max's bellies; the dumping out of an entire barrel of wine that grandma (Bubby) Esther made for Passover and the love I had for the soldiers uniform complete with wrap around leggings, that I hated to take off. However, the first and most lasting memory that is still so very alive in my mind is sitting on Dad's knee one Sunday morning at the tender age of four years and listening to him read the "Funnies" to my sister Norma and me. This is the only memory I have of him for he passed on one and a half years later, in 1926, at the tender age of twenty-nine after a lengthy confinement in the hospital. His name was David L. Pritzker.

Although I didn't have the pleasure of knowing him, many people did. Even today, thirty-five years later, they tell me what a fine and gentle person he was. His profession was architecture and his tremendous ability was becoming recognized, when his fatal illness struck him down in his prime.

This catastrophy placed the rearing of my sister, then aged seven years and myself aged five and a half, squarely upon the shoulders of our mother Ruth. (Page 81-87). She faced the problem bravely and I am proud to say did a Herculean job. She brought her mother to live with and watch over us while she went to work to earn a livelihood for herself and her orphans. As you can plainly see, we were not exactly rich.

As for myself, I went to Shul for the entire year to say Kaddish in memory of dear dad. To keep me out of danger and off the streets, mom sent me to Hebrew Parochial School. The bus picked me up at 8 A.M. and deposited me back home at 6 P.M. I even went to Chedar for a half day every Sunday. Although this was the wisest solution to the problems, it deprived me of the

childhood joys of playing after school with the neighborhood kids. I still have that feeling of lost childhood.

However, I do remember the Saturday street car rides that Norma and I took to Aunt Rose's and Uncle Barney's house on Ann St. There was a home that held many happy and enjoyable occasions for everyone. I don't believe you will ever find a more perfectly matched couple than Aunt Rose and Uncle Barney were. Here were two people who were happy when they could be doing things for other folks. Aunt Rose was always cooking and baking special apple pies for me. Uncle Barney never left us out of his family planning. Even on Sundays during the summer he would make everyone wait until one o'clock before leaving for the beach because I didn't get home from Hebrew School until then and they couldn't go without me. On Saturdays Shikey would take me to the movies, but I wouldn't carry the money because I was "Frum" in those days.

Yes, I can still clearly see Shikey's Bar Mitzvah in the big front bedroom on Ann St. This had to be so because good Uncle Barney had been stricken with cancer and was now completely bedridden.

Shortly thereafter he passed on. I'll never forget the tributes paid him at his funeral. The pallbearers carried his coffin high on their shoulders through the streets so that everyone could bid him farewell. His demise at the young age of forty-seven was a great personal loss to everyone. He was the "Der Pritzke" of his day.

Following this loss, Uncle Will and Aunt Minnie took over the reins on yours truly. I became their unofficial adopted son for they had two daughters, Rita and Adelle. Everywhere they went:-I went. On Saturdays Uncle Will would take me downtown for lunch and then to the movies. Just we two men. The evenings were spent at home on Payson Street around the piano singing the popular songs of the day to Rita's accompaniment. These were again happy times. We were so close, that later on when I joined the Marine Corps, Rita did also.

This situation continued until I became a man of thirteen and was Bar Mitzvahed:—you know the time of life for a boy when he gets presents and 2½ dollar gold pieces.

At this time matters took a turn for the better, Mother, after much persuasion remarried to a fine gentleman who was of financial means. Our lives immediately jumped to the "other side of the tracks", as one says. This man, Joseph Molofsky, took me in hand and raised me as if I were his own son. He was marvelous to all of us. The good Lord was looking down on us with favor.

Everything moved along smoothly until I reached sixteen years of age when mom's mother passed on after a miserable bedridden year with a severely damaged heart. I particularly remember this time, for in Maryland one can apply for automobile driver's license at the age of sixteen. Being a mark of importance in a growing youth's life, I hounded mom until she allowed me to get mine. She was sitting "Shiva" for her mother at the time. As I look back now, I realize how selfish it was of me to worry her with such a small matter at that time.

At the ripe old age of 17½, the year 1938, I entered the University of Maryland School of Pharmacy. Mom always said she wanted her son to be a druggist. In those days parents wanted their sons to either a doctor or a druggist. As for engineering, that was for the "Goiem". So I went to Pharmacy School. Little did I know that since 1926, the year dad died mom had set aside $1500 for a $5000 insurance policy to pay for my tuition through college. Of course, in today's market the amount would cover about one year's expense, but in those days it was enough for four years.

During my fourth year, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States was forced to join in World War II actively. Upon graduation, I enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. Thus began another phase of life for me.

My first duty station was at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia where I underwent four months of intensive training to obtain a commission. Upon completion of the schooling, I was transferred to Camp Elliot, San Diego, California for combat training in the infantry even though I was a pharmacist. I became a Lieutenant in the infantry and was assigned a platoon of men. After six enjoyable months of training during the week and spending week-ends in Los Angeles, La Jolla or Mexico, I was shipped to the South Pacific for action.

My first stop after a delightfully sea sick crossing was New Caledonia. Then on to New Zealand where I joined the famous 6th Marines of the 2nd division. Here I had no picnic. It was all training, day and night preparing for the real thing. After two complete dress rehearsals of the entire division--that is boarding attack troop carriers, sailing to an island and carrying out complete landing operations-we embarked for the real McCoy. Destination TARAWA. I never of the place and believe me, I wasn't the only one. But that is where we headed. We were told that this was going to be a pushover. The island was being bombarded daily by planes and the battleships in the task force would level everything in sight with their 16 inch guns. On November 20, we lay at anchor off the tiny island that was only about ½ mile wide and two miles long. At 3 A.M. we were awakened and put on the alert. No one was allowed topside. As dawn broke over the horizon, the battleships, cruisers and destroyers opened fire. The roar was deafening. I slipped topside unnoticed and what I saw was amazing. The whole sea was lit up from the flashes of fire that was belching out of the big guns. The entire island was covered with smoke and flames. Not a tree was standing. I was sure glad to be on this side of the fireworks. They seemed to fire for about an hour. Then planes from the aircraft carriers swooped in with their 200 and 500 pound bombs. However, what was supposed to be the coupe de grace;-a wave of Army B 17s carrying block busters, never showed up. They got lost somewhere on the way. I felt sure the Brass had it doped correctly. Nothing could stand up after that bombardment. It was decided to go in without waiting for the B 17s; for the tide, an important factor in landing operations, was beginning to fall. My battalion was to be held in reserve, so I didn't go in in the initial landings.

Much to our dismay, we found the Japs very much alive and ready to repel our attack. What actually took place was that the battleships were in so close to the island that their big shells were hitting the ground and skipping off, exploding harmlessly in the lagoon. The trajectory was too low. Also we found out later that the Japs had built circular blockhouses with walls and roofs 10 to 12 feet thick of concrete reinforced with railroad tracks in the middle. There were connecting underground passages between them. However, our greatest enemy was mother nature. Somebody miscalculated on the

tide and our second wave of landing craft got caught off shore and the troops had to wade into the beaches from shoulder deep water. They were practically annihilated. The first wave reached the shore with no trouble at all. But now they were caught on the beach with no immediate reinforcements. The Colonel in charge of the operation ashore was killed, but fortunately another Colonel had landed with the men as an observer and he immediately took command of the situation. His name was Colonel Shoupe and he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for the job he did. After the war, he became Commandant of the Marine Corps. There was no other decision for General Smith, who was in charge of the entire operation to make, than to keep sending more men to secure the beachhead. Once the operation had started it could not be stopped and there were live marines on the beach that had to be reinforced. They could not be abandoned. The spirit and reputation of the Corps was at stake. The whole world knew the Marines were landing at Tarawa. So into the face of heavy enemy fire stormed thousands of men. Many did not make the shore. However, enough did to enable the holding a small piece of the beach. Col. Shoupe radioed the headquarters ship that he was going to stay on and hold on through the night with what men and equipment he had. He would not withdraw and give up.

The next morning his small band of men were able to knock out of action the Jap big gun that had been giving them and the landing craft the most trouble. When the tide was right, more men were brought in with much less casualties. The going was still tough and the advance was stopped about 100 yards inland by the stubborn and well entrenched enemy. Therefore a new strategic plan was formulated. Up until now, all the landing parties had been brought in broadside to the island. Our battalion was to work down its length. After spending 1 and ½ days in a small landing craft with shells falling all around it, we taxied around into position and went into our run for the beach. About 200 yards out the boats hit bottom and everyone had to wade the rest of the way in. Fortunately, we suffered no casualties as the big guns on this side of the island had been put out of action. When we reached the beach, we immediately regrouped and started our advance. It became obvious that the Japs did not expect the flanking move and we proceeded to push inland against light re-

sistance. The tide of battle now started to turn in our favor. Up to now the situation was very much in doubt. As we pushed inward, we noticed we were being joined by more and more Marines of different outfits. What was taking place, was that as we pushed the Japs back we were releasing pockets of men that had been trapped between the ocean and the enemy. All that day we fought on destroying one pillbox after another. When night fell, my platoon was placed thinly along the front line to prevent infiltration and counter-attack. What a long night. It would have been a hell of a night if it weren't for one brave destroyer captain who beached his ship on the sand along side of our line and kept up a steady fire of illuminating shells and live ammunition all night. We now had control of approximately two-thirds of the island and the enemy was pushed into a corner. I took refuge behind a fallen tree and was fortunate that I did, for in the morning when I took a look at the front of it, it was like a sieve.

The Japs were being cornered and had two choices. The first was to swim into the ocean and be picked off or drown. The other was to launch their final and fatal Banzai charge. They chose the latter and came at us with all they had. I personally believe they were either drunk or doped. They charged right into our fire. The dive bombers were having a field day. One pilot was so anxious he almost got my whole outfit. Fortunately, his bomb just cleared us by about 20 yards, but it sure sent a lot of Japs to their ancestors. The force of the blast must have knocked me four feet into the air.

With the main Jap force shot up, Marine reinforcements were brought through our lines and they continued to mop up the remnants of the enemy.

My outfit was then relieved and drawn back to dig in and protect the air strip for the night against infiltrators. That was a night to remember. First, my runner and I dug in near some dead Japs. Boy did they smell. Then during the night I was almost killed by my own men. It seems that my runner, who was in a foxhole with me, went to sleep with the thought that anything that got near him was going to get it. He had stuck his bayonet upright in the ground and held on to it as he dozed off. I remained on watch. As you know, in a two man foxhole, one sleeps while the other stands guard.

Somehow I must have touched him and he really came at me with that bayonet. I had one devil of a time subdueing him in the dark without getting killed or hurting him. We were raising quite a racket and as you know, anything that moves or makes a sound at night when you can't see gets shot at. Fortunately he woke up and stopped fighting, however, when I looked up out of our foxhole there were at least a half dozen gun barrels aimed down at me. For some unexplainable reason no one fired. Instead one whispered down, "Are you all right Lieutenant?" I answered as quickly as I could, for had I hesitated for the slightest moment they would have blasted away figuring a Jap had surprised us and knocked us off. Needless to say, none of us slept the rest of the night.

The next morning we were taken off the island and deposited back aboard ship.

The entire battle lasted seventy-four hours, but it was the bloodiest and most costly in human lives in the entire war. Our casualties were tremendous. There were 1,029 killed and over 2500 wounded. I was one of the more fortunate in that I only suffered a ruptured ear drum for a bomb blast.

Back aboard ship we shaved, showered and changed into clean clothes. I went below decks to the enlisted mens' quarters to see that my boys were getting along all right. As I greeted them and looked over each one, I knew that I was in the midst of a group of tired and thankful men. Yes, they were men now for they had just been through hell and the horrors of war. Most of them were only 18 or 19 years old. I was an old man of 23. On the whole we were fortunate, for out of 40 men we had 3 killed and 5 wounded.

That night the Navy treated us to a special dinner of steak with all the trimmings. The naval officers even broke their tradition of segregated mess and invited the Marine offices to dine with them in their secluded dining hall.

After loading up on chow--we hadn't eaten much in the past 3 days--we turned in for some much needed sack time.

The following morning we were awakened at dawn

and informed that our company was to be landed on a small island nearby to finish a few Japs that were holding it. The island was called Abamama. So back into combat gear we went and were put ashore to seek and destroy the enemy. This time we were lucky. The enemy saw us coming and finished himself off. We were later told by the natives that the officer in charge lined his men up in single file and went down the line firing a bullet into each soldier's head.

Now that the job had been done for us, we were ready to head back and join our division at Hilo, Hawaii. However, we were ordered to remain as protection for a Seabee outfit that was coming in to build an air strip. Little did I realize that this was going to be the nicest 30 days that I was to spend in the entire war. For 30 days we did nothing but eat, swim, sleep and enjoy the solitude of a true tropical isle. The sunset and dawn are the most gorgeous things to behold. The natives washed our clothes, did all the labor and entertained us every Friday night with their tribal dances around a large fire. We were sorry to leave the place. But, as all good things must end, we reluctantly left for Hilo.

Back again among our own troops--40 miles from the nearest town--we knew we were back with the Marines.

By now the infection in my ear had become quite a problem and could not be treated in the field. I was flown to the Naval hospital at Oahu. While undergoing a complete examination, it was discovered that I was also suffering from a duodenal ulcer. As strange as it may sound, this was a break for me. The doctors decided to send me stateside for recuperation. Altogether I spent about 5 months in Naval hospitals in Oakland, California and Annapolis.

During my 30 days delay in reporting to Annapolis, I married the girl of my dreams, Jeannette Malinow. Our honeymoon was spent in New York where everyone treated us royally. It seemed that no one knew what a Marine looked like. Some people thought I was an English soldier. One even thought that the sharpshooting medal I was wearing was the Iron Cross, a German decoration. Speaking of the medal, ask Cousin Zelda about the time it saved the night for her at Gwynn Oak Park. I was afraid to put it back on after the use she put it to.

Upon my release from the hospital at Annapolis, I was attached to the Marine Corps Detachment of the Naval Academy. Here is where life is really lived. Everything was spit and polish. Lunch and dinner was served aboard ship by special messmen. The food consisted of dishes which I couldn't begin to describe. It was prepared by an imported Filipino cook who knew what he was doing. The duty here was such a good deal that I stayed until the end of the war.

As I mentioned very casually before, but most assuredly not to make light of the occasion, I was married on May 22, 1944 to the beautiful, shy and everloving Jeannette. The first year of marriage was rough for her as my debriefing and return to normal civilian life was slow. I remember one night I almost choked her to death in my sleep. I was probably dreaming of the foxhole incident. My mother wouldn't let me sleep with her for two nights after that. But sure as shooting, we did get together again for we have two lovely and beautiful children. Carole Sue was born Sept. 9, 1946 and David Michael made his debut on October 16, 1949.

I returned to the Pharmacy for a livelihood in order to support my family. I am still at it.

Jeannette at the age of 35 years, decided it was time for her to give up afternoon teas and social organizations, so she enrolled as a full time student at the Baltimore Junior College. At first everyone was skeptical of her decision. But, she fooled them all by applying herself diligently to the task and coming through with flying colors. More nights than one she didn't get to bed before 3 A.M., and some nights not at all. She even made the Dean's list three out of four semesters. She now has her Associate of Art's degree and is teaching a slow learning opportunity class in the Baltimore Public School System. Needless to say, the children and I are very proud of her.

As for the Cousins' Social, no words can describe the enormous warmth that fills Jeannette and me at the Sunday gatherings of the family. It gives us the true meaning of "E Pluribus Unum". I don't believe there is another family in the world that has the closeness and thoughtfulness for each other as we do. We hope and pray that this feeling will continue in our children and every-

one will be one happy family.

To you:--the generations of the future, I charge with the responsibility of continuing the togetherness that was founded here in Baltimore, Maryland. Love and affection of your relatives makes for a better way of life. There are no jealousies or hatreds, just good heartfelt happiness and contentment in the achievements of each other in trying to make this world a happier and better place in which to live.

It shall be your solemn duty to maintain the name of Pritzker above reproach as to honesty and integrity just as our generation and those before us have done. With the blessings of God, may you flourish and multiply to carry on our line of ancestry for many, many years--But only with honor, dignity and humility.

Cousin Sherman D. (Buddy) Pritzker

OUR ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING

With jovial and congenial spirits:—The Baltimore Pritzkers gathered to celebrate their "Cousins Club's" Eleventh Anniversary.

This year our anniversary plans had been changed. Our installation of officers to be at our regular monthly meeting and the dinner dance to be held on April 1st.

Shirley volunteered our house for the installation ceremonies and a special committee consisting of Cousins Gertie - Shirley - Zelda - Minnie - Ruth - Miriam - and Buzzy - volunteered to supply the buffet supper:—each to prepare their outstanding specialty.

Since illness prevented our outgoing President, Cousin Irwin, from being present, Cousin Max, our president-elect assumed his duties.

Getting our meeting started wasn't an easy matter. Closing the bar presented quite a problem, as several cousins who had arrived late, protested that they needed more time to get into the "Spirits" of the occasion.

However, Cousin Max somehow developed some semblance of order and got the meeting under way, altho, personally I doubt if certain cousins knew what was going on for the first ten minutes.

Cousin Max proved the sound judgment of our nominating committee, in selecting him for the presidential office by very expertly bringing dignity and decorum back, and paved the way for a receptive group to participate in our installation ceremonies:—which as usual I had the honor of conducting.

Our outgoing President was praised for the splendid job he had done during his term of office, and by proxy was presented with a token of our Club's appreciation for services as leader of our group for the 1961-1962 term. A real-rousing round of applause followed, indicating the Pritzkers' regard for him.

Cousins' Gertie, Jean and Ruth were also warmly praised for their loyal and splendid efforts and services

to our group and were also given gifts - tokens of our appreciation for the jobs well done.

Cousin Lester was called upon to do the honors of installing our new president. When he approached the speaker's table, he picked up the presidential gavel:-- the gavel that "Aunt Esther" had presented to the club.

Holding the gavel in his hand he addressed Cousin Max. He pointed out the meaning of Our Cousins' Club-- the responsibilities of the presidential office and the efforts and labor it entailed and he read the inscription on the brass plate attached to the gavel which read:

Presented to

Pritzker Cousin's Club

Organized -- March - 1951

by

Esther Pritzker

Cousin Lester is to be complimented for a very fine installation address. It was so very impressive-- one of the finest yet.

And as he presented the gavel to our new president, somehow I remembered quite vividly the night of April 13, 1952.

It was the first meeting following our first anniversary celebration. I was president at that time and had expressed the Club's thanks to our Social Committee for the wonderful and outstanding work in making our first anniversary banquet such a huge success. Had given praise to the "Pritzker Actors and Actresses" for their fine performance in the "Pritzker Follies", and Cousin Sylvia under whose direction the entire program was carried out, was given a round of appreciative applause--together with a token of appreciation from the "Cousins".

When I had finished, Aunt Esther raised her hand and said--"Cousin Mr. President I would like to have the floor."

She stood up so proudly, with a package in her hand and with a voice filled with emotion, told us that she wished to thank all of the cousins for the honors bestowed upon her at our Cousins' banquet, and that she would like to present to the group, a token of her esteem.

It was something, she said, that will live on long after she had passed away:-something that she wished to leave with us as a reminder of her deep love and esteem for each one of us:--something that she felt would in a small way add to the strength and the unity that this new Cousins Club was building. And as she handed me the gavel I sensed the deep happiness that this offer meant to her, and I knew that from then on our presidential gavel was not just a carved piece of wood, but a symbol of Pritzker Unity--a knowledge of the love, esteem and devotion for our family that Aunt Esther had hoped we would forever hold fast to:-A constant reminder not only of herself, but also a reminder of all of our departed loved ones.

And when Cousin Lester gave the gavel to our newly installed President, somehow I felt her presence--perhaps imagination--perhaps not.

Cousin Max made a very fine acceptance speech, telling us how much our Pritzker Family means to him and thanked us for the honor bestowed on him; and quite humbly asked for our cooperation in making his term a successful one. We now know, we can expect great things this year and best of luck and good wishes to our new president--Cousin Max.

The rest of our officers were duly installed.--The following being our official slate for the 1962-1963 year:

President - Max Guervitz
Vice President - Artie Naftolin
Secretary - Jean Pritzker
Treasurer - Gertie Bass

With the ceremonies over--I proceeded to deliver my usual long-winded annual speech;--but Shirley had other ideas;--with the tempting array of all the wonderful and tantalizing food spread out on the festive decorated tables, she very subtley (kicks in the shins) convinced me that three minutes was all I was to be allowed.

After thirty-five years of marital education, I offered no protest. So ended our 11th Anniversary installation meeting.

After gorging ourselves with food fit for the "Gods that our special committee had prepared, all of us joined in a vote of thanks and appreciation for the wonderful contribution they offered to make our affair so outstanding. Each dish was a "gourmets dream". Thanks so very much to all of the committee for their most wonderful efforts.

To round out the evening the Krupp family of Miami, Florida (Billie, Nils and their son Brian) sent us a tape recording that they had prepared.

They presented the "Skunk Holler Pritzkers" descendants of "FOX-A-NEGAN SHALOMCHA PRITZKER" living about thirty miles from Dogpatch somewhere in the back woods of Georgia. (No--I don't intend tracing this branch.)

Also through the aid of some ingenious device that as Brian states "some little critter from a flying saucer gave me";-they contacted Pritzkers from Mars, The Moon, Paris, Israel, England, France, Mexico and also Russia. It was delightful and so well done. Thanks--Billie, Nils and Brian for supplying us with such wonderful entertainment to really round out our Cousin's Anniversary celebration.

And as I sit here in the same room where exactly one week ago, the Pritzker group had gathered recording for "Our Book", the high lights of the meeting, somehow I realize that one of the most valuable of god-given gifts is our sense of remembrance. For here in this very room all signs, all evidence of the houseful of Pritzkers, that had gathered here last week are gone. As if nothing had transpired.

But the retained memories of that happy occasion and memories of the many-many other get-togethers will forever be present in the minds of all of us. MEMORIES--wonderful heart-warming memories of a family unity--family togetherness--good fellowship--memories of our departed loved ones, who live more clearer--more closer in our hearts and in our minds.

And I feel so certain that in this very room, last week as we all stood and joined in silent prayer for our departed loved ones, even though for a brief moment we all felt aware of the fact that we were doing exactly what each one of them would have us do:--keeping the family together--keeping their memories alive--keeping the Pritzker Family Name as a symbol that the philosophy of the brotherhood of man really makes a better world to live in.

Yes, eleven years have passed since the beginning of our Family Circle.

Eleven years of family togetherness:--growing closer and stronger, more understanding and expressing more and more the tenets of the true meaning of family spirit.

And now through the media of "Our Book" project;-developing a family unity with other Branches that soon will encircle the world.

Yes, our eleventh anniversary has been celebrated. An evening filled with retained memories to be added to all of the rest of our wonderful and happy remembrances.

May all of you be blessed to enjoy many-many more--

Cousin Lee

March - 1962

The American University
Massachusetts and Nebraska Aves., N.W.
Washington 16, D. C.

Miss Ruth Barker
Director, News Bureau
WOodley 6-6800, ext. 232, 233

Miss Vivien Selis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Selis of 11 Slade Ave., Baltimore, Md., will be listed in the 1961-1962 issue of Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges. She is a senior majoring in Broadcasting at The American University, Washington, D. C.

At present, Miss Selis is a member of Zeta Phi Eta, honorary fraternity for women in speech arts, vice president of Alpha Epsilon Phi, social sorority, a member of the Finance Committee of the Student Association, women's extramural swimming team, Publicity Director of the Orientation Board, freshman academic adviser, chairman of the publicity committee of the Campus Center Board, and a member of the elections committee of the Campus Center Board.

In the past, she has been a staff member of the campus radio station, WAMU, a member of the Faculty and Student Traffic Committee, and a member of the Hillel Society.

January 5, 1962

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!--
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow

Dear Cousins:

More interesting data to be added to "Our Book".

Cousin Eveline--our Israeli cousin--in her article gives us much detail and information about herself and her family;--and we extend our usual cordial welcome to her and her family and add their names to our list of known Pritzker cousins.

Dr. Boris Pritzker of Switzerland (Eveline's brother) writes a brief but sincere letter opening up new avenues for future contact and we take great pride in welcoming both him and his family to our Pritzker fold.

On Sept. 16, 1962 the Baltimore cousins honored me with a testimonial dinner and I am including a brief outline of what took place along with Cousin Paul E. Pritzker's personal report on his reaction to the ceremonies.

We have a real gem of an article by Cousin Dolores who writes about her Dad (of blessed memory). An article so warm and sincere. Cousin Myron Schneider of California joins our list of known cousins and we extend to him and his family a most cordial welcome to our Cousins List.

From Homestead, Penna. we hear from Rabbi Marvin Pritzker and again are so happy to extend a real Pritzker welcome to him and his family.

With the wonderful cooperation of Jennie (Pritz) Rothman and Annetta (Leon) Remer we now have a complete and authentic history of the Pritz family--a group of cousins that we are so proud to add to our large ever growing list of known Pritzker cousins. I would like to extend to cousins:

Ted and Annetta Remer and family
Ernest and Louise Frankel and family
Abe and Yetta Boord and family
Irving and Ray Lefkoff and family
Louis and Edna Pritz and family

a most cordial and sincere welcome to our Pritzker group and I am enclosing copies of the letters sent to me.

Letters so warm and sincere:—letters that reveal the fine and gracious people that the Pritz family really is.

To add a bit of icing to "Our Book" project:—a Pritzker "Coat of Arms" has been developed:—copyrighted and registered at the Library of Congress in Washington. Copies of the original have been color processed on heavy cardboard suitable for framing, and will be mailed out to all cousins as quickly as possible. If you do not receive your copy, please write to me.

I am also enclosing descriptive copy explaining the meaning of the "Coat of Arms".

"Our Pritzker Book" is being reprinted and will contain all available data to the present date including a complete directory of all presently known Pritzker cousins. This edition should be ready before the end of this year and complimentary copies will be sent to all just as soon as they are available.

With this issue, I am concluding work on "The Pritzker Book", but I would like to think of it as Volume I,—for "Our Book" will never be finished. Perhaps I will find time to write Volume II or perhaps others may continue on. So I am enclosing my final article entitled "Conclusion".

It has been a pleasure to have created and prepared "Our Book" and perhaps sometime in the near future Shirley and I may have the privilege and pleasure of meeting with many of you.

Sincerely,

Lee
11-62

COUSIN EVELINE (PRITZKER) ZIMERMAN

OF JERUSALEM - ISRAEL - WRITES

I was born in Odessa, Russia:-daughter of Meir and Paulina (Heftman) Pritzker. I have one brother, Boris, who was born in 1908.

My father, who was fortunate enough to have obtained technical and scientific training was a mechanical engineer and specialized in the flour--milling industry. He was considered an expert in this field. As a result of his profession, financially we were considered well-off compared to the living standards of the time.

At the outbreak of World War I, this all changed. Father was called into the Russian army and shortly thereafter word came to us that he was missing in action and probably dead.

This news had a terrifying effect on Mother. She became very ill and extremely despondent. These were dark days for us; conditions became almost desperate. My father's sister, Duna, was living in Poltavia, Ukraine prevailed upon Mother to come and live with her, so we packed up as little as we could and moved to the Ukraine.

When life seemed the darkest, somehow a bright ray shines through. Word came to us that Father was alive! He had been confined to a prison camp for over two years and, of course, this news was so wonderful. He returned to us in the spring of 1917 and it wasn't long afterwards that he slowly re-built the family, both morally and financially. A little while later we returned to Bessarabia and soon we were settled right comfortably. My girlhood days were filled with most happy memories of a good family life; Mother was always full of life and our home was a center of so many, happy family get-togethers.

My brother Boris in 1925 went to stay with his uncle Jacob;-who was a doctor of chemistry and a professor in Switzerland. Boris was enrolled at the University of Basel as a medical student and at the age of 23, he graduated with high honors receiving his doctor's degree. Unfortunately, he was unable to practice medicine, since he could not obtain a Swiss citizenship.

He became an assistant on a staff of the mental hospital in Realta in Switzerland.

In 1930 I had completed my high school classes and I enrolled in the University of Bucharest in Rumania, where I worked for my degree in chemical engineering.

Also enrolled at the university was a young student by the name of Gennady Zimerman, who was doing undergraduate work in electrical engineering. It wasn't long after our first meeting that we became engaged and we were married in 1931.

Although we had many, many happy times the spector of anti-semitism and lack of opportunity for our people, was a constant reminder--warning us that future plans must be decided on.

Some of Gennady's relatives had settled in Palestine and they advised us of the wonderful opportunities that this new country could offer and agreed to sponsor us if we came to their country. After much deliberation, we decided to go.

We arrived in Palestine just after the Abyssinian War. Conditions weren't too good. There existed a sort of general depression and working opportunities were extremely limited.

Gennady secured work of various kinds, none of which were on a profession level; but he never complained and in spite of the long hard hours and hard work was always cheerful and confident that we had done the right thing.

In 1936 he secured employment with an English-owned company who specialized in the refrigeration business. After three years he decided to go into business for himself and has been in the refrigeration business ever since.

In 1943 my parents, who had remained in Bessarabia were deported to Siberia and we learned of their deaths several years later.

We have been blessed with three wonderful children: --Zeev, our eldest son was born in 1938 and our twins, Dani and Ilana following in 1940. My two sons and my

daughter are everything parents can hope for from their children, and have made Gennady and I, so happy and proud of them many, many times.

Zeev is married to a wonderful girl -- Narda Ben Araz - whom he met while in the military service. She comes from a Kibbutz - Ayelet Heshehez in Gallilee. Zeev graduated from the Technological Institute in Haifa and has just received a scholarship, which will enable him to study another year for his post graduate work.

My younger son Dani is at present in the military service of the Israeli Air Force. He has an officer's rating and is a jet pilot. His services will terminate in 1963.

Ilana, our daughter is doing advance work at the University in statistics and psychology but will enter the military service the latter part of this year. In Israel both boys and girls are subject to military training. However, if one member of the family is in the service, the other member can delay his entry until a time convenient for them.

I have always been a very active person and when my three children were grown, somehow I felt time hanging heavy on my hands, so I decided to become a teacher.

I secured an appointment as a teacher of home economics in Jerusalem, teaching both normal and blind children. This work not only is stimulating to me but gives me so much comfort in the realization that I am able to do so much for the young Israeli youth:--particularly those who are blind.

In the winter of 1961, I was offered an opportunity to compete for a fellowship scholarship at the University of Maryland in the United States and if I were successful it would enable me to obtain sufficient credits toward my master's degree. It was a hard decision to make since it meant leaving my family for over a year. A good deal of thought and decision was given to this problem, but it was Gennady and the children who convinced me of the importance of taking the opportunity since getting my master's degree was the one thing I always wanted to have.

I took the competitive examination and soon afterwards was notified of my appointment. Although I was very proud to be selected from so many other students and teachers and receiving this outstanding scholarship I was somewhat perturbed and actually scared as to what I could expect upon arriving in the United States. Since so many years had passed since I interrupted my studies somehow I felt that perhaps I may not be able to compete with young American students or become acclimated to the strange ways of another country whose mannerisms and way of living are so different to that I had been accustomed to.

I also wondered whether or not leaving my loved ones behind would fill me with a homesickness that would force me to return back before completing the courses I would have to spend so much time on. However getting my master's degree was a dream that had haunted me for such a long time so I took a firm hold of myself and determined that when I did return, not only would I have obtained my master's degree that I always wanted but I would return with the highest honors possible.

Since I had been in Europe many times the first part of my journey held little interest of excitement for me. However, I availed myself the opportunity to vist my brother Boris in Switzerland but unfortunately I was only able to spend but a day with him and his family and continued on my journey. My plane to the United States was the Israeli El-Al 707 Boeing and the trip was simply delightful. I do think many of you have already made this trip and could appreciate the wonders of flying across the ocean. It seemed but a few hours after takeoff that we were passing over New York. We were late upon landing and again I was a bit worried as to whether or not this delay would result in my guide not meeting me. My fears soon vanished for I was met at the steps of the plane by a young man from the International Students Organization who was waiting there for me. He helped me in every way possible and waited until I was on the plane to Washington. There another volunteer student greeted me and assisted me with my luggage, money problems and transportation to my reserved room, which was in excellent taste.

Shortly after I had settled I received my instructions for the following day and next morning everyone

was so wonderful to all of us. We received lectures about the American states and customs, and we were instructed how to conduct and deport ourselves.

I had the opportunity to meet people from all over the world and discuss with them our various problems. Volunteers from different organizations provided us with entertainment. Hawaiian students organized a reception for us and we had lots of entertainment. Other members of various countries had special films, slides, or lectures and very interesting evenings were spent. Sight seeing tours were organized at different points of interest, and even an American family invited me for a week-end which I enjoyed very much.

About two weeks later my work at the University started. I feel that I have secured the best possible teachers. Dean Lippeat from the college of home economics and Dr. Brown my adviser helped me with the school curriculum and were so helpful in so many ways.

In the beginning it was rather hard going for I could not quite grasp the fast speaking and idiomatic English phrases, which made it almost impossible for me to give the correct answers. My limited vocabulary, thinking in Hebrew, and translating back into English at first presented quite a hardship. However, little by little and with great amount of determination I found my way, was able to comprehend before long and acquired sufficient knowledge to help me in my work.

After a short while I decided to call my uncle Morris who was living in Boston, Mass. but somehow I could not get up the courage to speak to him across the phone, since with my limited halting English I felt would not convey to him the things I was trying to express. So I wrote him a letter. A few days later he phoned me. They couldn't actually believe I was here in the United States. They informed me they had been planning to take a trip to Israel to visit me and the family. They insisted that as soon as I could manage it, I must visit them in Boston which I did very shortly.

The warmth of their reception, the open arms in which they greeted me was something I will never forget. It seems that Pritzkers throughout the world are warm gracious people and have the great ability to make one

feel at home. I stayed at Aunt Sadie's and Uncle Morris's home and met all of the family who treated me so wonderful and afforded me such a marvelous time. It was then that I was told about the Pritzker Cousins and the work they were doing that they called the "Pritzker Book". I was most happy to be able to add some new material in connection with my father's family and cousin Paul noted every detail and he wrote to cousin Lee in Baltimore.

Several weeks later, cousins Lee, Shirley, Abe, and Miriam visited me at the University and we had dinner together. In a short while I felt that I had known them for a long time. They were most cordial and gracious to me and did so much to make me feel welcome and so at home.

Sunday, May 13th was a gala and memorial day for me. The Baltimore Pritzkers invited me to their monthly Cousins Club meeting and when I arrived, I learned that I was the guest of honor. The warmth and welcome of this large group that greeted me was so wonderful and I will never forget the honors they bestowed upon me.

All the Baltimore Cousins turned out to welcome me and I was presented with a specially made "SCRAPBOOK" in which an honorary membership in their Cousins Club was engraved on a beautiful parchment paper both in English and Hebrew. Also in it were letters from cousins from all parts of the United States as well as Canada. The esteem and respect shown me that was a gesture, to my mind that if I had been some outstanding personality or celebrity I could never expect much more. I was honored beyond any words.

At this point, I'd liked to say to all my Pritzker cousins that words won't express my feelings for the welcome and the way you have received me and since my command of the English language is insufficient to express what the heart wants to say, in my humble way let me just say, thanks for your kind consideration--your sincere and wonderful welcome has touched me greatly. The many letters of greetings and welcome from Pritzker Cousins all over the country and also from Canada--makes me so proud and happy--that my cousins thought enough of me to open up their hearts and receive me.

With such display of family togetherness--I am so

proud and happy that I am a part of the wonderful group of Pritzker cousins. A family so warm and understanding and friendly.

Perhaps we may meet in the future. I expect to be back in my native land the middle of 1963. We Israeli Pritzkers also know the meaning of a "Red Carpet Welcome" and nothing would make Gennady, I, and the children more happier than the opportunity to welcome a Pritzker Cousin.

Cousin Eveline

COUSIN BORIS PRITZKER FROM SWITZERLAND WRITES

Dr. B. Pritzker
Stokarbergstrasse 76
Schaffhausen
Switzerland

May 7, 1962

Dear Cousin Lee,

It was a surprise and indeed a big pleasure to receive your letter! I am anxious now for further news, and especially for the temporary book with annexes.

I hope to be able to tell you more details about my family, myself and - possibly - other Pritzkers here in Europe.

If you feel that you could hear several details concerning our family through me, don't hesitate to specify it.

I hope to have soon again your news.

Sincerely yours,

Boris Pritzker

THE LEE PRITZKER TESTIMONIAL DINNER

The evening of Sept. 16, 1962 will be one that I will never forget:--for it was on this evening that my Baltimore Cousins honored me with a testimonial dinner.

When I learned about the dinner many weeks before the event was to take place, I felt rathered flattered, but it wasn't until I entered the hall on the night of the affair, that the real significance of the meaning of what the occasion meant to me became so apparent.

For here assembled to honor me:--were all of the Baltimore Cousins. Cousins that I have always loved and respected--my closest personal friends and also a delegation of 10 strong from our Boston Pritzker Cousins: --all gathered with but one purpose in mind--to honor me--Lee Pritzker.

As a rule I pride myself on my perfect composure, but I must admit that I was deeply and emotionally moved by the high regard, esteem and praises extended to me by everyone there.

The rest is now past history. The testimonial dinner was an event that Shirley and I will never forget. The arrangements committee under the capable guidance of Cousin Lester Klein outdid themselves in taking care of every detail that resulted in a letter perfect affair.

Cousin Will as master of ceremonies again proved to all of us that he surely deserves the title of "Der Pritzke".

The wonderful group of people present--radiating such a gay and festive spirit and the heartwarming and most sincere speeches expressing the esteem and respect that all held for Shirley and I could never be expressed by mere words:--for words alone could never record the feelings of pleasure, appreciation and emotion that we felt for the honor extended to us, at the wonderful and unforgettable testimonial dinner.

As I sat at the head table with Shirley at my side, listening to the wonderful speeches of cousins:--Max Gurevitz--Artie Naftolin--Lester Klein--David Pritzker--Eveline Zimerman--Irving Pritzker--Paul E.

Pritzker--Zelda Klein and Will Pritzker:--I realized that these weren't the type of speeches usually heard at a testimonial dinner. They were speeches that came from the heart--they were so warm and sincere--each speaker telling in his or her own way, uninhibited and unrehearsed what the Pritzker family thought of both Shirley and me and what "Our Pritzker Book" meant to the family.

It was then that I realized that whatever efforts, labor and time that I had expended in producing "Our Book" was really worthwhile--for the one basic thing that brought the book into being was my desire to bring about a family unity and togetherness and here was living proof that I had succeeded, far beyond my expectations.

I was presented with two wonderful gifts:--both collector's items:--one was a beautiful Paul Revere silver bowl bearing the following inscription:

To Our Esteemed Cousin

Lee Pritzker

From

THE BOSTON PRITZKERS

9-16-62

Cousin Paul E. Pritzker representing the entire Boston Pritzker family rendered a most masterful speech bringing out what "Our Book" has meant to this branch of the family and how it has brought about a family unity and togetherness that never existed before, and he also made the presentation award.

The Baltimore Cousins, represented by Cousin Will, presented me with a special made wristwatch that came from Israel. It is inscribed as follows:

To Lee

In Appreciation For

"Our Book"

From the Pritzker Cousins

9-16-62

These gifts will be two of my most prized possessions--something I am so very proud of--something that will become a legacy to be handed down from generation to generation carrying with it the knowledge of how their ancestor was honored by his relatives and friends on the night of Sept. 16, 1962.

And so both Shirley and I would like to say to each and everyone who thought so much of us in extending such wonderful honors--respect and esteem--thanks, thanks so very much--for making that night--a night we will never forget.

Lee Pritzker
11-62

October 3, 1962

Dear Cousin Lee:

One of my greatest pre-occupations is that of American History. Therefore you can assess the magnitude of my elation when in connection with our visit to Baltimore I was able to visit the area of Ft. McHenry to absorb the spirit of 1812 and the birth of our National Anthem.

This is not to relegate our meeting of the PRITZKER family to a lower eschelon; but as a preface to the lingering memory yet so vivid.

On the day of your testimonial, we spent the afternoon in Washington, D.C. The most poignant scene was Arlington National Cemetery; the most memorable was the awe & tranquility of the Lincoln Monument. It is not by happenstance that I think of "OUR FAMILY" in this regard.

One of the significant homily's that Lincoln aptly noted was in essence "..God must have loved the common man since he made so many.." The Great Emancipator could not have been more discerning or clairvoyant had this been his personal analogy of "Our Family".

It is a common failing and personal trait that much in a testimonial is pompous and adulatory. What kind of people are the Baltimore Pritzkers - snobs, show-offs, are these indicative of their makeup? These did not represent a neutron of the collective makeup of all of you wonderful people. We received a greeting from Common People..to Common People..warm, sincere and lingering. The continental attitude of a concierge could not be as salubrious as you were to us.

In the vernacular: you were and of course are a great bunch!

Our Commonwealth of Massachusetts is in the midst of Political activity that requires great prominence of Family Dynasty. The Kennedy Clan, the Lodges and indeed the MCormacks are known to all. But in this melting pot of a nation I submit, and you have provided the proof, that the solidarity of the common man is our greatest

claim to fame.

As an electrician I met a cousin who is a plumber. I met a cousin who drives a cab; I met a cousin who sells scrap metal; I met a cousin who sells paint..ad infitiem. The lyrics by Cousin Jenney can not be melodic on paper, but the time will come decades from now when each note of the refrain will again bring me back to YOUR nite in Baltimore.

Perhaps you are wondering if these thoughts are so. ..then where is the logic in the lapse of time to communicate them to us?

Let me assure you and Shirley and all of our wonderful cousins that what you did for us deserved more than a protocol "bread & butter" letter.

The "Spirit of Baltimore" has not diminished in the weeks since your testimonial. What better time than on this eve of Yom Kippur before the Books are sealed to communicate the pulsating excitement: our meeting the family en masse.

All of us in Boston have pangs of remorse for those who will follow us to your environs. There can not be any more hospitality left in your City..it was all given to us. The proverbial "Red Carpet" will become Magenta or Pink..The hues of red remained with us for eternity.

This letter, of course, is on behalf of my Parents and my wife..all of us have never enjoyed any greater Simcha. Cousin Paul, Cousin Dorothy and family, of course, must have written themselves..but we are all in accord with the abundance of your reception.

We can't of course, mention all of our cousins by name..but to one & all we were thrilled. Cousin Jennie's song, Shirley & Miriam's graciousness, Abe's shepherding everyone, Abe Bass's general manner, the warmth of Cousin Willie, Cousin Zelda and Sister dancing..your wonderful children and their families..all of this..in capsule.

In conclusion, Lee..let me dwell but a moment of YOU. From our first communication and our meeting in Boston, we recognized that rare & unique devition you

have toward people. In bringing our Paul Revere Bowl, we wanted to convey that you are doing with greater skill that task he is noted for...alerting all of us to the preservation of our heritage. There can be no nobler task.

Your dedication toward the Book is rewarding not by effort alone but by ability & dedication of yourself. There is much of you in every page. Attending your testimonial will be a highlight of our lifetimes; rare..and not in every generation..is such skill and devotion available in the abundance of a Lee Pritzker. If we could dedicate a song to you, all would join in the refrain: Mr. Wonderful that's Lee.

God bless you all...we hope to meet again real soon ..with real frequency.

Your "Yankee Cousin" from up North

Paul E. Pritzker

MY DAD

For sometime I have been reading the many letters and articles sent in for our book. I feel the time has come for me to sit down and add some of my experiences and memories as a Pritzker.

My father was Mack Pritzker, the youngest child of Leibe and Esther Pritzker. As the baby of the family I'm sure there were many trials and tribulations in growing up, especially with three big brothers. There were a number of stories that Grandmother Esther told me many years ago, but there is one which I enjoyed the most, as this proved him to be a perfectly normal boy.

Each of her children had his own chore which they carried out, or else! My father's job was to wash the front steps when returning from school. He did his job each day without any complaint, but "Bubby" never felt his heart was really in it. Suddenly she noticed for a period of about a week he left very quietly in the morning and arrived home to do his job with exceptional enthusiasm. She at first thought this to be strange, but being a typical Jewish mother she thought "my Maxie is really growing up to be a good boy." This routine continued until she was summoned to the school. Upon arriving at the school she found her baby son had been expelled from school, because his teacher hit him with a ruler and he in turn threw a bottle of ink at the teacher.

The moral of this particular story is, even though we Pritzkers are usually very good natured, BEWARE when we lose our tempers.

Mack grew up to be a fine and handsome young man. While out with his friends one day he met a sweet young girl, by the name of Rose Grabush. He was impressed with this young lady, especially by her shyness. Little did he know, she was only playing hard to get. She let him chase her for over 2 years, until she finally caught him.

On September 11, 1927 he married Rose Grabush, who I naturally feel was and still is a wonderful woman. Out of this beautiful marriage came their first and only child, born 1 Sept. 1929. They named this precious bun-

dle of theirs Dolores, after his oldest brother David.

During my early formative years my father became quite ill. He lingered for a very long time. Meanwhile, mother had opened a confectionery store on Loudon Avenue, as income was not only necessary for daily needs, but the medical expenses were growing rapidly. Mother worked terribly hard in the store, since he was ill and unable to relieve her. His parents tried to give her a helping hand and made out fairly well, but the one person who really made things somewhat brighter was cousin Sylvia Pritzker Naftolin. Cousin Sylvia came over weekly to give mother a few free hours of needed time to take care of other problems outside the business, including time to take my father to the doctor.

The sicker he became, the harder she worked. Her heart aching more each day as she watched him going steadily down hill. Watching her carry out her daily routine was quite difficult for him too, as it hurt to see the soft white hands turn red and rough and the tired worried lines appear across her face. The love and devotion between the two became deeper and their ties became even stronger until death took him on Feb. 5, 1936.

The loss of my father was not only a great personal tragedy for my grandparents, uncles, mother and me, but a tragic loss for everyone that ever knew him. This man, my father I am proud to say, was a person beloved by all who know him. He was not only handsome of face, but he had beauty that shown from within. He was truly a wonderful father, husband and son.

I have been told God puts each of us on earth to give something of ourselves, to help improve the world. He was only given 32 short years, but in this time he earned the right to be known as a great man to all who came into contact with him.

Dolores (Pritzker) Medin

COUSIN MYRON FROM CALIF. WRITES

September 12, 1962

Mr. Lee Pritzker
200 So. Franklintown Rd.
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear cousin Lee,

I can't begin to tell you how glad I am to be accepted as a cousin of such wonderful family.

However I am terribly sorry that I don't have a lot of information about my mother's family. I was very young when my grand parents passed away. All I know is; that my mother's name was Lea Pritzker, she came from Belaya Tzerkow, she had a sister by the name of Ruchel and a brother, or uncle by the name Isaak. My father's name was Hershel Schneidin and we lived in Borispoli, Poltawskoy Guberni.

I had four brothers and three sisters. Here in this country I am the only one out of my family. I came here with my wife's family in 1922. I tried every way I know how to get in touch with my two brothers and one sister that are still in Russia and are the only ones left of the family, but it seems that for some reason, or other they are afraid to be in contact with us. We had some friends of ours, that were in Russia contact a cousin of mine, but he was afraid to talk to this friend of ours, or give him any information about my brothers, or sister.

Again I want to thank you for your kindness.

With best regards
Cousin Myron

M. Schneider
401 So. Barrington
Los Angeles 49, Cal.

October 18, 1962

Dear Lee,

I was intrigued by your letter of last month on the possibility of our being relatives. I delayed writing because of the Fall Holy Days, but I have kept you in mind. I hope the information I give you now will be helpful.

My paternal grandfather was Nachman Mayer Pritzker. I don't know his father's name but I do know he had two half brothers named Leib and Simeon who lived in Belaya Tserkov. Nachman lived at one time in Shebanifka where he owned four water mills. When they were confiscated in the 1880's (under the May Laws?) he was forced to move to Tripoli, a suburb of Kiev.

My father Harry (T'zvi') was one of about ten children. I know a few of the others' names; Moshe, Tzipa, Nahum, William (Volka) and Sonia. I have known for some time that there was a town named Pritzk in the vicinity of Kiev, and presumed that the family name was derived from it.

My father was born in 1878; entered the U. S. A. in 1906; married Jennie Grossman at Cleveland, Ohio in 1914; had two children Rose and Marvin; and died in 19 4. My mother and sister still live in Cleveland.

I hope I have been helpful and that you will keep me posted on your findings.

Best wishes for a G'mar Tov from Rose (my wife) to you and Shirley.

Sincerely yours,

Marvin Pritzker
245 16th Ave., East
Homestead, Penna.

THE NEW YORK PRITZ(KERS)

The New York branch of the Pritzkers begin their ancestry from Samuel and Rose Pritzker about 1840, who had two daughters and five sons. Kofka who was in the sugar refinery business, Nestle who was a pharmacist, and Izaak, these three remained in Russia:--Rachel, John, Bernard and Louis migrated to America about the turn of the century.

John (Yanah) Pritz (passed away in 1915) married Fanny Schlain (passed away in 1957) in Russia about the year 1885. They had eight children. Joseph, was the first born followed by Ray, Sarah, Louis, Henrietta, Bea, Jennie and Samuel (who died as an infant).

Joseph (passed away in 1960) married Edna Schumansky in 1920. They have one son, Eugene (Yanah), who married Ann Hirschler in 1954. They have two children, Richard and Deborah. Eugene who was Assistant General Manager of Gimbels Department Store in N. Y. moved to Shaker Heights, Ohio to join the May Company.

Ray is married to Irving Lefkoff, a printer. They have one son Eugene (Yanah) who married Marilyn. They have two children, Les and Wendy, they live in Bridgeport, Conn.

Sarah (passed away in 1956) married Isidore Setloff who was in the fur business. They have two children, Jerome (Yanah) and Pearl. Jerome who is in the vending machine business is married to Dorothy Levine. They have two children, Bruce and Shelly. They live in Oceanside, L. I.

Pearl is married to David Zaslav who is in the cigar business. They live in Jackson Heights, L. I. They have one son, Robert, who recently married Andrea Pack.

Louis married Edna Luper. They have two children, Jerome (Yanah) a science teacher, and Ruth. Ruth married Marvin Wilde, a C. P. A. They have two young sons. They live in Manuet, N. Y.

Henrietta married Abe Boord who is in the printing business and they live in Astoria, L. I. They have two

daughters, Shirley and Barbara.

Shirley married Jesse Gilbert, a doctor. They live in Whittier, Calif. with their three young sons: Wayne, Glenn and Ronald.

Barbara married Al Steinman a prominent chemist in Los Angeles where they live with their two young children, Donna and Brent.

Rebecca (known as Bea) married Irving Frankel, manager of a number of Mangel's stores. They live in Miami Beach, Florida. They have three sons, Ernest (Yanah), Jerry and Earl. Ernest is the author of BAND of BROTHERS and TONGUE OF FIRE and is now living in Tarzana, Calif. He is married to Louise and has two young daughters.

Jerry is with Schenley's Liquor Co. and lives with his wife Phyllis and two young daughters in Miami Beach.

Earl is in the real estate business and also lives in Miami.

Jennie married Samuel Rothman, a principal of a public school. They live in Forest Hills, L. I. They have one daughter, June who is working for her Doctorate degree at M.I.T.

Louis married Vita Paine about 1911 (both have passed away). They had four children. Samuel was the first born followed by Harry, Ruth and John.

Samuel, a prominent dentist in N.Y.C., (treats many movie stars) married Florence. They have a daughter Amy and live in N. Y.

Harry, an advertising executive is married to Irma, a teacher, who made front page news in all our N.Y. newspapers because of her heroism in saving a large number of children from a tragic auto accident while they were crossing the street on the way to the library. This noble sacrifice put her into the hospital in serious condition for several months. We are happy to say that she is home now and improving. They have one daughter Jane. They live in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ruth married Hy Camins, a dentist. They have two college age children, Diane and Martin. They live in New Brunswick, N. J.

John, also a dentist, married Helen. They have four children, Michael, William, Frederick and Judith.

Rachel (1862-1942) married Emmanuel (Lisansky) Leon (1861-1908) in 1883. They had 8 children:--Lena, Nathan, Rose, Jack, Leo, Maurice, Irving and Annetta.

Lena (1886-1954) married Isaac Levin (1873-1945) in 1911. They had two children:--Ruth and Max. Ruth married Al Goldson (1894-1962) and has three children:--Esther, April and Harvey. Esther is married to Louis Cohen and they have three children:--Elizabeth, Daniel and Michael.

Nathan (1888-1953) married Anna Kardisch (who passed away in 1955) and Rose passed on in 1912.

Jack married Bess Chernoff and they have two children:--Louise and Marc. Louise is married to Melvin Verson who is president of Verson All Steel Press of Chicago and Dallas, Texas and they have three children:-David, Richard and John. Marc Leon is manager of the Miami, Florida office of Dakota (Southern) Microfilm Service, Inc. Marc is married to Doris Ward and has two sons:--Buster and Michael.

Leo is married to Estelle Kaufman and they have three children:--Herbert, Rene, and Arlene.

Maurice is married to Anne Hendricks.

Irving is married to Susan Staube and they have one son, Manuel. Manuel is married to Tennesa Dean and they have two children:--Christopher and Tennesa Sue.

Annetta is married to Theodore Remer who is an attorney in the Chicago office of the Union Carbide Corporation. They have two children:--Rita and Michael. Rita is married to Dr. Robert S. Mendelsohn who is a pediatrician and instructor in pediatrics at Northwestern University. They have two daughters:--Ruth and Sally. Michael is General Counsel and Secretary of Ceverama, Inc., New York and is married to Jane Weissman

and they have one daughter:—Abby.

I am extremely grateful to Cousin Jennie (Pritz) Rothman and Cousin Annetta (Leon) Remer not only for their splendid cooperation in supplying most of this information, but also for their warm and sincere interest as expressed in the many letters I have received from both of them.

The Pritz family is well known and respected not only in the New York area but in many cities and communities throughout the country.

THEODORE G. REMER
Attorney At Law
230 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 1

May 3, 1962

Mr. Lee Pritzker
7523 Slade Avenue
Baltimore 8, Maryland

Dear Lee:

On behalf of Annetta and myself please accept our thanks for a copy of "The Pritzkers". We read it with great interest.

It is obvious that the book represents a vast amount of work, but it must have given you a great amount of satisfaction in its completed form.

We regretted our failure to have contributed to the genesis of Annetta's branch of the family. It is possible, however, that her older brother Jacob may yet shed some light. He is our only potential. We will let him have the book to refresh his recollection and to seek out clues that might awaken early memories. Should this be successful we will supply the details.

In any event, we appreciate the warmth and devotion you poured into the work and your thoughtfulness in including us. I hope our paths cross to give me an opportunity to thank you in person. Please call us if you come to Chicago. We certainly will look you up if we come to Baltimore.

With every good wish to you and your fine family, I am

Sincerely yours,

Ted Remer

P.S. We are curious as to the meaning of the letters "LEBB" on the shield.

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE PRITZ FAMILY WRITES

15 August 1962

Mr. Lee Pritzker
7523 Slade Ave.
Baltimore 8, Md.

Dear Mr. Pritzker,

I received a copy of the Pritzker Family History from my mother, Beatrice Pritz Frankel, daughter of John and Fannie Pritz. She forwarded it with great pride, reminding me that although the Pritz family had dropped the "ker" they had retained all the splendid traditions of the Pritzkers.

I started flipping through the book casually, found something that caught my eye, read it, started reading on avidly, then started at the beginning and went through every page. It's the first opportunity for me to know this part of my family, my introduction to the forebears I never knew. Thank you and all those associated with you for the splendid job you've done and are continuing to do.

My mother married Irving Frankel in 1922. I'm the oldest of their three sons: Jerry and Earl following my arrival. My parents and brothers live in Miami Beach, Florida. I live with my family in Tarzana, California.

I served in the Marine Corps during World War II and the Korean War. I work with one of the major aircraft companies, engaged in production of spacecraft. I've published two novels, raised two daughters and--unique for California--have but one very satisfactory wife!

Thank you again for your work and your evident devotion to it: and congratulations on its reception.

Sincerely yours,

Ernest Frankel

COUSIN YETTZ (PRITZ) BOORD WRITES

27-10 Newtown Ave.
Long Island City 2, N. Y.

July 15

Dear Cousin Lee,

I do want to thank you for your generosity in sending me a copy of "Our Book". You certainly undertook a tremendous task and should be gratified at the spectacular results.

I know that not only do we to whom the contents of "Our Book" is familiar regard it as a wonderful piece of work, but our young grandchildren and our future descendants will read it with great pride in discovering that they came from such good stock.

I am sorry that I can add no further information to what my sister has already given you on our branch of the Pritzker Family.

With sincere wishes to you and your family for a long and healthy future.

Cordially,

Yetta Pritz Boord

COUSIN RAY (PRITZ) LEFKOFF WRITES

June 30, 1962

Dear Cousin Lee:

I can hardly find words adequate enough to thank you for sending me "Our Book". I have spent many exciting and interesting hours reading it.

Although I was a very young girl when I left Russia, I have many memories of my grandfather, Schmul Pritzker visiting us.

What I remember about him most was how he valued education. Even his oldest daughter Nestle was educated enough to become a pharmacist.

My father, like his father Schmul, felt the same way, so decided to come to America, where he thought his children would have a better chance of obtaining a good and free education.

Lee, I am overwhelmed by the tremendous amount of work you had to put in to gather so much information on the Pritzker Clan. You certainly deserve a great deal of credit for a task well done.

Again, my sincerest thanks for sending me "Our Book".

Fondest regards to you and your family from my husband Irving and

Ray Pritz Lefkoff

COUSIN LOUIS PRITZ WRITES

8 Grandview Avenue
Nanuet, New York
June 26, 1962

Mr. Lee Pritzker
200 South Franklintown Road
Baltimore 23, Maryland

Dear Cousin Lee:

I have received the wonderful book, "The Pritzkers" for which I am very grateful to you.

Words alone would be insufficient to say thanks to you for the marvelous job you have done in the presenting of "our book".

I am indeed proud to be among the family of Pritzkers. I commenced reading "our book" just as soon as I received it, and find it so interesting that I cannot wait to read all of it.

My wife Edna also finds "our book" fascinating. We placed it in our living room on a desk and it immediately catches the eye of anyone visiting us, either friends or family. When we start to explain the contents briefly, they are amazed and wonder how it was possible to get all of the data dating back so many years.

I shall write you again to tell you about my family and myself. You already have some information about us which my sister Mrs. Jennie Pritz Rothman and my nephew Eugene Pritz have already sent to you.

In closing I would like to point out to you and the rest of my cousins what a wonderful thing "our book" really is. Once again permit me to say thanks to you Lee and the rest of my Pritzker cousins who have contributed towards the making of this great book, "The Pritzkers".

With my best personal good wishes to you and yours and all the Pritzker cousins.

I am most sincerely,
Louis Pritz

CONCLUSION

It seems but yesterday instead of almost two years ago that I sat at my desk wondering how to get started on the preparation of "Our Book".

It did present quite a challenge for it meant a good deal of time and patience and most important:--co-operation from our cousins:--

At first I had much misgivings as to whether or not I would be successful in the undertaking and for the first few months the progress was rather disappointing.

I am sure many of you remember the first letters you received from me, the one I refer to as the:--

"I am Lee Pritzker of Baltimore," one, in which I explained what we were doing and asking for your co-operation.

Whatever misgivings I might have had soon disappeared for the interest and cooperation I soon received was far greater than I had ever dreamed of.

So as I again sit at my desk, this time however writing the concluding chapter to "Our Book", no longer with any doubts or misgivings:--no longer facing any challenge--no longer wondering how the Book will be received for here lying in full view is one of the copies of "Our Book".

Over 300 pages:--over 140,000 words of printed material, contributed from Pritzkers from all parts of the country, Page after page relating in so many ways and in so many styles:--stories, events, informative data about past and present Pritzker cousins.

Some of you known to us for years, many who were perfect strangers now have become so well known to all of us.

Through the media of "Our Book" project many avenues of contact were opened and family ties re-established and in many cases drawn closer.

From all parts of the country--Canada and also

abroad "Pritzkers" are getting to know each other so much better.

Authenticated data enables us now to understand exactly how all Pritzkers are related and the informative articles tell us so very much about our ancestral background.

This information is of such great interest not only to our present generation but will be of considerable help and importance to future generations of Pritzkers:--It will be a legacy in the form of an accounting and records that they will be proud to have.

This data reflects our wonderful ancestral background. It relates the deeds and lives of our past generations, together with data and events of the present generations. Data all of us can well be proud to be a part of.

Anna, Rose and Esther Pritzker to whom "Our Book" is dedicated are now so very well known to all of us and many articles about them have been written.

Our history as well as the schematic diagrams--clearly indicates how all of us are related and outlines generation after generation, going back to one common ancestor in 1740.

Our Pritzker creed, a poem so inspiring, is truly descriptive of our family traits.

Ezrael, Brina, Leibe and Barney Pritzker, went through life each one doing so much to help their fellowmen--teaching the meaning of love, kindness--understanding to their children.

Shirley's complaint as to our Pritzker name has created many a chuckle, and her article--"I Married A Pritzker" gives us an insight as to the lovely and warm personality that she is. Although a Pritzker by marriage, she somehow possesses many of our Pritzker traits and throughout the years not only has been a wonderful wife and devoted mother, but also has become so endeared to all of the Pritzker group.

We have met Gertie and Abe Bass--the ones we call

our "adopted cousins". The love and devotion that they both hold for we Pritzkers is so apparent, and believe me Gertie is not the "dues grabber" the poem calls her, but has a warm personality that is so real and sincere.

My sister Miriam's gem of an article tells us a bit of our family and is written so well.

Cousin Abe's story—"How I Became A Pritzker", is so sincere and honest;--we can almost feel his thoughts and feelings. I knew we all felt the shock he experienced when he thought he wasn't a Pritzker anymore, and all rejoiced with him when he received his adoption scroll, which he so proudly shows to everyone who visits his home.

We attended the 10th anniversary of the "Baltimore Pritzkers". And sensed the gaiety, excitement and good kinship. We joined in the festivities and enjoyed the warm glow of family togetherness. We felt the sincere gratitude of Cousin Ruth when she received her award and all joined in the solemn dedication ceremony of "Our Book".

We learned so much about Cousin Ruth from her article. We watched her grow to womanhood, shared her happiness during the brief years of her marriage to Cousin Dave, understood and endured with her, the grief during her dark and trying days and were so happy when conditions became better. We learned so much about her, her family, her children and relatives.

Twelve year old Jeffrey Pritzker's poem entitled "The Pritzkers" is very good and gives us lots of food for thought.

Cousin Abe Bass's address as retiring president again proves to us the love, respect and devotion that he has held for us throughout the years and gives us a better insight as to the personality he really is.

We meet Cousins Joe and Zena and their family from Los Angeles and learn a bit about them, and also hear from Cousin Rita, her husband and son from New York.

Cousin Anna's article opens the door to knowledge so informative and interesting, regarding the ancestry

of the Baltimore Pritzkers. It tells stories about their background and so much as to their characters and their deeds. We get to know so much about her mother, Brina (Pritzker) O'Mansky.

Through Cousin Dave's article "The Oldest Son Write: we meet the family of Ezrael and Anna Pritzker and we get to know all of them so much better. We live the lives of a growing family and seem to understand their trials, tribulations and excitements that prevail. After reading the entire story, we still wonder--just who was it that broke the grandfather clock.

Little 12 year old Carla Pritzker of California writes an article about her Dad, which is so sincere, warm and well written.

We get to know Cousin Roz, her husband Sanford and their two children. One of these days we will take advantage of her offer and drop in for a sample of the good cooking she brags about.

We have become acquainted with Cousin Charles of our Canadian Pritzker group and learn so much from his letter regarding his family and his sisters and brothers, that gives us an entirely new vista of research opening up the doors to cousins we have never known before. We really swell with pride when we learn as to the accomplishments of this group.

We meet Cousin Will, "Der Pritzke" of Baltimore, his wife Minnie and their family. We live his life with him, starting as a mere lad in Russia to the present date. We learn much of his accomplishments and are really proud of our kinship to him. We all agree he is indeed worthy of the title of respect that the Baltimore group did bestow upon him.

From St. Paul, we meet Cousins Leo and Edward and get to know about this branch of our Pritzker family tree.

From Chicago, we learn a good deal from a condensed version of Nicholi Pritzker's book. We marvel at the accomplishments of our cousins and we never tire of reading and re-reading his article.

We meet another member of our St. Paul group through the letter of Cousin Harry and again get to know more and more cousins.

My grandson Kenneth who is so disappointed that our ancestors were not professional ball players--introduces us to his parents, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Cousin Gail tells us about her perfect Dad and we meet her husband Paul and their two fine children.

Cousin Felicia's article about her mother, her family and herself needs no review. All of us have endured her grief and lived through her periods of despair. We rejoice now, in the knowledge that the present and future will be one of happiness, contentment and safety for her, her husband and her children.

Cousins Lee and Jennie of Ontario, Canada become goodwill ambassadors and introduce us to many, many cousins of this branch. Cousins that we are so delighted to know about and meet.

Cousin Hilda's warm letter is an example of what "Our Book" means to others of our cousins and is so sincere.

We all attended Herbie's and Eileen's wedding and had a wonderful and marvelous time. We felt the glow and pride of Cousins Dave and Jean and enjoyed the Pritzker festive party spirit. We all were there.

Cousin Abe Frank's article "I Married A Pritzker", tells us a bit more about the family of Anna and Ezrael Pritzker and we follow their lives from the house on Exeter Street to the present day, and we get to know so much about our Baltimore cousins. We are indeed proud of sister Miriam's splendid and wonderful work, that she has dedicated herself to.

We get to meet Cousin Dorothy of Boston and through her we are introduced to her fine family and sense her warm personality.

Cousin Sylvia formerly from Canada and now living in Huntsville, Alabama, steps forward and presents her wonderful family and through her article we get to know

all of them so much better and are indeed proud of their accomplishments.

From Shaker Heights, Ohio, Cousin Gene Pritz presents his family for introduction and opens the avenue again for more names for us to record and to know about.

My sister Billie from Coral Gables, Florida gives us her version about "Our Book" which she presents in the form of a letter written in her wonderful literary style.

Cousin Sarah from way up north, Vancouver, B. C., Canada steps into the limelight to tell us about herself and her extreme happiness in knowing all of us.

Again from St. Paul, but this time we hear from all of the group and each one in their letters expressing such warmth and interest, write about their father, Cousin Leo, his accomplishments, his deeds, his struggle as a boy and the love and respect he receives from all of them and also the fact that he has been designated as "Der Pritzke" of St. Paul and Minneapolis a title worthy of a man of his personality and character.

Cousin Nils also writes "I Married A Pritzker" and gives more data regarding the Baltimore Pritzkers, his wife Billie and son Brian. Data so interesting and so well written.

The letter from the principal of the Coral Gables High School regarding the scholastic achievements of Cousin Brian fills us with pride as to this accomplishments.

The interesting letter from General Avidor, the Israeli Ambassador, is so outstanding and again opens up new avenues for cousins to explore.

Sister Gertrude's sincere praise is so heartwarming and Cousin Nathan's article is so genuine and interesting.

Cousin Zelda's masterpiece of informative data:— written in such an outstanding literary style gives us a wealth of information regarding her parents Rose and

Barney Pritzker, together with all the wonderful heart-warming events and data of memories do dear to all of us. We meet all of her family and learn so much about all of them, and can sense the great pleasure that "Mom-Mom" and "Pop-Pop" means to both Lester and her.

We re-visit the house on 149 N. Exeter St. with Sister Billie and now know every nook and corner in it and all of the large family is Ezrael and Anna Pritzker.

Cousin Jennie "Pritz" Rothman of Forest Hills, N.Y. presents her article that is written so well, giving us a wealth of information and data regarding the Pritz family and adding throughout her article words of wisdom and philosophy.

From Boston, Cousin Paul introduces his entire family and submits a complete breakdown as to the Boston group together with so much informative material written so clearly and so well.

From Haifa, Mt. Carmel, Israel, Cousin Jacob introduces himself and again opens new avenues for new cousins to meet.

Cousin Sherman (Buddy) sends in his article about himself and his family and we live his life with him knowing all the grief and also sharing in his happiness. It is an article that we all have enjoyed so very much and one that we will re-read from time to time.

Somehow it seems but yesterday that we attended the 10th anniversary of the Baltimore Pritzkers and here again we are present at their 11th anniversary meeting sharing the festivities and gay comradeship of a family that knows the meaning of good fellowship. We offer our congratulations to Cousin Max in his office of presidency and applaud the outstanding speech of Cousin Lester. A speech presented so well. We also sense and understand the true meaning of the presidential gavel:— the legacy from the late Esther Pritzker.

We are indeed proud of the accomplishments of Cousin Vivian as reflected in the letter from the American University in Washington.

Cousin Eveline's article about herself and family

is indeed of great interest to us and we meet her family as well as her brother and his family from Switzerland.

We attend the Lee Pritzker Testimonial Dinner and become aware of family togetherness and the real meaning of "Our Book":--and enjoy reading Cousin Paul E. Pritzker's article about it.

We read Cousin Dolores' article about her Dad and understand what his loss meant to both her and her mother.

From California Cousin Myron Schneider introduces his family and himself and from Homestead, Penna.:--Rabbi Marvin Pritzker introduces himself and his family as well as sending us informative material.

The Pritz family is now well known to all of us, and we meet so many of them through their most gracious and sincere letters.

We learn about our Pritzker "Coat of Arms" and are so very proud of it. Particularly the family motto:--Love, Charity, Justice and Service:--a motto that Pritzkers for generation after generation have practiced and adhered to.

We are simply amazed at the large listing in our telephone directories and we resolve that whenever possible, we will try to contact many of our cousins.

Yes, all of this is contained in "The Pritzker Book". A book written by Pritzkers and for all Pritzkers. A book reflecting our Pritzker family.

For throughout the pages little figures spring out, with their hopes, their deeds signifying the most important thing in life:--the family.

It is a story of kith and kin. It is a story about ourselves. It is a story about our departed loved ones. It is a story that will live on forever.

For it is like taking a mirror clouded with the dust of time, cleaning it and being able to look into the past. Reliving those early days and years of our lives. It contains all the dreams and hopes of the past

and reflecting the fulfillment of all desires in the present and yet offering so much philosophy, wisdom and interest to generations yet unborn.

Yes, cousins this is "Our Book". A book that will be a prized heirloom. It will stand as a symbol of family unity and togetherness, for it reflects the philosophies and tenets of a family steeped deeply in ancestral dedication. A family so aware of what their family name represents and realizing that through their deeds and actions, the Pritzker name will continue to be respected and well known throughout generation after generation.

And so we come to the end of "Our Book". It has afforded me so many happy hours in its preparation:-- It has filled my files with so many of your warm and wonderful letters of praise and interest:--It has given me the opportunity of meeting so many of you.

I hope you derive as much pleasure from it, as I have had preparing it.

Sincerely

Lee Pritzker
Nov. 1962

PRAYER OF FAITH

Teach us, O Lord to obey THY WILL,—
To be content with what, in thy wisdom thou has't allotted to us—

And to share THY gifts with Those who need our help.

Guide us, O FATHER with thy good council, and hold in thy keeping the lives of those dear to us.

May THY presence dwell within our homes:—May peace and happiness abide in them, and love unite all who live under its shadow.

And when, in THY wisdom, thou sendest trials and sorrows, grant us the strength and understanding to bear them patiently—and the courage to trust in THY help.

Guard our going out - and our coming in, now and evermore.

Amen—

THE PRITZKER COAT-OF-ARMS

The PRITZKERS are direct descendants from one common ancestor: — Nicholas Pritzker born about 1740-1760.

He lived in a small townlet or village that was called "Pritzke" which was located in the southeastern part of Russia near the city of Kiev. It is from this townlet that the Pritzker name originated.

Nicholas Pritzker had four sons, forming the original four branches of the Pritzker family tree, and it is from these branches that all Pritzkers, throughout the world can trace their ancestry.

The sons of Nicholas Pritzker, born sometime in the years 1780-1800, were named Liebe or Lee, Chaim or Charles, Jaakov or Jacob and Shmul or Samuel.

In the "Pritzker Family Book" complete schematic diagrams trace these branches; — their descendants; — and contains data and informative material regarding many of the members of each branch. —

To supplement the Pritzker Family Book, this Pritzker family "coat of arms" was developed: — to tell the story of the family's ancestral background as well as the doctrines and principles, that Pritzkers for generations have held fast to. This has been accomplished by the use of the art of Heraldry.

In the center of the shield of the coat of arms, the letter "P" represents the town of Pritzke, the original area where the family's roots were first planted.

The shield is divided into four sections: representing the original branches of the family tree and the initials of the brothers are placed on each corner of these four divisions.

Using the four initials as the first letters of words describing the family's doctrines and principles, the Pritzker family's motto has been evolved:

L—Love C—Charity J—Justice S—Service

The heart and crossed arrows represents love and loyalty — charity is represented by the outstretched hands — the balanced scales indicating justice tempered with mercy and understanding and the Hebraic scroll and plowshare indicating the willingness of all Pritzkers in rendering service to their fellowman — both from a spiritual as well as a physical aspect.

The strength and warmth of family unity and togetherness is brought out by the knightly armor — brightly crowned with the multi-colored plumes. The colorful robes with the ends flowing in all directions represents the many branches of the family located throughout the world.

The high respect and esteem of the family name is reflected by the ducal crown over the Pritzker signature. The family's motto of "Love, Charity, Justice and Service," placed in special effect at the bottom of the shield, proudly proclaims the Pritzker family's doctrines and principles.

The perfect balance of the entire design — the many colors all carefully blended to produce the beautiful effect, symbolizes an outstanding and gracious family, a family dedicated to the principles of keeping the Pritzker name, one of respect, dignity and honor — as it has been in the past, is now in the present and will continue to be in the future.

Both the Pritzker Book and the coat of arms are copyrighted and registered in the Library of Congress, and it is the hope of my dear wife Shirley and myself; — that all Pritzkers not only of this generation, but in generations to come, will derive as much pleasure from them, as we have had in their production.

© 1962
by Lee Pritzker

THE BALTIMORE PRITZKERS

Bass, Gertie & Abe	4705 Norwood Ave. Baltimore, Md. Liberty 2-8389
Brett, Rita & Dr. Albert	179 N. Merrick Ave. Merrick, L.I., N.Y.
Carp, Norma & Melvin	6600 Deancroft Rd. Baltimore, Md. Hu. 6-7545
Cohen, Roslyn & Sanford	37-02 Hillside Terrace Fairlawn, N. J.
Epstein, Doris & Elmer	7008 Deerfield Rd. Baltimore, Md. Hu. 6-7183
Frank, Miriam & Abe	6156 Green Meadow Pkwy. Baltimore, Md. Ro. 4-3408
Franklin, Gertrude & Nathan	2 Elmira St., S.E. Washington, D. C.
Galonoy, Babs & Edmund	7006 Surrey Drive Baltimore, Md. Fl. 8-1985
Gerber, Zelda & Milton	1612 Rose Hill Drive Charlottesville, Va.
Goldfarb, Rose & Louis	1 N. Hatton St. Portsmouth, Va.
Green, Bernice & Meyer	Huntington Towers Apts. Alexandria, Va.
Gurevitz, Ruth & Max	4705 Norwood Ave. Baltimore, Md. Fo. 7-0474
Klein, Zelda & Lester	4203 Roland View Ave. Baltimore, Md. Mo. 4-5230

THE BUILDING CONTRACTORS

Bass, Daniel & Son	4707 Monroe Ave., Baltimore, Md. Liberty 2-6333
Bowen, Edwin A. Co., Inc.	172 W. Mountain Ave., Hartford, Conn., Hyt.
Berry Brothers & Co.	2000 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md. Ma. 3-7242
Cohen, Dwelle & Swafford	3000 Building, Service Tower, Ft. [illegible]
Dunham, Bush & Cline	2400 Charles St., Baltimore, Md. [illegible]
Fields, Milton & Son	5140 Cross Country Blvd., Baltimore, Md. [illegible]
Tredick, Harland & Dalton	3 Commerce St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Delaney, Earl & Johnson	1200 Torrey Drive, Baltimore, Md. [illegible]
Greene, Leslie & Milton	1412 Sun Life Bldg., Baltimore, Md.
Gibson, Kane & Jones	1 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
Lewis, Thomas & Sons	Washington Tower Bldg., Washington, D.C.
Sherrill, John F. Co.	2000 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md. [illegible]
Zahn, Neal & Jones	1200 Calvert Tower, Baltimore, Md. [illegible]

Klein, Ruth & Barry	8674 Piney Branch Rd. Silver Spring, Md.
Krupp, Lillian & Nils	4730 W. Ingraham Terrace Coral Gables, Fla.
Le Noble, Gail & Paul	486 Mark Lane Wantaugh, L.I., N.Y.
Medin, Dolores & Irvin	3802 Bartwood Rd. Baltimore, Md. Ro. 4-1819
Naftolin, Sylvia & Artie	3705 Howard Park Ave. Baltimore, Md. Fo. 7-8737
O'Mansky, Grace & Morris	Leaksville, N. C.
O'Mansky, Marlyn & Dr. Boris	U. S. Army Hospital Valadosta, Ga.
O'Mansky, Elaine & Dr. Samuel	West Balto. Hospital Baltimore, Md.
O'Mansky, June & Harry	Altamounts Apts. Charlottesville, Va.
O'Mansky, Cecelia	316 Negley Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pritzker, Lynn & Allen	2053 Bellemore Ave. Bellemore, L.I., N.Y.
Pritzker, Lenore & Allen	5134 Karl Lane Orlando, Fla. 293-0057
Pritzker, Jean & David	4213 Park Heights Ave. Baltimore, Md. Li. 2-3273
Pritzker, Eilene & Herbert	8210 Liberty Rd. Balto. 7, Md. Wa. 2-2706

Pritzker, Rose & Irvin	6503 Liberty Rd. Baltimore, Md. Wi. 4-2337
Pritzker, Martha & Irving	3026 Oakford Ave. Baltimore, Md. Mo. 4-8409
Pritzker, Zena & Joseph	401 S. Barrington-Apt.208 Brentwood Los Angeles 49, Cal. 476-2187
Pritzker, Shirley & Lee	7523 Slade Ave. Baltimore, Md. Hu. 6-6511
Pritzker, Sevelyn & Russell	3427 Ripple Road Baltimore 7, Md. 01. 3-6118
Pritzker, Gertie & Sherman	8118 Scotts Level Rd. Baltimore 8, Md. 655-4415
Pritzker, Jeannette & Sherman	8530 Stevenswood Rd. Baltimore, Md. 922-2250
Pritzker, Betty & Will	1730 Popham Ave. Bronx 53, N.Y. Tr. 2-0631
Pritzker, Minnie & Will	3707 Gwynn Oak Ave. Baltimore, Md. Li. 2-5938
Selis, Shirley & Jacob	11 Slade Ave. Baltimore, Md. Hu. 6-8203
Shane, Myra & Buzzy	5601 Northgreen Rd. Baltimore, Md. 944-3055
Shapiro, Lillian & Harry	3621 Forest Garden Ave. Baltimore, Md. Wi. 4-2787

Scherr, Adele & Charles	3401 Stevenswood Ct. Baltimore, Md. Wa. 2-2033
Shapiro, Hilda & Irwin	Marthas Road Alexandria, Va.
Shapiro, Evelyn & Carl	940 Elden Drive Lincoln, Neb.
Silver, Anna & Louis	845 Lake Drive Baltimore, Md. No. 9-6161
Shulman, Shirley & Irwin	316 Negley Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Zieler, Marjorie & Kenneth	6114 Maywood Drive Baltimore, Md. Mo. 4-5921

THE BOSTON PRITZKERS

Arthur, Robert & Bernice	38 Gerald Ave. Brockton, Mass. Wo. 3-1826
Bortman, Murray & Jean	278 Spiers Rd. Newton Centre, Mass. Wo. 9-7983
Cohen, (Mrs.) Marjorie	1056 Beacon St. Brookline, Mass. As. 7-8376
Pritzker, Elliott & Anne	11 Woodcliff Rd. Holbrook, Mass. Wo. 3-1479
Pritzker, Paul E. & Janice	57 Wethersfield Rd. Natick, Mass. 01. 3-1932
Pritzker, Morris & Sadye	74 Astoria St. Mattapan 26, Mass. Cy. 8-2761
Pritzker, Mrs. Dorothy W.	1600 Beacon St. Brookline, Mass. 277-1493
Pritzker, Herschel & Beulah	1310 N. University Ave. Peoria, Illinois 682-8581
Pritzker, Robert & Susan	4408 N. Rosemead Drive Peoria, Illinois 685-8090
Pritzker, Bernard & Pauline	6754 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Fla. or Rangely, Maine
Pritzker, Paul P. & Esther	8 Pickwick Rd. West Newton, 65, Mass. De. 2-1639

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[illegible], Robert E. Bowman	[illegible]
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[illegible], [illegible]	[illegible]

Pritzker, Ely	
Pritzker, Bessie	
Pritzker, Mrs. Charlotte	315 Tappan Terrace Brookline, Mass.
Pritzker, Ronald & Avis	557 Saw Mill Brook Pkwy. Newton Centre, Mass. Wo. 9-7983
Pritzker, Lee & Ruth	Booth Hill Rd. Sciuate, Mass. Li. 5-0903
Pritzker, Marlin J.	10 Cutter St. Wakefield, Mass. 245-0264
Pritzker, Hy & Fannie	631 - 13th St. Miami Beach, Fla.
Pritzker, Dr. Boris	Stokarbergstrasse - 76 Shaffhausen, Switzerland
Rest, David & Birdie	178 Arnold Rd. Newton Centre 59, Mass. 969-8155
Zimerman, Gennady & Eveline	26 Haarist, Kriath Shmuel Jerusalem, Israel P. O. Box 436 227005

Kitchener, Ont

Kitchener, Mrs. Charlotte	112 Queen Victoria Street North.
Pickering, Donald G. Lyle	Apt. Two, 311 Bloor Street West. Toronto, Ont. M5S 1Y1
Pickering, Lucie M.	Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
Pickens, Charlotte	18 Sidney St. Guelph, Ont. T4-2-19
Pickering, T. G. Frank	222 - 5th St. Brandon, Man.
Pickering, Ms. Sheila	Chemistry-Physics — TE Middlesex, Wallingford
Ray, Larry & Sylvia	479 Lewis St. Swan Lake Ln, Ham. 416-1234
Rigsby, Donald & Sylvia	47 Hawthorn, Lucas Place Drumheller, Alberta T0J 0Y0 387-1234

THE CANADIAN PRITZKERS

Pritzker, Charles M.	310 W. 79th St. New York, N. Y. So. 7-0127
Pritzker, Lee	125 Ringwood Rd. Oakville, Ontario, Canada Victor 4-6162
Pritzker, Jennie	Same as above
Pritzker, Harold G. & Oda	20 Kimbark Blvd. Toronto, Ontario, Canada Hudson 8-6646
Pritzker, Maxwell & Maya	39 Stansbury Crescent Toronto, Ontario, Canada Amherst 1-2060
Pritzker, Louis G. & Anne	1078 Avenue Road Toronto, Ontario, Canada Hudson 9-5708
Berk, Roy B. & Ruth	8 Fraserwood Ave. Toronto (19) Ont.-Canada Ru 2-5693
Cowan, John & Freda	159 Hillmount Ave. Toronto (19) Ont.-Canada Ru 1-0172
Eberdt, George & Ruth	6635 S.W. 46th St. Miami 55, Fla.
Schwartz, Theodore & Marie	56 Corwin Crescent Downsview, Ontario, Canada Me 3-4120
Osovsky, Mrs. Sarah	1906 Barclay St. Suite 105 Vancouver, B. C., Canada Mu 1-8645
Zlotnik, Sidney Percy & Frances	3206 W. 34th St. Vancouver, B. C., Canada Am 1-0958
Finn, Harold & Dorothy	8367 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills, Calif.
Zlotnik, Harold & Nancy	2664 Edgar Crescent Vancouver, B. C.-Canada Re 8-9788
Van Leeuwen, Leon & Sylvia	6108 Stratford Court Huntsville, Alabama Je 6-8910

Boshnack, Dr. Malcolm & Sue	32 Kensington Road Stamford, Conn. Fi. 8-0726
Frank, Stanley & Ruth	29 Washington Sq. (West) New York, N. Y. Al. 4-9553
Lickson, Leonard & Maxine	95 Morgan Manor Stamford, Conn. Da. 5-1683

THE CHICAGO PRITZKERS

ritzker, Fannie & Abram	Drake Hotel E. Lake Shore & N. Mich.Av. Chicago, Illinois
'ritzker, Rhoda & Jack	179 E. Lake Shore Drive Chicago, Illinois
'ritzker, Marion & Jay	1020 Bluff Rd. Glencoe, Illinois
'ritzker, Audrey & Robert	2801 N. Sheridan Chicago, Illinois
Pritzker, Sue & Donald	
Pritzker, Elna	708 - 11th St. Wilmette, Illinois

NEW YORK PRITZ(KERS)

Boord, Abe and Yetta	27-10 Newton Ave. Long Island City, N. Y. Phone:
Camins, Hy and Ruth	110 N. 8th Ave. New Brunswick, N. J. Phone:
Cohen, Louis and Esther	5902 E. Hawthorne St. Tucson, Arizona AX. 6-3026
Gilbert, Dr. Jesse and Shirley	104 48 Portada Drive Whittier, Calif. Phone:
Goldson, Ruth	1030 Orange Grove Rd. Tucson, Arizona Cy. 7-0154
Frankel, Ernest and Louise	19501 Rosita St. Tarzana, California Phone:
Frankel, Irving and Rebecca	8958 Dickens Ave. Miami Beach, Florida Phone:
Frankel, Jerry and Phyllis	1431 N.W. 188th Terrace Miami, Florida Phone:
Leon, Irving	2618 Glendale Chicago, Illinois Sh. 3-2693
Leon, Manuel and Tennesa Dean	5324 Foster Ave. Chicago, Illinois Sp. 7-1477
Leon, Maurice and Anne	3433 Cattanogus Ave. Culver City, Calif. Ve. 8-2857

Smith, Ali and Zeile	Smith Dresses Inc. Lower Island Site, N. Y. Phone:
Santos, Ely and Ford	111 W. Washington, Suite Elmwood, Ill. Phone:
Tasso, Tonio and Tabor	Box 1 Washington Dr. Tacoma, Wisconsin Ph. 0 1882
Gibbon, Mr. Jerry and Spring	101 Ex Perrone Drive Salisbury, Calif. Phone:
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Lewis, Tom and Sheila	2nd floor, Mall Co. Phoenix, Florida Sr. Engineer
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Lovell, Winfield L.	1819 Sullivan Washington-Tiverton Md. 8-1779
Lundstrom, Jr., Arthur T. and Ann L.	211-Lower Tiber Chicago, Illinois Sr. Engineer
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